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THE ARCHIVE



L. EITNER

October

NUMBER 1

VOLUME LIII

1939

By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested — slower than *any* of them — CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



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MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Penny for penny your best cigarette buy

LONG-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS

The ARCHIVE

VOLUME LIII October, 1939 NUMBER ONE

A Monthly Literary Review Published by the Students of
Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.
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FLUTES AND DAGGERS

IT WOULD be so easy to publish a magazine if it were not for the public. The public, alas, is a thousand-faced animal that can never be pleased completely. What edifies the YMCA may bore the football team. Some readers wish to be awakened, others to be put to sleep. Some demand that literature be strong, "graced with guts and gutted with grace," others prefer it soft and warm and mellifluous like a candy-bar melting gently.

Between these extremes we stand, a novice in the business, and know not where to pitch our tent.

Should we posture before our readers as the hollow-cheeked Standard Bearer of Culture and expose ourselves to the cat-calls and horse laughs of the combined yokelry, or should we act the amiable right-thinker and uplifter and be sniffed at by the literati?

Perhaps we should—unheard-of possibility!—not pose at all and admit that we have neither a Message

nor a new brand of culture for sale and wish merely to make the *Archive* as presentable a magazine as possible within the limitations imposed upon us.

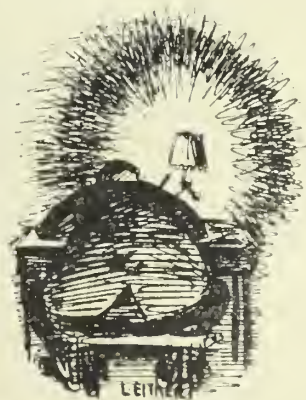
The most significant of these limitations is the fact that we depend entirely upon the contributions that come to us from the student body. If the *Archive* is not always what it might be, it is not because the editors, out of sheer malice, have thrown all good material into the waste basket, but rather because they have not received good contributions.

We should like the *Archive* to be a workshop open to all who wish to experiment with literature. The more successful of these experiments we shall print. We will always welcome criticism whether it be of the constructive or destructive variety. Habitual malcontents will be handled by our squad of professional thugs.

Write and ye shall have a better *Archive*!



...hollow-cheeked...



...uplifter...

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Give Us These Years

by WINSTON JOHNSON

OUR FATHER Who Art in Heaven:

They told me a long time ago that when a sparrow falls You know about it, so I've always figured You knew how it's been with Debby and me, since we've been together. But sometimes I think of all the millions of people who need Your help, and I suppose they keep You awfully busy, so if it's all right I'll tell You about us.

We're not important people, Debby and me, and I guess the world wouldn't be much different without us, but we're young and we love each other and You've been very good to us. You know we're deeply grateful, because we've told You.

We grew up near each other and I guess I always knew she was the one I wanted. I remember walking by her house at night, when I was about sixteen, and thinking my heart was broken because she had gone with someone else to our school dance. You know how kids are.

When we began to go around together, we didn't talk much about being in love. We just knew it was a wonderful thing no one could put into words, and we never had to try. We just knew, like knowing we are alive. That night when we first found out, we sat in my car that hasn't any roof on it and looked at the stars. I said, "Thank You, God, for Debby." I know You heard me, that time.

We were married in Church, and You were there. We both knew it. Debby was so lovely it hurt my throat and I wondered if I could talk.

She was so lovely. You haven't given me any words to tell You how she looked, but You know, anyhow, because You were there.

I carried Debby through the door of our brand-new house, and before I put her down I wanted to say something to You, but I couldn't talk right then, so I said it kind of without words, silently. I figured You heard it.

We've lived, Debby and I, more than anyone would

ever think. Not that we've had much money, or traveled, or met famous people, or done much You'd call important. But we'd wake up in the morning at the same moment, and reach out a hand to each other, and smile up at the ceiling and not say anything for a while, then I'd kiss her and we'd get up. Maybe that's not so much, but wouldn't it be wonderful if everyone could start the day like that?

Sometimes I wish every man could have someone as sweet as my Debby, to love and take care of and be straight for. No, I don't; not quite as sweet as my Debby; there should only be one like her.

Of course, it's up to You. That's just the way I feel about it.

What I mean about us living more than most folks is that we've loved more than anyone could imagine. In the morning when we saw the sunlight together it was more to us than gold or glory. We felt it, we held it in our hands, we were drowned in it, we loved it. And we loved the grass, the sky, the rain, the mud, the moonlight, our backyard dirt, the mouse that scared Debby, and the family of robins that lived in our tree. Thanks especially for the family of robins.

Then one day we found that You had arranged for us to have a child. "Someone who is part of you and part of me," Debby said when she told me. Her eyes were peaceful and happy. It was another of those times when we didn't say much, but we knew how marvelous it was.

You know how very grateful we were. We planned the beautiful life the three of us would have. We chose a boy's name and a girl's name, and whichever it was to be would be welcome, and cherished, and reared in loving kindness.

At two o'clock one morning Debby awakened me. "I want to go now," she said. I got the car and we went to the hospital. My Debby was terribly white, and she was suffering, but she was very brave. She

(Continued on Page 21)

Giuseppe Garibaldi's Park

by RICHARD C. MOUK



WASHINGTON Square Park is a four-sided world bounded by Fourth Street, University Place, Waverly Place, and Washington Square, West (better known as MacDougall's alley). This green in the heart of Greenwich Village comprises perhaps two acres; and yet all nationalities may be found, all languages heard, many types of architecture seen (both in good and rotten health) all manner of events witnessed, and all fancies tickled.

Though there is but one little building ("Women" and "Gents") there must be at least two hundred permanent inhabitants of the park. When the winds blow, they take to their winter estate . . . the Eighth Avenue Subway. (I am told that the tides of society are strong, and that anyone who lives in the I.R.T. is strictly taboo, not to be hobnobbed with at any cost.) But when the sun is warm, these men take up their places on the green, and between snoozes they shine shoes. They don't sleep long, however; the police have nasty dispositions and they don't like to see the fine benches bedizened with human limbs. Given a sharp bastinado with a night-stick, the bootblack will rise and seek other quarters, from which he will soon be driven in a like manner.

Life in the park would be so simple if it weren't for the police! The friendly shelter of the Independent Subway is but three blocks away, there are the spacious lawns guarded by the statue of Giuseppe Garibaldi and two of Washington, good smokes are to be found on every square of the sidewalks (if you are quick enough), there is the wading pool and respective fountains watched over by a lifeguard whose duty it is to keep the urchins from drowning each other. And then there are the drinking fountains which have been given over to the birds. They are as white as the isle of Guano, and not much more inviting. Complete meals

may be had for as little as twenty cents. One may have a dish of soup, at least three pounds of ravioli, stuffed with God-knows-what, a half bottle of Red, and as many bread sticks as can be eaten before the teeth are worn down to the gum-line. For ten cents more you can have half a chicken fried in Macassar.

This little world would be an utopia if the devotees of the Eighth Avenue and those of the I.R.T. were not constantly at each others' throats. But more than that, there is tremendous conflict between the shoe-shiners and the pretzel venders. These last are of the chosen few, theirs is the occupation of distinction; while the bootblacks are mere scum, not so despised, however, as the bums. The street sweepers rank somewhere between the shoes and the pretzels, the police are not members of the community, and the soap-box orators serve merely as entertainment.

All cliques become indignant at the slightest cause. I remember the plight of a poor street sweeper. The S.P.C.A. had recently established a horse watering station and herein lies the cause of the friction. One of the broom whiskers, evidently complaining about the situation to a policeman, was told, "Tell it to the mayor!"

"The hell with the mayor!" the white fellow returned, "if he had to follow them with a broom, he might not love them animals so much!"

Anyone who has gone to the "U" is an authority on any subject to these people. The bootblacks were having an argument one day and I was called in to take sides and settle the matter. One fellow, a Turkish Jew or something, who spoke nine languages and none of them very well, said to me, "Listen, ju know how I'm read de papers; well, de odder day I'm read about dis little girl only fif years old is havva baby, she is given birt to dis keed. I'm tellin dis to dis dumb guy Joe and he's say I'm nuts."

At this point Joe could stand it no longer. Pointing a finger, beblackened with shoe polish at me, he said,

putting on his best English and attempting to use some verb other than Italian, "Amico mio, ees eet possibile por da leetle girl fo makka baby?"

"Shu eet's posible," said the Turk.

"I doan belibe it," Joe returned, becoming more heated. "Ju gotta lookka da leetle boids. Ju ever see da leetle boid ees makka uovo?"

"Shu," replied the Turk, "he's drop den in d'pool an makka *uova affogate!* Ja, Ja."

Joe's mind was slow in grasping the humor in this, but it must have seemed funny for he laughed heartily, and between titters he would cry, "Ai! Dat's good, dat's good!" His humor didn't last long, however. Soon his face was red and his anger overflowed. "Ah! Ju teenk ju some funny jew, eh?" This made the Turk laugh the harder. "Ju some fine Godam funny jew! Ju teenk ju foolish me . . . bene . . . bene . . . Mangiate il. . ."

The Turk turned to me, "Ju see, he's dumb; he don't read de papers like me."

"Just who was this five year old girl?" I asked.

"So eet's some indian."

"Shu . . . shu . . ." shouted Joe, "eet's plenty indians 'round here. Ever day de's makka kits . . . shu . . . shu! Ju see, he's pazzol!"

"I think he's right, Joe," I said, "I saw that in the paper myself; but it happened *in* India, not here."

Joe thought for a while. "Ju mean eena *dat* country . . . eet's dose . . . dose . . . *Indicopleuta!* Bene . . . bene . . . eena *dat* country, *yes!* Eetsa hot likka hell der!"

The Turk had won his point. The two were the best of friends again, and they went off, Joe still muttering, "Eena *dat* country, *yes!*"

There was much Joe couldn't believe or understand. He couldn't understand, for instance, why the policemen wore a "poiple shoit." He couldn't understand why the street sweepers didn't dispose of the refuse in the storm sewers. He couldn't understand why anyone would want to run the risk of going to New Jersey, he wouldn't believe that Hitler was only one man, and he refused to accept the fact that a man had operated on himself for appendicitis.

"Hoe he gonna do dat? He gotta holada razor wit one hand, he gotta holada lookana glass wit de otter, hew he's gonna cut he's belly?"



I remember the morning that I found Joe battered and bruised from a slight tussle with the police. On close inspection I found that most of the bootblacks were in pretty poor condition. As usual, they had become indignant about something. This time it was because of a child marriage, and their indignation had caused a certain fanatic violence on their part, and a certain sadistic violence on the part of the police. The unfortunate couple, a man of seventy and a girl of fifteen, had not chosen a very felicitous spot for their wedding-night. They had picked a room on the park and had been discovered by the angry shoe-shiners who proceeded to throw bricks through the windows, and Joe was in the thickest part of it.

Childish minds these. They will sit by the hour and listen to the fanatics who emote in the park. Joe was particularly influenced by these men, and he said to me one morning, "Ju know how life ees?"

"Just what is life?"

"Fo a people to have de beautiful life is depend on dis. Is everone havin de last dying weesh, and dis weesh's goin to one place."

This "one" place was the center of a triangle formed by the sun, the earth, and the moon. "And een dat place de's minglin round." At this point the mysterious power of the sun sends out still another wish which is in its turn "minglin' round."

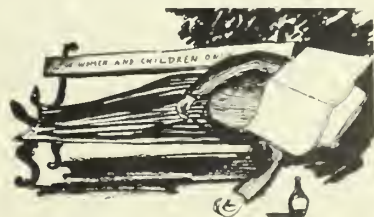
After a very short time this conglomerate wish is drawn to the center of the earth, "Wheech eesa liwuit, likka water." "Ju know," he told me, "ees de whole eenside of de world likka water, what we ees walkin on ees ony de scum!" In the water these wishes are affected by the powers of the earth, and are greatly changed.

Then there is the final and most important step: the sun draws this wish up through the "scum" and it appears in the form of a fruit or a blade of grass, "or anything dat's we're eatin."

"But to get dis good weesh, ju gotta eat dis ting at de right day, on de right hour, and at de right time."

At this point he looked at me sadly. "Ju know, I doan teenk I'm eat de right peach!"

But it wasn't many days later that Joe came up to me beaming and said, "Ju know, I'm not shine shoes no more; look . . . look!" And there he stood, pointing at his bright new pretzel wagon.



Summer Morning

I am so glad this morning, coming out
Into a world of green, dew-sparkling grass,
Clear sunlight, and the sweet, wet smell of summer
When day is new. I was first glad
Like this one morning when I started off
To school,—out through the trellised doorway
Where the honeysuckle's creamy heads diffused
Their fragrance in the fresh, cool air. And then
Beside the walk I stared amazed to see
Our oriental poppies grown waist high,
Their great, rough, hairy leaves and stems that caught
A fringe of dew, and all the heavy buds
Were open, scarlet cups that bent and swayed
With their own weight, and the cool dew they held.
Laughing with wonder, then, I stopped to count
The flowers that blazed in eager cluster there.
The number was prodigious, twenty-five;
I could not comprehend the sum. I looked
And was deliciously astonished:
My discovery filled that summer morning
With a flood of simple gladness. And today,
When going up the road, I found a patch
Of bluets growing all around a tree trunk.
Then all my morning wonder came again
Flooding up inside me just to see
That they were hundreds more than I could count.

—LOIS NEUPERT.

North Jersey Pastoral

Here in the valley the July sun
Like the river, winds between the trees
Weaving slow patterns: the fields
Stretch under dusty quiet endlessly.
And now a sterile nimbus passes, towering
Thunderhead that only yields to sun:
The wind reaching the trees and dying,
The illusion of birds and clouds receding,
The heat standing in the fields creates
An impressionistic landscape burning
With motionless fury in an idle mind.

The loafing houses and the barns standing
Functionally near them wake no delusion
Of skyscrapers, yet the roaring tractors
Shifting earth for the new highway shatter
The air with roaring exhaust:

Crowding

And swinging, the power shovel dumps
Raw earth in a processional of trucks
To fill the marshland for the wide new
Strips of concrete with a center isle
Dividing them: the road dividing
Houses and barns, cutting sharply
The valley floor and pushing over hills.
This urban tentacle, a fresh divisor
Of land and distance requires judgment:
More than the bankers and the tax reports,
More than the people here can offer now.

—GEORGE ZABRISKIE.

The Song and the Suffering

A Psychology of Ego-Guilt and Creation

by E. STAINBROOK

"Most wretched men are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

—Percy Bysshe Shelley.

THE IMPUTATION of soul-sickness to the West has become, for the critic of any contemporary ideology, an easy cliché to be lipped slatternly by proletarian mouths, brow-arched drily into utterance by ego-timid burghers and defensively but aggressively self-assumed by neurotic intellectuals. For, since Nietzsche, we have become increasingly aware of "Neurosen der Gesundheit." Normality is, as Trigant Burrow observes, simply a neurosis on a co-operative basis. And so we have come, in our time, to an idealization of the pathological, a cultural acceptance of the demoniacal.

Nowhere is this pathology of the spirit more consciously manifest than in contemporary art. (For have we not heard André Breton, the arch-ideologist of *surréalisme*, ecstatically attribute to Max Ernst the "most magnificently haunted brain of today?"). *Indeed it is the productive personality of today which has created this spiritual pathology in its own image at a cultural moment in the development of a psychological mastery over the individualistic tragic realization of the self.* For unlike Renaissance individualism the self-aware personality in modern culture finds no outer confirmation of the self-created ego; there is no genius-cult to which to be assimilated, no dominant collective ideology to be concretized for general psychological intelligibility, no universally valid super-ego totem with which to be identified. The guilt of self-creation, of ego-aggression, can be expiated only by assuming an unconscious mind to which the ego can surrender self-responsibility or by constructing, particularly in the case of art, esoteric individual ideologies to validate the art-product.

The psychological understanding of art and the creative personality is interwoven inextricably, therefore,

with contemporary soul-beliefs. Now, it is true, modern psychology has not bothered overmuch about art or aesthetics, and the major formulations of our psychology, influenced until very recently in America by conceptions of immediate practicality and economic pragmatism and a too precise aping of natural science methodology, have not been applicable to an explication of the creative urge nor even of personality generally. There are "psychologies of art," of course. But the most recent and comprehensive work in this country by Robert Morris Ogden is in the classic spirit, scholarly, even pedantic, but with the demiurge of artistic creativity nowhere revealed. We are left, then, with the psychologies which by gratuitous adoption have become the ideational aegis of certain modern artists: the psychoanalysis of Sigmund Freud and his epigoni and the will-psychology of Otto Rank.

Contemporary psychoanalysis may, like Bottom, exult "Bless me, I am quite translated," for what was considered in the beginning with hostile and ungracious criticism as Sigmund Freud's auto-sexography is now becoming a dominant soul-ideology of western civilization. This psychology, described by an apostate analyst as a system of psychological healing based on the biological sex-impulse, is acclaimed by Thomas Mann as the medical fulfillment of the Nietzschean prophecy of intellectual revolution against eighteenth- and nineteenth-century materialism and the mysticism and mawkish sentiment of the literature of Romanticism. "Libido theory is Romanticism disrobed of the mystical and revealed as science" writes Mann.

Now this libido theory formulates the notorious pan-sexualism of psychoanalysis. Sallust and Cicero would have defined libido simply as lust. But the vital im-

petus of life is, from the psychoanalytic view, an *élan érotique* directed outwardly toward reality wherever pleasure may be found or nursed inwardly in narcissism or phantasy when the pain of life lashes love into inversion. Individual libidinal destiny begins with the gross urge of the body for the satisfaction of primitive needs. The maintenance of body-tranquillity is but physiologically incident to the oral, anal, and urethral pleasures of the psyche in the achieving of desire-satisfaction—and the soul will remember these pleasures. Then, as Freud tells us, between the third and sixth year of life, Eros, the eternal child, born of chaos, the lord of fore-pleasure and infantilism, is joined by Aphrodite from the sea, a woman grown, the goddess of end-pleasure, of adult love. Psychographically, this is the period of the Oedipus complex or the family romance, the matrix of neurosis. For now in the fifth year the libidinal fate of the personality leads it into the world of two sexes, and the fear of loss of the self (loss of the genital self and castration fear, if one may be frankly Freudian), because of sexual aggression toward that which is possessed by a threatening, retaliating reality becomes the anxiety which forces the individual Eros either to be neurotic or creative in order to avoid ego-destruction.

The prototypes of personality, neurotic or creative are formalized in the infra-cultural world of infantile sexuality. For even though here "will hath not achieved a name," the self will be saturated with an unique world-experience as a resultant of the individual's conquests and repulsions in the elaboration of his destiny. Thus, if he has been reluctant to relinquish the "ecstatic nirvana which he once knew against his mother's breast," as Ludwig Lewisohn describes it, we shall find a personality wherein oral eroticism may be controlling much of the libido. Hence, if such a personality is potentially creative, psychoanalysis might essay a prediction that poetry would be the art-form chosen for creative expression, since A. A. Brill, Freud's first American interpreter, considers poetry as a mystical expression of oral eroticism. Perhaps Edgar Allen Poe gives evidence of an oral fixation in *Berenice* when he describes opening the beloved's grave and extracting her teeth. Dean Swift writes in the *Modest Proposal* of butchering and eating children, an ambivalence of oral love and hate. And, of course, the index of an advanced civilization is the excellence of its arts and its eating. Cannibalism, on the other hand, is a manifestation of oral aggression and murder, since the subliminal sexuality of the soul lurks boldly in

the aboriginal mind. Civilized morality has thus been directed toward the progressive repression of this early sexuality and has become, therefore, a predominantly infantile morality in its denial of the pleasures and security of the breast-world and in its prohibitions, in the instance of oral Eros, against assaultive biting and "gnashing" hate expression.

Other infantile fragmentations of libido aims may be represented in the symbolization of the artist. When Chrysostom, for example, exhorts in his *Homily on St. John*, "Seize we the Kingdom of Heaven . . . seize not the gold but seize that wealth which shows gold to be but mud," psychoanalysis may find here the symbolic portrayal of early anal experiences now subconscious. Similar symbols may be read in the paintings of Giovanni Bellini. And what of the Chopin rhythms, the regular pulsations with one note repeated, the soothing, the shooting, the obstinate rhythms? Perhaps here, too, are memories of the soul's childhood.

But it should be evident by now that psychoanalysis is artistically valuable primarily in the demonstration of the so-called unconscious or latent content of an art-work. The hypothesis that art-creation is a result of conscious daydreaming and phantasying to "get around" the frustrations of reality is the weakest and most sterile assumption of the psychoanalytic theory of art. For, obviously, if art is nothing but a sublimation of a sexuality which cannot be primitively and immediately indulged because of cultural prohibition, then we are still left with the problem of creativity itself. Why does one personality fearfully ensoul its phantasy from its culture while another aggressively externalizes its ego-world for general acceptance? Why is one individual merely neurotic and another creative? To find an answer we must explore the relationship of anxiety and art.

Now it is precisely at this problem of personality-fear and its creative resolution that we encounter the Rankian will-psychology and its insistence upon the conscious creation and acceptance of oneself as the first work of the artist and as an absolute prerequisite for a continually creative personality. The ego, the self, born out of a womb-unity with the cosmos into a world which ruthlessly sunders the life-field into a psychological polarity of Self and Other, knows two fears: the life-fear, the dread of responsibility for an ego maintained as a self-differentiation from the Other-world, and the death-fear, the anxiety evoked by the constant threat of loss of the self after an idio-

(Continued on Page 18)

Eclipse

by CAROL HOOVER

THE DOOR OPENED, and the two walked into the hall. The pale winter sunlight shone against the man's high forehead where the baldness was just beginning to show.

The woman led him through the hall to an open door at the left and motioned into the room. "You can wait there till I get the book, I guess," she said. "I've gotta go upstairs after it." She stumped out of the room, dragging one leg a little and breathing hard from the effort of moving her stout body.

He watched her disappear up the steps. Funny old place, he thought, with its high white ceilings covered with plaster decorations and its smooth marble-floored hall and stairs. It might have been quite a house twenty years ago. But now the dirty lace curtains at the parlor window, behind the "Rooms and Board" sign, gave the building the same decadent, shabby look that distinguished all the other houses in the block. Inside, the house was in bad Victorian style. The parlor furniture was covered with knickknacks—china figurines, carved boxes, a wall clock three hours fast, a fine-edged brass letter opener, a collection of embroidered cushions—every imaginable useless trifle.

Steps were coming down the stairs. He stared out through the door and saw several people pass, dressed in worn, baggy coats for the cold outside—other roomers probably. He wished Mrs. Fitch would hurry. What a slow creature she was—but then there was always her lame leg. She couldn't help being slow, he supposed.

Finally he heard her uneven steps. He rose and went into the hall.

"Here's the book," she said, holding it out to him. "Wish you could stay and meet some of the boarders. They're real nice, most of 'em. Why every morning when I come down—"

She broke off as the outside door opened and a woman of about forty came into the hall. "Why here's

one now!" Mrs. Fitch exclaimed. She hurried to drag the newcomer over for an introduction.

"Miss Irinov, meet Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith works at the same place I do, dear," she confided to the woman who had just come in.

Miss Irinov turned hastily toward him. "How do you—" she began, and stopped. "Why I . . . we . . . haven't we. . . ." She paused, and as he said nothing she went on apologetically. "You look a lot like someone I knew once . . . in Russia."

He smiled faintly. "I meet people every now and then who claim they knew me in Russia," he said gently. "But I don't remember it, you see. Amnesia, or something. I just don't know anything about it any more."

"Why then—you must be. . . . You were Nickolai Nemirov then."

"I imagine I was. I've been told that before, anyway," he said, smiling again.

"And it won't come back to you?"

He shook his head. "No, not a thing."

There was a pause. Then Mrs. Fitch gave a wide smile. "Well, since you folks know each other, why don't we all three go in the parlor and sit down for a while?"

He tore his eyes from the face of Miss Irinov. "Yes . . . yes, certainly," he said absently.

They went into the parlor and over to the sofa. There was a silence.

"Nice weather we been having," said Mrs. Fitch helpfully.

"Mhm . . ." murmured the other two. The silence became more intense.

Suddenly Miss Irinov turned to the man. "Nickolai, don't you remember anything about St. Petersburg? The balls and the concerts and the medals—?" She stopped, seeing by his expression that he did not remember. "Where does your memory begin?" she asked then.

"Here in New York," he answered. "I could speak Russian but I didn't know where I'd learned it. After a while, when I learned English, I couldn't remember the Russian any more. Sometimes when I met a Russian, I began talking fine in Russian—till I realized what I was doing; then I couldn't do it any more. Not when I thought about it." He paused. "It's something like with you. When I first saw your face I almost thought . . . but then in an instant you were a complete stranger. I can't seem to—"

He stopped suddenly. "Look, don't cry," he said pleadingly. "I didn't mean—"

"Oh dear, oh dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Fitch. "Stop crying, Nattie. I'm sure Mr. Nickolai didn't—"

"It isn't your not remembering me—it's the medals and—" She tried to press the tears out of her voice. In a moment she began again in her natural tone.

"I'm sorry. I don't usually act that way," she said.

"I know, I know," he answered soothingly.

"Let's not talk about that any more," said Mrs. Fitch brightly. "Let's talk about Roosevelt. Or something else in the papers. Whadduh *you* think of Roosevelt, Mr. Nickolai?" she asked, turning cheerfully toward him.

"Why, a good idea mostly," answered Nickolai vaguely.

"Why in this house, we've got more different ideas about Roosevelt. You oughta hear 'em. Mrs. Kelly is the most anti-Roosevelt woman I ever heard of. And Mrs. Martin is just the opposite. We got some wonderful arguments going sometimes. The halls have a swell echo, and you can yell from one floor to another fine."

"Look," he said suddenly, "suppose I go out and get some stuff and we have supper here. How's that? Nobody would mind if we used this room to eat in would they?"

"Oh, no! That'd be just fine!" Mrs. Fitch assured him.

He wondered why he had suggested it. Just to get away from Mrs. Fitch for a few minutes, he supposed.

"There's a store a few blocks down that way," said Mrs. Fitch, pointing down the street.

"All right," he replied, picking up his hat.

As the door closed, Mrs. Fitch turned to Nattie. "He's really awfully nice, Nattie," she said persuasively. "I know he didn't mean to hurt your feelings or anything."

"Oh, I know," Nattie said.

"He stamps books at the library," Mrs. Fitch explained. "He's been there a long time, I think. He was there when I came ten years ago."

"Mhm," Nattie murmured. She got up and walked to the window.

"You oughtn't to have cried, though," said Mrs. Fitch. "It always embarrasses a man to have you cry in front of him." Then she added briskly, "Well, I better go back to the kitchen and get some plates and silver and stuff. We ought to have the table ready when he comes back."

Nattie stayed at the window, looking for a long time. Behind her she heard Mrs. Fitch setting the table. For some reason Nattie could not make herself offer to help.

Finally Mrs. Fitch finished. "Well, all fixed," she said. "All we need now is food."

Nattie left the window and sat on the sofa; slowly she leaned back and closed her eyes. The sofa springs jounced as Mrs. Fitch sat down beside her, but neither said anything. Nattie felt consciousness slipping away; in a moment she was completely asleep.

The ringing of a bell woke her. It was the telephone, she decided, and started to run to answer it, but stopped suddenly and looked at her watch. Seven o'clock! Two hours since. . . .

Mrs. Fitch was bustling about her. "He didn't come back and I didn't see any reason for waking you," she said fearfully.

Nattie sprang into the hall and picked up the telephone receiver. "Yes . . . this is Miss Irinov . . . But how? How did he . . . How much? . . . Oh . . . All right . . . goodbye." She put down the telephone.

"What was it?" asked Mrs. Fitch anxiously.

Nattie sat down. "It was the police station. They say he found a ring or something in the street—some thief had dropped it I suppose—and the police arrested



(Continued on Page 21)

The Game of Cards

"I'll make it nine"—

"Listen, the wind outside"—

"Jesus, the wind, listen"—

"Sometimes you get a good hand"—sometimes

The brain comes up from undersea

To hear the wind, sometimes the lights

Shine on the white table, that ace

Of hearts, blood red and bleeding into dreams.

The ugly ornate fixture with its lights

Glaring in our eyes, the yellow walls

Framing the ponderous clock that marks

Our lives against the backdrop of the dull

Succession of these days and arguments—

Then, in the wind this laughter pealing

From a world outside the serious and weary

Tedium of the bright walls and blurring ceiling.

—GEORGE ZABRISKIE.



FOR REAL MILDNESS

Swing to Chesterfield

Yes Sir-e-e! Chesterfields take the lead for mildness... they take the lead for better taste. With their right combination of the World's best cigarette tobaccos they give millions more smoking pleasure.

...watch the change to Chesterfield

They Satisfy



The House of Cards

by MARTHA ANNE YOUNG

THEY STARTED building the house of cards for me a long time ago, probably before I can remember, even. It began with being told to be a "good little girl," which included studying hard at school, listening carefully in Sunday school and church, and obeying Mother and Daddy unquestionably. If I did all this I would be rewarded by the teachers giving me excellent grades, God taking me to Heaven eventually and my parents giving me a stick of candy. If not, I would be disgraced at school and put in the "low" section, I would go to an awful fiery place called Hell when I died, and Daddy would spank me. Then a little later I learned that I lived in the most wonderful country in the world, where George Washington and other men with white wigs had made everybody equal, free and happy.

All this I complacently accepted, except at rare times when a few momentary thoughts would disturb me. There were mornings when I woke up suddenly and was panic stricken for a few moments while I tried desperately to remember who I was, and what I was doing here. I would gaze blankly around the little room with the blue wallpaper and pink curtains and then say to myself with relief, "Oh yes, of course. I'm Martha Anne Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Young."

I would be still a minute, my anxiety quieted, and then think suddenly, "Yes, but who is that? And if I weren't she, who would I be, and where and what?"

I'm sure I couldn't have been more than ten at the time, although I find it hard to convince anybody of that now. I often wondered why it was that people were always wishing they were children again. I decided they must forget all about the unpleasant things that worry children so and only remember the happy things. When I grew up I'd be glad and wouldn't waste a lot of time in vain and imaginary regrets.

My mind was mostly filled with thoughts of "hopscotch" and caramel cake and playing "Indian," but

I worried a little about my lessons and whether God would punish me for whispering to my little sister in church or sneaking a nickel out of Daddy's pocket.

Then all these annoying thoughts ceased. At twelve I studied conscientiously, devoutly read my Bible every day and was inordinately proud of the Declaration of Independence and "The Star-Bangled Banner." I was satisfied and contented, and kept happily busy with school, church and home. In fact, I sometimes became inspired with lofty ambitions. I read *The Americanization of Edward Bok*, and wanted to do something to make the world a better place, because I lived in it. I read *The Man Without a Country* and was thankful I lived in the great and glorious United States.

A few incidents troubled me occasionally. I saw that the girl who cheated on the test made a better grade than I did and seemed none the worse off. Mr. Brown, who went to church every Sunday was harsh to his little daughter, Jeannie, and continually quarrelled with her and her mother when I went to play at their house. But at church he helped take up the collection and was one of the deacons.

As a whole, however, everything ran smoothly enough. From the point of view of my parents and society, I suppose I was a moderate success in my own small way. I made good grades, was active in church work, and reverently rose when "The Star Spangled Banner" was played.

Two weeks before I graduated from high school I was talking with my English teacher after school. He was a short little man, very neat and precise, with a proud way of carrying himself. He had a beautiful voice, and had made me ardently fond of the few selections of poetry by Poe, Byron and Shelley which he read in class.

This teacher had been a favorite of mine and I had been discussing my plans for college study with him.

"The things you have written have been quite good,

but I don't want to encourage you too much. I'm afraid you will lose that lightness of touch and wistful appeal when you are older and are in college. You are too idealistic, now. There will be a reaction that might throw you off your balance. You believe in others, in yourself—that will all change."

I can see his bespectacled, grave face as he talked. I wondered why it was that people never noticed his small stature, but, rather, seemed to look up at him when they talked. I was at first flattered, then confused and a little frightened without knowing why.

"They always say college changes people," I answered, "but I don't believe it. I'll be the same. Wait and see."

I have since looked back on that little scene with amusement. I can't help laughing at the smug person I must have been with my bland assurance and superiority. How naïvely safe and secure I felt in my little house of cards.

The different types of people a small-town person comes into contact with on a large campus greatly assisted in my "awakening." Here I was no longer protected by home and family, and I soon learned how selfish people can be when it comes to a case of "every man for himself." I found out that blind trust is folly, because people aren't really what they seem. They can smile and laugh and be your friend, until you cross them in something they want.

In high school I had been so proud of the extra-curricular activities in which I participated and won honors. In college most of the organizations were sham ceremonies and the honors were distributed by a political clique which always stacked the cards. When you got on the inside workings of most activities you discovered petty and trivial fraud that was disgusting. This you saw not only in the management of the school newspaper and yearbook but in the university itself.

Of course, this was all very gradual, for it was hard not to believe in everybody as before. There was a part of my mind that, even after definite proof, found it hard to accept the fact that people can actually be as they are. All this sickened me, but I still had a lot to believe in.

I studied hard but soon saw that it was not always the students who made "A" who learned the most. I realized that the grade had nothing to do with what you got out of a course. That was a good thing, but I felt as if I had wasted a lot of time in futile effort.

There were a lot of things that led to this attitude. One was an English instructor who refused to let you passively accept what he said and made you think for yourself. Another was a book that I shall never forget called *The Mind In the Making*, by James Harvey Robinson.

Then I read *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens* and found that graft was not restricted to the local campus. It was rampant everywhere and the proofs brought out by that famous muck-raker made the United States no longer great and glorious to me. He taught me how gullible human nature is and how, if I would escape being deceived, I would doubt everything until it proved itself correct.

The final blow was to discover the narrow and limited dogmatic principles of most orthodox religious sects. The study of philosophy and the lectures of a sharp-tongued history professor made me sceptical of ecclesiastical beliefs that I had never thought of questioning.

My mind was in miserable turmoil and confusion. Nothing was what it had seemed. I had nothing left and the house of cards was destroyed. I felt lost. I was Plato's chained man in the cave led up to the blinding light and it was too much for me.

I thought of what my former high school teacher had said. He was right from start to finish. I had been so sure I could write, or do anything if I made up my mind, but I now knew I couldn't. I no longer even believed in myself.

For a time I was completely unhappy and wished myself back in my ignorant stupidity. But then I decided that it was better, like Socrates, to know at least that I didn't know. That was one step further than being in the darkness of oblivion.

But Lincoln Steffens concludes his book on an optimistic note, leaving the reader with hope of improving conditions after fully understanding them. Spinoza teaches that a fuller and deeper understanding of God than that taught by orthodoxy "feeds the mind wholly with joy, and is itself unmingled with any sadness, wherefore it is greatly to be desired and sought for with all our strength."

I realized that I must think through to its logical conclusion what I had learned. I would never feel that blissful security again, but I might find a more lasting satisfaction.

I wasn't sorry the house of cards had fallen.

O Hesperus!

by BUCK KOENIG

IT WAS EVENING, shortly before sunset. The girl, Katherine, had seen him for the first time on her way home from the village. She had noticed men painting the lake scene before, working from the same spot too; but there was something about the way he peered intently at the old castle and trees, the way he would gaze for a long time and then sink back in an apparent dream, as if he were afraid to touch the brush, that arrested her attention. It made her stop and want to watch. There seemed to be something in the beauty of the sunlit waters and trees that she could not see. It was something he was trying to grasp—beyond her, seen only by *him*.

This time she stopped, and watched. When she saw him pick up his brush she left the road, silently treading the grass in his direction. She stopped behind him and looked at his half-finished picture.

He was conscious of her presence but did not turn around, continuing with fine, short brush strokes. He was working in oil and held the palette knife in his left hand, occasionally applying it to the canvas.

"Do you mind if I watch?" she asked.

He turned about and looked at her. He was young, tanned. "No, only please don't talk. I can only work at sunset and the time is short." He spoke in a soft, eager voice.

Katherine watched, seating herself on the grass. Then she too looked at the scene he was painting.

By this time the sun had completely disappeared and the lake was bathed in the soft light reflected from the low-hanging clouds. The water got heavier, thicker and more solid, but still transparent. The closely grouped trees took on a velvet texture that made her want to reach out

and touch them. The castle was almost completely swallowed up by the darkness, except the tower silhouetted against the purple-red sky. Then, suddenly, all was changed. The colors were drained out of the sky, leaving the scene an undistinguishable mass of soft woolly darkness—the prologue was over and night had come!

The painter snapped his color box closed and faced the girl.

"Why do you only work at sunset?" she asked.

"The light. I paint the light as well as the object."

"You seemed so serious I couldn't help watching."

"I *am* serious. I am going to do something new and great."

"For fame?"

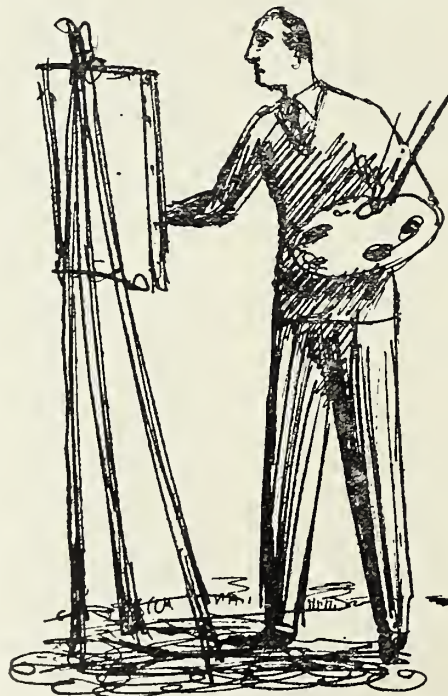
"No, myself. I am going to capture all the beauties of nature on canvas. I am going to distill the light of the sun into pigments. And the whole scene is to be held together by the fire of my soul."

The words came out in the same eager whisper. Katherine watched him as he toyed with the brush. There was a nervous excitement about his actions which showed in the expression of his face—as if he really were about to do something of great import.

"Oh, you are one of the radicals. The new school that is breaking away from all convention."

"No, I'm not a part of any group or movement. I am merely trying to express myself. I think I have something to say."

"In that case it doesn't really make any difference what you paint. It could just as well be a bowl of fruit or a nude woman. The result would be the same."



(Continued on Page 22)

Sonnet

While Carlyle sang the hero, Poppa Marx
Was quietly poisoning his springs of song;
While the Great Duke, whose titles were too long
To print in any text-book, struck the sparks
Of immortality, a score of clerks
Were proving that his victory was wrong:
Albeit their morality was strong
Victorians are gone where no dog barks.

Nonetheless, in those days, in spite of lacks
In dialectic, they were much the same
As Achilles and the mighty dead in Hell.
But the *all*-mighty index breaks our backs
In the eternal ash-tray, and our fame
Smoulders in history with an evil smell.

—KIFFIN HAYES.

THE SONG AND THE SUFFERING

(Continued from Page 9)

synthetic ego-creation has been wilfully asserted. The way in which the self reacts to these fears will determine the culture-destiny of the individual. To this dread of life and of death and its issue in personality-types ranging from the neurotic to the creative we shall return.

Psychoanalysis, too, recognizes the prime importance of anxiety. According to analytic theory, the ego, the conscious self, is at every moment anxiously influenced from three sources: from the id, where primitive impulses play wantonly on the infrahuman stage of the unconscious and constantly try to revel in consciousness; from the super-ego which, positively, is the synthesis of ideal cultural types with which the personality identifies itself in its progress toward humanization and which, negatively, is the source of the fear of authority and cultural reality, a fear based upon the early childish dread of the omnipotent, no-saying, punishing father or father-surrogate; and, lastly, the ego must be aware of threats to the biological integrity of the self. Hence every act of the personality is mediated through either conscious or unconscious anxiety. Aggression or positive ego-living is attended, therefore, by guilt-feeling unless, as in the case of the Classicist, the aggression is in the service of a socially approved ideology. Moreover, because culturalizing reality (the basis of which, we must remember, is the awe-inducing, threatening, retaliating reality of the unconscious, a reality conceived in childhood as a world wherein that which gives pleasure is lost with pain, a world wherein self-living is punished), is "taken inside" as moral ideology, the guilt of ego-aggression may be expiated by self-punishment, the masochism of analytic theory.

There is nothing in the psychoanalytic theory of anxiety which would directly explain the creative personality. It may be interesting, however, to observe some didactic illustrations of anxiety and masochism in art. In the Aurignacian epoch of the paleolithic period, for example, primitive man concentrated his statuary art on the female figure which in the archaeological deposits of these strata outnumbers the male seventy to five. The breasts, buttocks, and abdomen are grossly exaggerated, but the head and limbs, being phallic analogues, are unhewn and amorphous, signifying an artistic "castration" for the depicted sexual aggression. Curiously, in the later Magdalenian era

the male sex predominates, but here the artistic technique is debased and colorless and a sombre mood prevails. The figures are no longer "en face" but in profile, a position ordinarily used to depict animals of the hunt. Here there is repression of the former vivid sexuality and the representation of aggression against other men, possibly a sadistic expression of hate as a reaction against the newly and collectively imposed Magdalenian frustrations.

Then if we turn to Greek mythology we encounter the Attis legends and the accounts of the castration cults of Cybele in Asia Minor from whence, we may incidentally remark, came a tribe of Karaites from whom Leopold von Sacher-Masoch was a direct descendant. The maenads, the sphinx, Hecate, Gorgon, the Lamia, Gella, Empusa were all "stranglers," the avenging furies. Mephistophiles in Goethe's *Faust* meets these vampires who lure only to destroy in the classic Walpurgis night, exclaiming,

"Most succulent art thou to look at from above,
Yet the beast below makes my very flesh creep."

And Harry Crosby, an American expatriate, expresses again the age-old fear,

"I too have danced, but now I am afraid
Of hooded gorgons and red-antlered stags
That call discordantly from mountain crags,
While far below upon the desert sands,
To snare the unicorn's mad cavalcade
The silent sphinxes crouch with clutching hands."

The Amazons, too, were associated with the Cybele cults, and, strangely, the first Egyptian gynarchies were established by a man, King Sesostrius. The Hindu goddess Durga who symbolized death and accepted human sacrifice was yet another creation of anxiety and the need for punishment. The sensuous Siva, the life-goddess, danced with a death's head. On a Pompeian wall there is a painting of the death of Pentheus at the hands of his mother, Agave, and two other women. In the background two maenads brandish whips and torches. Recurrent throughout art-history is the theme of Circe, Omphale, Salome, Medusa. The *Lysistrata* of Aristophanes is a dramatic representation of "painful pleasures." The "romantic agony" of Gautier and Swinburne finds expression in the masochistic romance. Thomas Mann's *Death in Venice* is a portrayal of self-imposed punishment for guilty homosexuality. Dostoevsky, he whom Oswald Spengler called the Christ of Russia, was the "eternal husband" suffering willingly in his private life his

cuckolding by La Suslova. In his *Crime and Punishment* the hero, Raskolnikov, deliberately brings his punishment upon himself to appease the unconscious need to suffer. And all the guilt-haunted wanderers of the world may cry with Coleridge,

“Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which all confused I could not know
Whether I suffered, or I did:
For all seemed guilt, remorse or woe,
My own or others still the same
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.”

Yes, if like Verhaeren, alone with ourselves, we “go down into the crypts of our hearts,” we shall find the origins of these “life-stifling fears” in that ecstatically mystic yet utterly terrifying soul-world where life knew love and hate even before mind was a thing of words and sound-symbols had caught life too neatly in measured breaths.

And, again, psychoanalysis has indicated the latent

meaning of art-works and has provided a basis for a psychology of aesthetics which could now be elaborated. But when applied to the problem of the creative urge itself, analytic theory can give no explanation of the artist as a personality-type. Psychoanalysis only demonstrates that an artist may “live through” his life-guilt and expiation in his work, but it does not prove that all guilt is sexual anxiety nor does it make clear why the artist creates at all. And this failure is an inevitable consequence of the analytic insistence that the life-will is in the service of the id rather than of the ego. Even if ego is a “seduction on the part of grammar,” there is in every individual a conscious self-will which is a tremendously more significant destiny-maker than the analytic ego which, in the words of Paul Schilder, is “driven by the id, tied down by the super-ego, and fights reality.” And we shall not explain the creative throes of the personality unless we recognize this will-ego.

Interlude

Memory is not a child's laughter, nor the streets
Half lit in time, when all the world was young:
Nor is it kisses, nor the wisdom of her voice
But matter saying this, this too, shall pass:
For certain, this has been before: and bar lights
Strung across black skies and looming sounds
Come up from subways, and old refusals hung
Like tinsel on the Christmas tree of dreams.

Memory is some archaic poet posing on a wharf
To hear the sea bells, hearing only
The whistling steamers in a midnight fog.
It is these hands, this statue of the flesh
Reaching for phantoms: the cry “Linger awhile,
You are so beautiful” hanging in empty air.

—GEORGE ZABRISKIE.

Conversation With Dick

“Well, now tell me how you’ve been,” Dick said.
He stood against the window blocking out
The light with his broad tallness, so that I,
Sitting in half-shadow, only felt
His quiet smile as he glanced down and spoke.
He moved to Mother’s big blue chair, and leaned
To rest an arm upon its massive back.
I did not answer; what was there to say
To this tall boy with straight brown hair combed back,
Who stood regarding me from grey-blue eyes
As steadily as I looked up at him?
So then I nodded, “I’m all right. Life’s good,”
And laughed a little at my trite remark;
But Dick laughed too, and with one foot extended
Traced out the pattern of the rich, blue rug.
Then, looking at me sharply, head held up,
“That’s right. It is. You ought to read the plays
I’m reading now; there’s Chekov, Andreyev—
I’ll bring the book next time, and you can see.”
And so we sit and talk in eager trade
Of books and music, friends and plays we know,
Of all the good things life has brought to us.
By now Dick’s sitting in the big, blue chair,
(I like his lighter tweed against its deep brocade.)
While he pulls out his pipe, and holds the match
Above the shining bowl, then puffs, draws smoke.
His long brown fingers, smooth-skinned, and large-boned
Bend ’round the pipe and make it very small.
And as we’re chatting on I feel the warmth
Of gladness,—just a slow content that we
Should be here talking,—flow and glide about us
Like the smoke that floats and vanishes from this pipe.

—LOIS E. NEUPERT.

GIVE US THESE YEARS

(Continued from Page 3)

kept telling me it was all right. "It's just got to be that way," she said. "I don't mind, darling." Her fists were closed tight as two little stones. She was trying to smile, and she couldn't.

I've been in this hospital waiting-room nearly two full days. They tell me to eat, but I can't, not until I'm sure about Debby. Every few hours one of the nurses or a doctor comes in to tell me about my wife. They are very kind and they tried hard not to let me know Debby's having a hard time, but I know it shouldn't take this long.

And now I'm coming to the thing I want to ask You about. I don't know if I should bother You with it, because it's so impossible, it's . . . well, it just doesn't make sense. But there's come confusion here, and I don't know what else to do.

The nurse came and told me my Debby had died.

Now, You know and I know that that couldn't happen. My Debby has such a fine rich laugh, her eyes sparkle so, she loves being alive. She sleeps beside me in the night, and I touch her hair on the pillow. On windy days her hair is all mussed and shiny and wonderful. Her arms are soft and round. She kisses me when I come home at night. She waits for me. Debby and I, we love each other!

So please, dear God, straighten this thing out for us. I don't know what's wrong, but You'll take care of it. Debby hasn't died.

Thank You, Lord.

Amen.

ECLIPSE

(Continued from Page 11)

him. When he proved he hadn't stolen it, they decided to give him a small reward. Ten dollars, I think they said. He was acting queerly and looked sort of sick, so they're bringing him back in a car. He told them to come to this address."

Mrs. Fitch for the moment could think of nothing to say. She turned around and walked slowly back into the parlor.

It was a few minutes later that the doorbell rang. Both of them jumped up and hurried to the door. Nickolai walked in and looked about him dazedly.

"Tell us all about it! And did you get the food?" asked Mrs. Fitch.

He did not reply. His eyes met Nattie's. She was frightened by the change in them.

"Nickolai," she grasped.

Mrs. Fitch pushed forward a chair, and he sat down.

"What's the matter?" asked Nattie.

"The police, they . . . and the reward . . . it brought it back to me. . . . You know you were talking about the medals . . . the medals, the ribbons. . . ."

Nattie could not think of anything to say. Even Mrs. Fitch stood dumbly by.

As he lifted his head again, his eyes fell on Nattie. "Natasha," he whispered, putting his arm around her waist. Then his arm fell, and he put his face in his hands again.

"I was so happy . . . until you . . . why did I get into that station . . . and the reward, the medals . . . I remember the Revolution. . . ."

Mrs. Fitch touched Nattie's arm. "Let's go get him something to drink," she whispered. "We better leave him alone a minute."

They tiptoed out. In the kitchen, Mrs. Fitch said regretfully, "Don't seem to be anything but ice water. Here, I'll take the glass in to him, and you put the bottle back in the refrigerator. Just a minute, though; let's wait for him to quiet down a bit." They waited. "I guess it's just about time," said Mrs. Fitch finally, leaving with the glass.

Nattie picked up the bottle, filled it with fresh water, and started for the refrigerator.

"Nattie!" screamed Mrs. Fitch from the front of the house.

The bottle slipped from Nattie's hands and broke, water spreading in long, thin arms from the splintered glass.

"He killed himself!" screamed Mrs. Fitch.

Nattie saw the brass handle of the newly sharpened letter opener above Nickolai's chest.

She stood paralyzed, hearing Mrs. Fitch's scream change to slow gasping. Then she turned and walked into the hall. Her finger stiffly dialed the number on the telephone.

O HESPERUS!

(Continued from Page 16)

"I dare say it would, only I happen to prefer sun-sets. The finished product is a composite of a number of things: Nature, God, and myself. Of the three I consider myself the most important. In this case I am improving on God's work. I want to prove to myself that Man is the greatest creative force of the universe. His powers are unlimited, only he never makes use of them. . . . Man, a silly little animal looking up at God's creation. Respectfully admiring; always afraid and humble. Why? What is there to be afraid of? Man should be looked up to, not Nature."

"I see," she said, slowly walking away.

He watched her as she faded into the blackness. When he was alone the feeling of power inside him increased. He had felt somewhat self-conscious while she was there, but now all that was gone. He had complete faith in himself once more.

Then over the darkened lake scene the first star of evening appeared, first flickering, then brightly taking its place in the sky. As he watched he was filled with

a strange reverence. He tried to fight the feeling, but couldn't.

Suddenly he picked up the paint-stained pallet knife and with violent lunges cut the canvas before him to pieces, then walked away, leaving all behind, and threw himself down on the grass, face down. . . .

Two Poems

by RUSS LANDERS

Whither wander moon
In vagrant flight,
In Night's deep crevasse,
Whither I ask,
In aimlessness pursued
And in uncertainty
Abiding?
What nights
Will be followed by what dawns
And
What moment runs its circled course
In empty hours?

When evening
Has drawn her shutter in
The scent
Of overhanging blossoms
Fills
This little room
And
Far across the city
Traffic noises fall dully
On my ears.

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Among Our Contributors

KIFFIN HAYES, last year's editor, is now studying Sanskrit and Arabic among other things, at Chapel Hill. In past years, he, with his calabash pipe, was a familiar figure on this campus where he was known for his frequent unconventionalities. Nocturnal prowling, omnivorous reading, and a habit of spouting latin under his breath were among Kiffin's numerous idiosyncrasies.

G. Z.

* *

BUCK KOENIG is the *Archive's* mystery man. All we know about him is that he sports faded blue trousers, a Byronic mop of brown hair, a suntan and a guitar. Every evening from 6 to 7 o'clock Koenig and guitar perform in the Union Lobby. What he does with the remainder of the day is unknown. A disciple of the late Bill Forrest, Buck writes with great gusto and defiant disregard of form and polish.

L. E.

* *

LOIS E. NEUPERT had to make a choice between Geology and Poetry. She would have made a good geologist, being a lover of nature and the elements of the world about her. But these very things, together with a desire for self-expression, made her choose writing. She lacks both the naivete and the sophistication of the English Major, for she is still the naturalist, and in her poetry attempts to analyze the forces which twist the strata of personality.

R. C. M.

* *

Give Us These Years is the first short story of Winston Johnson to appear in print. Mr. Johnson is not a student at Duke, but one of the unknown young writers

in New York. He has long written poetry and it is only recently that he has turned to fiction.

Besides writing, Winston Johnson plays trumpet in one of the smaller New York night spots. He spends his days wandering through art galleries and does his writing between jam sessions.

H. P. K.

* *

ED STAINBROOK, as his article might possibly have suggested, is a graduate student in Psychology. We would like to be able to tell you quite definitely that he is a Freudian or a McDougallite. But to tell you the truth we haven't the slightest idea, and rather than lay ourselves open to the accusation of wishful thinking, we intend to keep our mouths shut. We can tell you, however, that Ed is a big, bouncing, cheerful fellow and we well imagine him happily at work prying from us our most carefully concealed secrets and our most repressed urges. This is not the first time that Ed has discussed matters more or less psychological with the *Archive's* readers.

L. D.

* *

RICHARD MOUK is a Spanish major who "dabbles" in French, Italian and other linguistic odds-and-ends in and about the University. Being a metropolitan and a connoisseur of cosmopolitan folklore, he simply drifted, we suspect, into such pursuits. Probably he found himself face to face with a pretzel vender, a boot-black, and an organ grinder, all arguing away; and thereupon, slapping himself on the forehead, exclaimed, "Ah, a linguist's life for me."

But Richard Mouk doesn't always restrict his whims to Eighth Street and Seventh Avenue. He is quite

likely to lapse into the surrealist, and, we fear, may be amusing himself nearer home; perhaps even at the expense of his campus contemporaries. But no doubt you'll see for yourselves.

L. D.

* *

GEORGE ZABRISKIE is a fugitive from the Greek Department. We are practically convinced that his French major is just a front; at heart he is half engineer, half

poet, a combination which in this day and age ought to carry him far. His vices are bow ties, and the most woebegone little black cigars we have seen in many a moon; his virtues, the best poetry that has ever hit the Duke campus. Possessed of an ample crop of blond hair and given to wearing vests even on the hottest days, he is an easily spotted figure on either campus.

L. D.

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THE ARCHIVE



NOVEMBER

NUMBER 2

1939

VOLUME LIII

Famous Yachtsman calls Camels — "The best cigarette buy" "THEY BURN LONGER, COOLER, AND THAT'S IMPORTANT"

SAYS JOHN S. DICKERSON, JR.



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The ARCHIVE

VOLUME LIII November, 1939 NUMBER TWO

A Monthly Literary Review Published by the Students of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.
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EDITORIAL, CONTRIBUTORS AND REVIEWS

CARROTS AND POTATOES

MAN HAS two legs and two sets of convictions: one for prosperous, the other for hard times. The latter set is frequently called idealism.

In this respect, too, editors of college magazines resemble ordinary humans: when all goes well, they allow themselves the luxuries of the comfortable platitude, but when critics scowl and readers yawn, editors discover in themselves a powerful transcendental vein and proceed to punish the ungrateful rabble with strong doses of the esoteric, the elusive, the ideal.

"The masses don't like us because they are *simply* too stupid to understand us."

Fortunately, we do not need to go to such extremes. Our first issue has received lukewarm applause and lukewarm condemnation. We should be satisfied, even grateful. We could afford a few pleasant platitudes.

Not that our critics are not severe enough: we are almost afraid to publish stories about things more complicated than carrots and potatoes for fear of being accused of intellectualism. Spurred on by these same critics, we have made it our policy to bring in our pages month after month all that our student body

writes about the great events of today—namely nothing at all. (Not even the critics have thus far contributed anything, although they are probably just holding back masses of interesting material.)

But what really alarms us is the fact that we have been criticized and praised mainly for things which we did not publish.

We did not mention Sex or any of the other bad words that we have heard around the dormitories—and earned a little gold star. We did not write about Education, the Duke Centennial, and "the malicious, unprovoked attack by *Time* magazine on our University," and were rebuked publicly by two grave and anonymous gentlemen. We know the ability of the critic's eye to see that which exists not, yet we cannot help wondering whether the praise and condemnation of our critics would not have applied to the *Archive* with equal force—had we left its pages blank instead of wasting useless effort on the compilation of material.

Here, perhaps, is a solution of what an editor of the *Chronicle* has termed so poetically "the eternal case against the *Archive*."



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Whither Thou Goest

by BUCK KOENIG

IT WAS OUR last night together. All around us were the trees, tall and stark against the soft night sky. They were comforting and silently magnificent. We stopped for a moment. The wind made a slight sound in the trees. Then we started to walk again.

Walking through the woods at night like that gives one a strange feeling. Not walking alone, but walking with someone close. It is very dark and everything is in black and white. The once green trees are either dark against light or light against dark. The path is clearly defined and as you walk all is silent—only the crunching of sand and stones underfoot can be heard. A rhythm of bodies is established and a harmony created. The two walk rhythmically unified in their silence, watching the strange shapes of the forest.

When we came to an opening we sat down on the ground and leaned back and then we were both looking up at the sky and back at the trees reflecting the light of moon.

Somehow it didn't seem like the last night, but we both knew it was. We didn't want to think about it however.

"I'll miss this," Forrest said.

"I know you will, I would too."

"But you won't have to. You're going to stay and have the trees and the moon."

"Without you they won't be the same."

Forrest didn't say anything. He just looked and then rolled over and rested his head on his arms and looked down at the ground.

"Think of poor Tom Wolfe down in the cold earth. I seem to feel close to him now. A funny feeling. He seems to be right near us. I can sense it. . . . These were the woods he loved. He loved them with all the powerful passion he was capable of. I love them too—

in my own way, and I'm going away. Think of him writing all that stuff and now he is finished. Finished not only writing, but finished living. We're just starting. Maybe we could do something together. But I guess we'll never know. . . . You stay here. Come out here some night, alone, and think of poor Tom Wolfe, and think of me far away trying to write and then go back to your room and write and write and write and don't stop. Maybe you'll write like Tom Wolfe some day. Maybe I will. Maybe not. Maybe we don't want to write like Tom Wolfe."

I looked at him and I could see that his face touched the grass. I thought of all the times we had walked out here and talked. And I thought of the way it would be after Forrest was gone, but I didn't want to think about it.



A cloud covered the moon and it got dark momentarily, but when the cloud passed it seemed to be much brighter than it had been before.

"Why don't you stay?" I said. I didn't want to bring it up again, but I couldn't help it.

"You know I hate it here."

"Yes, but you could get over that."

"No. I've tried before. It's no use. I hate everything about the place: the women, the men, and the instructors. There was only one good guy teaching here and he's gone now. Writing a book somewhere."

"I'll see you again anyway."

"Sure. In about two months."

"That's a long time."

"Not too long."

There was silence for a moment, then he sat up.

"Anyway, I can't work here," he said.

"Maybe you can't work anywhere."

(Continued on Page 24)

The Ruins at Durham

by JOHN SHINN

ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE yet seldom visited spots in the entire Confederation is the site of what was once one of the proudest and richest of the universities that flourished during the early Chaotic Age in the beginnings of the twentieth century, at the city of Durham (memorable historically as the first North American city to be annihilated by the newly invented Marston Ray in 2786) in the "State" of North Carolina. Its name was variously Duke or Universitatis Dukensis, as the seal on the Great Gate testifies, and was reputedly called after one James (or Buck, as some records have it) Duke. This Mr. Duke, it would seem, donated the greater part of a considerable fortune which he had accumulated at tobacco vending to the construction of the University campi. The records of the institution are rather scarce, the actual archives having been destroyed in the Ninth World War of 2889. Many of the ancient buildings still stand, some remarkably preserved, and give testimony to the splendor that reigned on the spot three thousand years ago.

Sociologically, the ruins are interesting because they represent a typical specimen of the magnificent flourishes of a society already grown capitalistically top-heavy. One man, in this decadent period, could gain world renown and even veneration simply by accumulating vast sums of money to himself and his family, and most were wont to spend a great part of it, as James Duke did, toward self-immortalization in stone and concrete. This practice is reminiscent of the end of another great historical cycle personified in the building of the pyramids by the rulers of Egypt.

The ruins themselves are situated on a small rise two miles from the Confederation warehouses at Durham, and are administered, along with five thousand acres of virgin timber, by the Confederation Center for Historical Culture for the Western Hemisphere at Quebec. They have been carefully searched for identifying particulars and the results of this search are summarized

in a book written by Miss Tandem Orange in 5000, which gives all the information extant on the ruins.¹

The buildings were constructed in imitation of the Gothic architecture which flourished some six centuries earlier in Europe, and the main unit appears to have been a "church" or "chapel" for the practice of the Christian religion. The chapel was apparently once surmounted by a tower of considerable height, long since destroyed, and is generally constructed in the form of the Christian cross. The basement of the chapel at one time formed a crypt, but the caskets and bodies have been removed by unknown persons. The very headstones themselves are practically illegible, and those which can be made out give no more than names of historical nonentities.

In front of the chapel and down a flight of broad stone steps, there stands a well preserved pedestrian statue, in cast bronze, of the James Duke who was the founder of the institution. His dates are given on the base as 18 -1924. He is dressed in the quaint and completely unfunctional capitalist costume typical of the era. The left arm is extended, and although the hand is missing, it is evident that it was holding aloft some symbol of education or religion.

The largest and most completely preserved unit in the entire vicinity is a tremendous "stadium" or amphitheater located approximately half a mile from the center group. It still stands in the form of a perfect bowl, and from its cornerstone, which was the only one left intact on the campus, most of the present information has been obtained. The records would seem to indicate that the year 1938 was a particularly important one in the institution's history. Mention is made of a centennial or hundred-year anniversary being celebrated during that year, which conflicts with the dates of the aforementioned Mr. Duke who could not pos-

¹ Orange, Tandem, *Symbols of Capitalism in 20th Century North America*, Confederation Culture Press, Berlin, 5000.

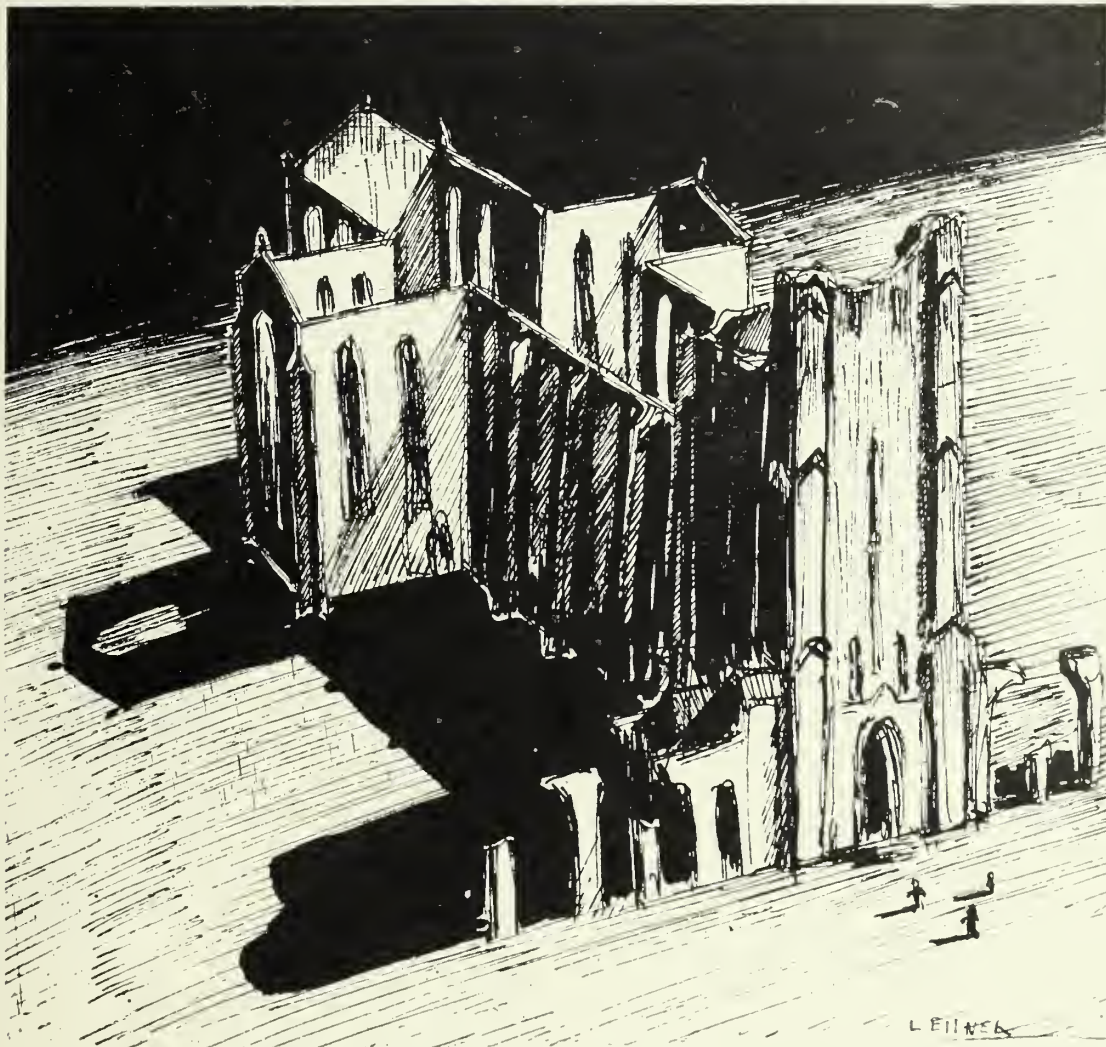
sibly have endowed the school before 1924, only fifteen years previous.²

Mention is also made of a "Tournament of Roses," and a "Rose Bowl," during the same year and it is to be deducted that these references were to some sort of athletic festival, probably the playing of "football" held here annually to celebrate a Christian holiday.

The question of the game of football, incidentally, creates quite an interesting problem in regard to the

since only a small fraction of the students were able to participate in the game proper, and accordingly it could not have been a general athletic form as are our mechano-tisular or bithero-manic exercises today.

Duke, the records lead us to believe, was a major shrine for the ritual, and had thus gained an amount of renown completely disproportionate to its youth as an institution and its natural inexperience in scholarly and academic exercises. In searching for explanations



past of the ruins. Mr. J. Thompson Manger, in 5000, published a monograph on the history of the game on the North American continent.³ The apex of its popularity seems to have fallen in the last three quarters of the 20th century, and this is significant in relation to the time of the institution's founding. Football, according to Mr. Manger in his book,⁴ had undoubtedly, by this time, become a ritual in the Christian religion,

² This paradox is treated fully by Miss Orange's book in the section entitled, "The Centennial Puzzle."

³ Manger, J. Thompson, *A History of Football in North America*, Confederation Physiotherapy Department, Hamburg, 5002.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 83.

of the seemingly immense popularity of the games, and their obvious incongruity with the other recorded practices of the Christian religion, the most convincing statement has been made by Jones Orton in his comparison of football to the sacrifice of the Vestal Virgins in the Pantheistic festivals of ancient Rome.⁵

At the entrance to the stadium, the C.C.H.C.W.D. has established a small museum of football relics, whose

(Continued on Page 23)

⁵ Jones, Orton, *The Evident Analogy Between the Vestal Virgin and the Football Rituals in the Roman Pantheistic and Christian Religions*, Confederation Society for Myth and Folklore, Berlin, 5012.

History of a Skirt

by PAUL ADER

THE THREE of them sat on a bench, vaguely contemplating the play of the fountain in front of them. By looking up they could see along the length of Parkway Road, almost to Pennsylvania Square. A chill fall wind stirred the leaves of a tree nearby; the three of them shivered, in unison, involuntarily. The late afternoon sun was no defence against the approaching cold.

James Williams shook himself and spoke first.

"Behold that fountain," he said, "and marvel at the ingenuity of man."

"Yeah," replied Harry Watkins.

Eddie Dryer said nothing.

"Behold that fountain," James Williams repeated. "Behold."

"Where does it get us?" Harry asked.

"Nowhere," admitted James Williams, who was a philosopher of sorts. "Except to emphasize our own position."

"That's fine," said Harry Watkins, dryly. He sighed deeply, and the collegiate D on his sweater rose and fell with his chest.

"I read in a magazine once," said James Williams, "where some boys went out and created jobs for themselves."

"Where was that?" asked Eddie Dryer, the corpulent one.

"In the great Midwest."

"This is the East," said Harry Watkins, factually.

"Nevertheless," said James Williams, "nevertheless. . . ."

Harry Watkins turned to look at James Williams.

Eddie Dryer waited for the philosopher's words.

"Nevertheless," repeated James Williams, and sank into solemn quietude again.

Eddie Dryer stirred uneasily on his end of the bench.

Suddenly the fountain ceased playing; a sharp wind stirred the leaves in the trees along the length of the Parkway.

"What's that?" asked Harry Watkins, startled.

The philosopher shrugged his shoulders. "It is nothing," he said. "It is nothing, at least, more than symbolic of what is to come. We, too, will suddenly cease to play, and the cold winds of winter will shake red and yellow leaves upon our dead bodies."

"Oh, cut it," Harry Watkins snapped. "We're out of college. We're educated. We're here with no jobs and no place to stay . . . except with Eddie's old man, and we can't sponge on him all our lives."

"Oh, don't think. . . ." Eddie Dryer began.

"Tut, man," James Williams cut him short, "Harry is right. I must acknowledge that in this instance Harry is right."

A girl walked down the steps a bit and hesitated. Then she walked to her right, skirting the bench, and on up Parkway toward Pennsylvania Square.

"Look," said Eddie.

"We have seen her," Harry replied, slowly, watching with deep lines in his forehead the retreating figure of the girl.

"One must wonder," James Williams said, "at the touch of Springtime she gives to such a desolate scene."

The three of them brooded on the girl.

"Note the color of the skirt," James Williams added, objectively.

"Note the shape of the figure," Harry Watkins said, mimicking the philosopher's tone.

"Note the girl," Eddie Dryer said, simply.

There was silence.

Harry Watkins turned suddenly to the philosopher. "I knew a skirt once," he said.

"A what?" asked the philosopher.

"A skirt; you know, a . . ."

"Sure, I know!" Eddie Dryer said, quickly.

"One sometimes displays one's ignorance by what one knows," the philosopher said, looking at Eddie Dryer.

Eddie sank into nothingness.

"It was a coupla years ago," Harry went on, musing. "Yeah, I was a junior then."

"She was a skirt then, was she?" inquired James Williams.

"Well, no. She was a swell girl then . . . but you remember them as just another skirt, if you get what I mean."

The philosopher nodded, wisely. "I think," he said, "I get what you mean."

"Sure," Eddie Dryer said.

Harry Watkins and the philosopher stared at him. Eddie said nothing further.

"As you know," Harry said, "I'm no ladies' man."

The philosopher smiled, and Eddie Dryer looked the other way.

"Honest," Harry said. "For two years I was in love with this skirt, to the exclusion of all others, as you might say."

"H'mm," quoth the philosopher.

Harry paused.

"Well," he went on, "her name was Betty, Betty Johnson, and it was at the Goody Shop I first saw her. Now, I have seen skirts prettier and skirts that had more 'oomph' as you might say. . . . But this Betty was working on an ice cream soda and when she raised her head and let me have those eyes I was a goner, see?"

"You mean, you could tell then she was for you?"

"No . . . I mean it was the other way. She gave me only a very impersonal glance, so to speak, but I was the one who did the going."

"I see," the philosopher nodded.

Eddie Dryer said nothing.

"Now, it was not exactly a case of love on the first sight, as somebody claims."

"Shakespeare," said the philosopher.

Eddie Dryer nodded.

"Because," Harry said, "I remember having seen this skirt before: it was at a certain high school I went to for about a year, and this Betty Johnson was also at that high school."

"Well," said the philosopher, uncertainly.

"Not that I didn't notice her at this high school," Harry said, "but it was different. She was one of these girls that make the grades, see, and I took her for a . . . well, just a stoddent, you know."

James Williams nodded again. "Yes, I get you. An incipient old maid, or shall we say, an embryonic school marm, or something on that line."

"Yeah. Only then she had a good figure, which any guy notices clean across the street. But when you got

over there she was a stoddent again, carrying a load of books."

"I take it you crossed the street," the philosopher said.

"Oh, yes, once or twice. But it was a different matter when she looked up at me in the Goody Shop."

"A kind of metamorphosis?" hazarded the philosopher.

"Well, not exactly, but a decided change anyway."

Eddie Dryer nodded, simply.

Harry folded his arms across the D on his chest, and mused.

"I can see her yet," he said, "and she was pretty, although as I said they was other skirts prettier. But it was something about her manner, her bearing, y'might say, that got me."

"Quite possibly it was her bearing," the philosopher observed.

"Yeah, it was her bearing," Harry decided. "That was it."

The philosopher nodded, wisely.

"Because," Harry went on, "when she walked out of the place, there was nothin' you could do but look at her."

"Of course," nodded the philosopher.

"Not in the ordinary sense, though," Harry said.

"No," agreed the philosopher. "It was her bearing that commanded attention."

"Exactly," Harry said.

"So you chased after this skirt," Eddie Dryer said.

"My good man!" objected the philosopher.

"What you mean 'chased after this skirt'?" asked Harry, taking his cue from the philosopher. He looked indignant. "I'm, in my way, a gentleman."

"Quite right," agreed the philosopher; "please continue."

"Well, to tell the truth, it took me longer than I expected to get this Betty's attention, for, as I say, I am not a man for the ladies."

The philosopher indulged in another smile.

"This," said Harry, "was before I became a . . . an extrovert."

"Huh?" said Eddie Dryer.

"That," replied the philosopher, "is quite interesting."

"Yes, those were the days of my youth," Harry went on, maturely. "Days when every skirt was a goddess, and their queen was named Betty."

"You lived in a world of your own," said the philosopher.

Bottomless

by DOC GREENE

PETER PARKED the convertible under the little awning of willow branches that hung over the street—the same spot where he always parked. After fumbling a moment in the glove compartment he extracted a small flashlight and by its light surveyed his countenance in the rearview mirror. The wind hadn't mussed his hair. He smiled at the reflection.

"Pretty smooth," he said and turned off the light and put it back in the compartment.

He got out of the car and began walking up to the front porch, the while inspecting his apparel. There wasn't the tiniest suspicion of a wrinkle in his white dinner jacket and he noted with pleasure that the clove boutonniere was projecting from his dinner jacket at precisely the correct angle. His black formal trousers broke over his patent leather pumps at just the right angle. Peter didn't really like to smoke but he liked to pose with a cigarette in his hand, so as he reached for the doorbell with one hand, he began feeling for his metal case with the other. Case in hand, he sat down on the porch railing and waited for Marjorie to open the door so he could light it in front of her.

Marjorie opened the door and stepped out. Under normal circumstances most observers agreed that Marjorie was a pretty girl. In the green satin evening gown she reached an even higher plane. Peter waited for her to greet him. It was one of his pet theories that the girl was impressed if he pretended not to notice her immediately when she came out, thus enabling him to look as if he had been startled out of a deep reverie by her voice. In short, Peter considered that an iron hand

on the emotions was the only method with which to deal with women. As usual Marjorie's voice didn't really startle him. He had been waiting for it.

"Peter," she said softly, "you can go now. I'm not going to the dance with you."

Peter sat very still. He didn't look at Marjorie. Instead he raised one of the cigarettes calmly to his lips, lighted it and inhaled. Then he glanced at Marjorie for a second. She was looking at him with interest. Then it came—the sudden, quick boiling surge of rage—the tingling heat sweeping over his body and flushing his

face and then being replaced by indiscernible drops of sweat. Something had snapped and he was possessed of an inordinate desire to seize this green witch and deliberately hold her off and crash his fist into her smug, shaded face—to smash her back against the brick wall of the house and then as she reeled off to hit her again and again until she was bloody and whimpering at his feet.

He didn't however. His own movement was to lift the lighted cigarette end up in front of his eyes and peer at it thoughtfully.

"O. K. Marjorie," he said calmly. "I'll see you around."

He stood up slowly and turning walked down off the porch. The movement of his arms and legs was jerky and his fists were clenched, even the one holding the cigarette. Reaching the car, he mechanically turned on the motor and after racing it a moment released the clutch, and forcing a sardonic laugh for Marjorie's benefit, in the event that she were still on the porch, he bolted away.



(Continued on Page 24)

fifth avenue

The morning on the towers marks last rites
For gargoyles in the stained and rotted stone:
The wreckers pulled the roof down yesterday:
The wreckage, not of ceiling lath alone
But of gilded age, of alabaster swans,
Of stained oak plate rails, garish chandeliers
And marble mantles, is at peace with time.
The broken windows and the brownstone walls,
(Who ripped the ivy down, and pried away
those *kingly* steps?) leave gothic shadows
On chrome of cruising taxicabs at noon.
And intricate and carved, the wonder age
Of science (Philadelphia and Bell) is tossed
Down chutes to waiting trucks. . . . The marvel house
(Tin bathtubs and mirrors in the doors)
Had spiders in the wainscoat, and the rats
Ran lean and hungry on the cellar floor.

—GEORGE ZABRISKIE.

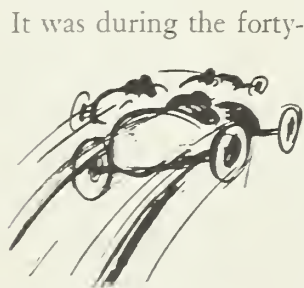
Entertainment for a Summer Night

by DICK MOUK

EACH WEDNESDAY and Saturday night during the summer hundreds of eager people flocked to the little town of Brandon to see the midget auto races. If they went expecting excitement, they certainly got it, for it was a hundred to one chance that there would be an accident during each race. This was what the fans wanted to see, and this was what the promoter gave them.

The track, originally built for bicycle racing, was one fifth of a mile around, and not more than fifteen feet wide. On the curves it was banked to fifty-five degrees, on the straight-aways, forty. Under the best of conditions a car could do the run at seventy miles per hour, with a minimum of skidding. The track should have been well resined, with not more than five cars racing at one time.

I never saw this particular track in good condition, however; the promoter was reluctant to use resin, usually put from six to eight cars in the race, and demanded that the time be better than seventy-five. With the planks well oiled from the droppings of the cars, the drivers had to expect skids; but they were all good enough to handle the cars. With seven others on the track, it was difficult for a driver to skid without doing some damage. Collisions were frequent, and so were broken collar bones, and ribs; the steering wheels on the "midgets" are breast high, and when at 75 m.p.h. you run into a steel wall it's a little hard on your ribs and neck.



It was during the forty-lap races that the excitement began. Blow-outs were frequent and costly. When a tire blows, the midget jumps into the air like a grass-hopper, and only the dear Lord knows where it is going to land. It usually

turns over and lands on the driver, or it may scrape along the wire fence for fifty yards. Often the driver is

thrown clear and in this case he scrapes along the wire fence for fifty yards.

I remember one accident of this kind. The driver was thrown at least ten feet into the air, and on the way down he lost his helmet; at least that's what the audience thought. When the first excitement was over, however, it was noticed that the helmet contained a head, which was still spinning about some seconds after the blowout. The silence of the stands was broken only when the P. A. system announced that there would be no more racing that night, and with that the track lights were doused, leaving the seven other drivers, who were still running around at seventy-five miles per hour, to manage as best they could.



On the next night the stands were packed and there were six hundred people clamoring to get in. They were a bit disappointed for this time there was only one crack-up, which left four fingers lying in the track. On the night following, a speedy little Offenhauser lost a wheel; the driver died in the hospital. For the next few weeks, there were very few skids; the drivers demanded that the resin be used. Then the promoter instituted the sixty-lap race. This meant that there were numerous "freeze-ups," and fires. When a car "freezes up," two things happen. The drive shaft tries to turn, but because the pistons are welded to the block it can't, and since the steel is brittle, the shaft will break, and splinters of steel will enter the driver in a most uncomfortable spot. Secondly, when a car "freezes up," the radiator bursts and atomizes boiling water over all of the drivers.

A car catches fire because of the heat generated in the rear-end, and luckily, the fire usually starts in the rear. In this case the driver heads for the pits, and when the car has slowed down sufficiently, he jumps and runs. Extinguishers are brought into play, and if

the car doesn't explode, the engine and body are ruined by the extinguisher fluid.

The most dangerous accident, that is dangerous to the most people, occurs when a wheel comes off slowly. The driver sees this and jumps, leaving the car to its own designs. I have seen a car run around the track three times before running into something, and then again I have seen it head for the nearest racer.

The inhabitants of Brandon disliked the races and they did everything they could think of in order to stop them. They passed a no-parking law which was merely an inconvenience, then they passed an anti-noise law, and the cars were outfitted with mufflers, which had a nasty habit of blowing off from time to time. It was after the fourth "murder" as the papers called it, that they took action in earnest.

This fourth was caused by an axle. The axle had been bent and straightened, but in the process it had been overheated. During the first race it broke, dug into the planking, and spun car and driver into two other cars. The driver was survived by a wife, a two-

year-old girl, and a two-week-old boy. The coroner told me that he was sure that we were not burying the complete body: certain parts were somewhere in Brandon.

The following week the track was closed, the promoter arrested, and the drivers left to drift to other tracks. It's hard for the average person to imagine why these men risk their lives, and I doubt if a driver could tell you. The money is fairly good: you may be dead, but you'll never be out of a job. The drivers derive a strange pleasure from speed: the same delight that makes the average man ride on a roller-coaster. They are usually said to be insane, and yet they seem quite normal, a little quiet if anything. Most of them are either gas-station attendants or mechanics. I knew one who was a department-store clerk, one a draftsman, one a telegraph operator, and one a college student. They hail from all parts of the country; Los Angeles and Detroit, however, produce the fastest and most daring racers.

If you were to ride with one in a passenger car, you would find him overly cautious.

Tavern Night

Here is miniature to general crime
 No jovial joy can rock this drunken hall
 Whose air is bloated with loud blasts of trouble
 Where people move expanded into myth,
 Their spastic laughter tightened to a scream,
 Each gleeful gesture gaudy with some hell.—
 And yet, too far to bear, across the table,
 I bear the burden of your breathing mouth.

Their brittle mirth will break, this not be broken,
 This spring come up where chaos chokes the ground
 Will flow still when the fallow field is blackened
 And help the April sowing take its green.

But now when poison flowers paint the banks
 We dare their poison when we come to drink.

—HARRY DUNCAN.

Il Faut Hurler Avec Les Loups

If you would hold
One treasure back
From the claws of hate,
Run with the pack.

Confirm the false,
Speak the untrue,
Lest in a moment
They turn on you.

For if you once
Let them catch sight
Of the tender fawn
Of your delight,

Soon they will pick
Its bones too bare
To interest even
The scavenger.

The mild and gentle,
The young and small
Must live in terror
Or not at all.

Run with the pack,
Or run alone.
Be in at the death—
Or meet your own.

—VIRGINIA HODGES.



They do the job
they're meant to do
They Satisfy

Chesterfields are like that . . . they go about
their business of giving you more smoking
pleasure . . . *with a taste, aroma and mildness
that's all their own* . . . the kind that only the
right combination of the world's best ciga-
rette tobaccos can give.



CHESTERFIELD

Western Water

by JAMES J. HALSEMA

MOST OF THE United States west of the Rockies is a semi-desert. It is doubtful if you could ever get a Californian to admit the fact, but nevertheless it is true. Millions of acres from which we secure a large part of our fruits and vegetables supported nothing but sagebrush a few decades ago. And amid all the talk of depression, war, drought, and threats to Western civilization that has discouraged the American people during the past few years the great new empire of agriculture and industry in the West is being created, extended and protected by the Federal government.

While the war-lords of Europe are changing boundaries by conquest and threats, the United States Department of the Interior's Bureau of Reclamation is changing the face of the earth through engineering: running rivers backward over the Continental Divide under their own power, turning deserts into fruit farms and recreational areas, and even battling the encroaching waters of the Pacific to turn a vast salty marsh into more ground for our farmers.

This is not to say that the conquest here is proceeding without a struggle. Opponents charge that the money spent will never be repaid; that it taxes the East to benefit the West; that electric power from government dams competes unfairly with private utilities which pay taxes; and that it is unsound economics to create more farm land when agricultural surpluses are a great burden. Proponents answer with columns of statistics to prove that the projects are profitable; that they spread their benefits over the nation; that they reduce electric rates and benefit industry; and that most of the irrigated crops are not surplus commodities. Perhaps they neglect their chief talking point by failing to insist that their work is creating a new country within a country, replacing the sterile marginal acres of the plains.

Anyone who has recently travelled through the West in an automobile, passed by and perhaps casually noted several of the more spectacular of these projects; but

very few of us in the East comprehend the scope and influence of engineering works the like and size of which the world has never seen before.

SAVING THE VALLEY

California is faced with a problem: its rich irrigated Central Valley, an area five hundred miles long and one hundred miles wide, which was transformed from a desert and swamp to the most valuable farming land in America, is drying up again. Its dilemma has been that while two thirds of the Valley's rainfall is in the watershed of the Sacramento River in the north, two thirds of the agricultural area is in the valley of the San Joaquin, where more than 400,000 acres of highly developed, settled and producing lands are now dangerously short of river and well water and are in the process of reverting to the desert which surrounds them. The lowering of the underground water table and of summer river flow because of excessive irrigation has also threatened much of the fertile delta area west of Sacramento with inundation by the salt waters of San Francisco Bay.

A few months ago work was begun on the \$170,000,000 Central Valley project, which will solve the problem by construction of the second largest dam in the world; by the transfer of electric power four hundred miles; by relocation of railroads and highways; and by the digging of four canals, one of which will be larger than the Connecticut River; an undertaking which will reorganize the map of California.

Shasta Dam in northern California will be the highest non-arched dam in the world, with a straight mass of 5,400,000 cubic yards of concrete forming a barrier 3500 feet long and five hundred and fifty feet high which will create lakes thirty-five miles long in the valleys of the Sacramento River and its tributaries, the Pit and McCloud, necessitating reconstruction by the Bureau of Reclamation of the Southern Pacific railroad and US 99 for thirty-one miles. The dam will be used to control the flow of the Sacramento and make it uni-

form throughout the year to aid irrigation. River depths will be increased to enable resumption of steamship service to Red Bluff, one hundred and fifty miles from the ocean, which was abandoned in 1860 when hydraulic mining blocked the channels with silt.

Worrying the public utility companies is the 500,000 horsepower generating plant at Shasta, which ostensibly will be used only for irrigation purposes. Power will be sent over a two hundred mile transmission line to Antioch on San Francisco Bay, where one branch will go to serve the pumps of the forty-six mile Contra Costa canal, which is to bring fresh water from the Sacramento for the hard-pressed municipal systems of industrial cities along the Bay. The other is to serve the lower San Joaquin pumping system, which will take Sacramento River water from the Delta canal and pump it to the upper San Joaquin, replacing water which is to be diverted by Friant dam and its attendant canals.

On the upper San Joaquin, Friant dam, a concrete structure two hundred and seventy-five feet high, 3400 feet long, almost unnoticed in the list of American dams, but larger than Russia's vaunted Dnieper dam, is being built to store and divert the river water into two canals, the largest of which will extend one hundred and sixty miles south to a point on the Kern River west of Bakersfield. The Kern-Friant canal in places will be sixty-eight feet wide and fifteen feet deep, lined with concrete. The Kern county area, made both famous and infamous in *The Grapes of Wrath*, has depended upon an erratic mountain stream

and wells for its scanty water supply. The subsidiary Madera canal will carry water to the Chowchilla River, forty miles west of Friant dam.

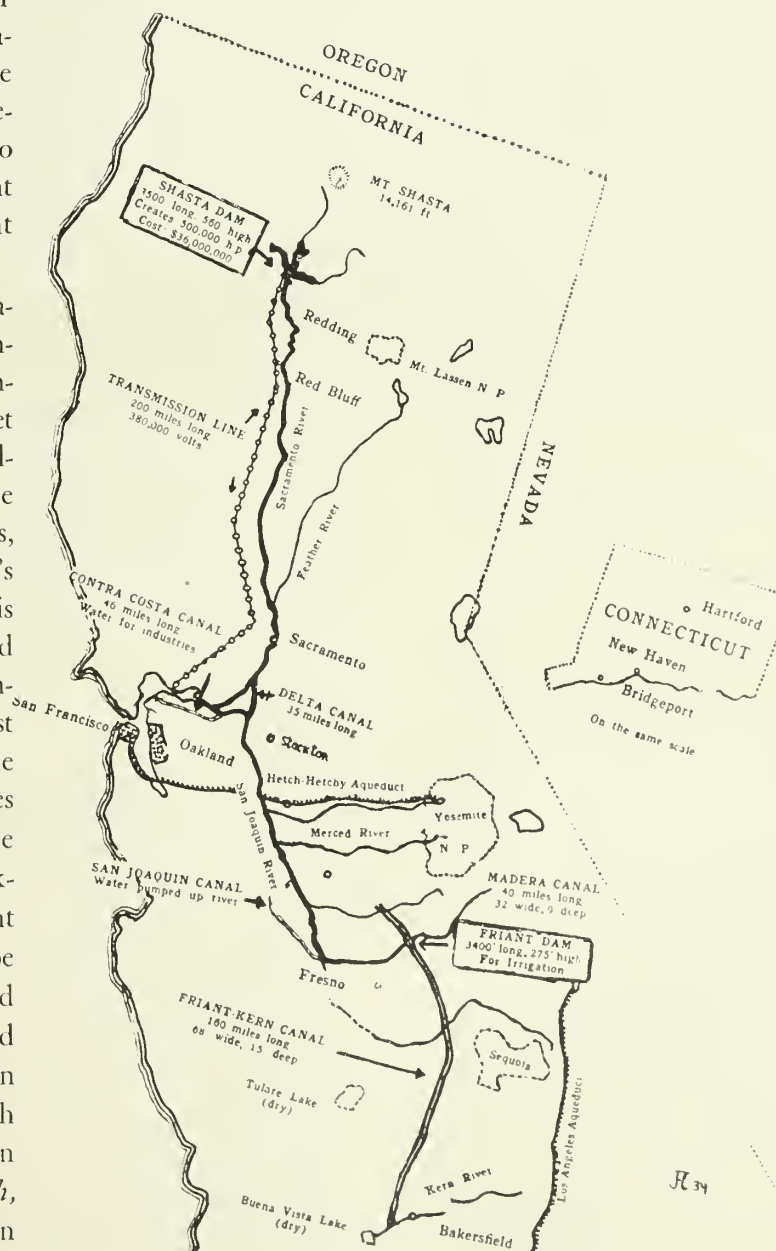
UNDER THE ROCKIES

Not content with running rivers backwards and uphill, the Bureau of Reclamation is now confidently engaged in making part of the Colorado River, which now runs into the Pacific, cross the Continental Divide to join the North Platte River, which eventually reaches the Gulf of Mexico. Here again no new land is being served, but a failing irrigation system is being vitalized. Surplus waters of the Colorado are to be stored in Grand Lake (which at 8369 feet elevation has the world's highest yacht club), pumped under the entire width of Rocky Mountain Park through a thirteen mile tunnel to the eastern slope near Estes Park. As water drops into the Great Plains a series of dams and power houses will create the power which lifts it by its own boot straps from Grand Lake over the Divide.

GRAND COULEE

But up in the lava beds of the eastern Washington desert Uncle Sam is more than half-way towards completion of the greatest engineering feat since the construction of the Great Wall of China: the Columbia Basin project, which will cost a mere \$394,500,000. (The Panama Canal originally cost about \$300,000,000.) Although the Wall took 1500 years to complete, the last farmer will probably move into the Coulee in 1950 to plow under the sagebrush, open an irrigation ditch, and begin to raise bounteous crops on land which at present could hardly support a jackrabbit.

(Continued on Page 23)



The Lady and the Coward

by GEORGE N. HOWE



THE LADY was tallish and dark, with handsome brown eyes. "You're sure we're safe?" she asked.

"Sure!" Joe replied, out of the corner of his mouth, from habit. He was about the same height as the lady, but appeared smaller. He was dark, his eyes were furtive, and his lips twitched on occasion. He was smoking a bent cigarette.

"Well," Joe said, pulling on his cigarette, "where shall it be?"

The lady seemed to deliberate a moment. "The 'Friendly Cafe'."

Joe nodded. "Oke. You mean the Friendly on 32nd Street."

"Yes."

"I know Bloomfield," Joe said. "Nate Bloomfield runs the place."

"Of course," the lady returned. "Everybody knows Nate."

The lady walked beside Joe through the swinging glass doors. It was evening, about eight-thirty, and the brilliant cafe lights made one squint a little at first. The cafe was on the corner, and two sides were long plate glass windows. The street was visible for a block or more.

"Let's go back to the corner," Joe said.

The lady shrugged her shoulders. "Just as you say, Joe."

A waiter came up and showed them to the table Joe indicated. As soon as the waiter had gone, Joe leaned forward: "Claire," he said. "I . . ."

"Wait a moment, Joe."

Joe looked around quickly. "Whatsa matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," Claire said. "Just take your time, Joe. I said at nine o'clock I'd tell you, and it's not nine yet."

"Oke," Joe said, leaning back, drawing deeply on the point of his cigarette. "But at nine, sharp."

Claire nodded. "At nine."

The waiter returned, menu in hand.

Joe passed it over to Claire. "Anything you want," he said.

"Thanks," Claire returned.

She studied the menu a minute, glanced up at Joe two or three times. Then she handed the menu to the waiter.

"The Special," she said, smiling.

"Same here," Joe said, turning his head back from the long right window. He lit another cigarette.

"What's the matter?" Claire asked.

Joe looked up sharply. "Nothin'."

"Aren't you a little nervous?"

"No!"

The lady smiled, watching his hand hold the cigarette.

"It's rather dark back here," she suggested.

"Not at all, it's just fine."

"I should like to be over there by the window," Claire said.

Joe was annoyed. "Who's dinner is this, anyway?" he snapped.

"Well!" the lady said, straightening her hair with her right hand. She merely touched the dark curls, but the manner failed to make any impression on Joe.

The head waiter was approaching with a note in his hand. "Joe MacRae?" he inquired.

"Yes," Joe retorted, "what is it?"

"The manager, sir."

"You mean Nate?"

"Mr. Bloomfield, if you please. He would like to speak to you."

"Well," Joe said, "of all the . . . oh, sure, sure!"

Claire had stared him into the affirmative.

The lady looked at the waiter, as Joe got up to go. He indicated the note in his hand.

"It's blank," he said.

The lady smiled, understandingly.

"Of course. Oh, waiter, will you take us to the window table, please? Joe will understand."

"Certainly."

When Joe returned to the table where Claire was sitting, he hesitated.

"Sit down, Joe," she said. "I'm not going to bite you."

Joe looked around. "Whatsa idea?"

"I told you I didn't like the corner," Claire returned. "Now, please sit down."

"Okay . . . but, I don't like it; I mean. . . ."

"What did Mr. Bloomfield want to tell you," Claire asked, "or isn't it any of my business?"

"Everything's your business, honey!" Joe said, smiling a little.

"Now, Joe. . . ."

"Yeah, sweet, I mean it. You know that! You know how I feel!"

"Mr. Bloomfield," Claire prompted.

"Oh, him. Nothin' much," Joe replied. "Nothin'."

"You refused," Claire said.

Joe gave a start. He looked at her from under half closed lids.

Claire looked at the window, toying with the glove in her hand.

"Sure," he said, "what if I did? It was some little job. Wasn't worth considerin'. Besides. . . ."

"Don't make excuses, Joe."

"Excuses, hell!" Joe looked around. There were no people at the surrounding tables; some of the tables had little RESERVED cards on them. Joe's gaze continued out the window. His eyes swept the street, quickly.

"You need another cigarette," she said.

"All right!" Joe snapped.

There was silence for a moment, as he lit the cigarette.

"Listen, Claire, you can't do this to me . . . I mean, all this suspense. I'm gettin' jumpy."

Claire smiled. "Any little thing makes you jumpy, Joe."

"Whatta you mean?" Joe looked around again.

Across the street a man moved from a telephone post to a doorway. Joe looked again. On the opposite corner two men stood with their hands in their pockets, smoking cigarettes. People walked by, intent upon their destinations. Some were late theatre goers, well dressed.

"Claire," Joe said, turning quickly back to her. "Let's get out of here."

"Oh, nonsense, Joe!"

"A bullet through that glass wouldn't deflect a quarter of an inch," Joe said.

Claire looked out the window. "So that's what you're afraid of?"

Joe's lip twitched. "Afraid! I'm not afraid of anything. You gotta be careful, that's all."

"Who'd want to shoot you, Joe?" She played with the glove in her hand.

"Oh, you'd be surprised, Claire. I've got plenty of enemies. I tell you, Claire, I'm comin' up in the world."

"You're still underground," Claire said.

"So what. That's what I been tryin' to tell you. Gimme your answer and we'll blow town. Start in new, Mr. and. . . ."

"Cut it, Joe, I've heard all that before. It's ten of nine, anyway, and I said nine o'clock."

"Listen, Claire, what's goin' to happen at nine?"

"Why, I'm going to give you the answer."

"But, now! Whatts a matter with now?"

The waiter was approaching them again.

"Wait a minute," Joe said. "I'm not goin' to be a sap for nobody. Waiter, show us to the first table, will ya?"

The waiter was surprised. "Why, yes, sir," he said, "but. . . ."

"No 'buts,'" Joe snapped. "I said, show us the other table."

"Just as you say, sir."

Claire nodded. "It's all right," she said. "I know what I want to know."

Joe turned to look at her.

"Never mind," Claire said, "let's go to the other table."

Joe lit another cigarette and straightened his tie, after they had reseated themselves at the corner table. "Never mind about my dinner," he said to the waiter, "I don't feel like eatin'. Just bring me a cup of coffee."

"If you ask me . . ." Claire began.

"I didn't ask you," Joe snapped.

"I think you're making a fool of yourself," Claire finished.

Joe started to say, "You little . . ." but checked himself. "Claire," he said, finally, struggling to keep his voice calm, "whatsa idea, anyway? I keep feelin' you're tryin' to force me into something."

"It isn't me, Joe, it's you. You don't know, but you're about washed up, Joe."

"It's a lie!"

(Continued on Page 22)

REVIEWS

Books

FIRST WILL AND TESTAMENT. Kenneth Patchen. New Directions, Norfolk, Connecticut. \$2.50.

First Will and Testament is the best poetry we have encountered among our contemporaries since Hart Crane died. And anyone who can read it without feeling the bright agony of poetry will never feel poetry at all. Here are the words, the sounds, the meanings: here is the knife edge of experience, physical and poetical.

Kenneth Patchen has had the fortune to be born in our time: the disaster of his birth is ours; he is of our flesh, our mind, our spirit. Like us, he feels the damning disaster of war, the hopelessness of having no place to go except whatever place we may make, the hunger of love that is not ours alone but of all men and all time. *His First Will and Testament* is a microcosm of our world: if we fail to apprehend it as such then we are blind and insensitive. If by the gentle circumstances

of birth and life one has been spared the realization it is not too late for him to learn from these poems the nature of things as they are for a greater number of people than he. If this book does not touch a reader's experience, it touches the experience of a larger world than his: there are more going to "Street Corner College" than to all the neat gothicked and romanesqued and grotesqued universities in the world.

If we do not fully understand all the poems in *First Will and Testament*, we feel that the fault is ours and that of the circumstances under which this review was written: our enthusiasm springs from that which we have understood, and we are willing to be non-committal about the rest. Lest you fear that Patchen is an obscurist, we assure you that some of the poems have been published in the neat and respectable *New York Times*, and newspaper poetry has never been noted for obscurity.

—G. Z.

Music

Frederick Chopin did not produce an amazing amount of music but that which we do have is amazingly good. He composed in all three Pianoforte Sonatas, and possibly the best of these is the Sonata No. 2, in B Flat Minor, Op. 35, which has just been recorded admirably by COLUMBIA (Masterworks set M-378, Am-378, with Edward Kilenyi as pianist. Three records complete with Album, \$5).

This Second is said to be a "youthful composition," but the lad was all of eighteen years old! He composed the second Polonaise in 1827-28, shortly after the death of his closest sister, Emily. Chopin was not one to take sorrow lightly; the famous Funeral March in this Sonata No. 2 is proof enough both of his capacity for feeling and of his greatness as a composer.

Chopin was a precocious lad with a marvellous talent. He was delicate and brilliant, fastidious and careful. *Il avait l'esprit écorché vif!* sums his genius and character. Schumann, the critic, wrote as early as 1830, "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius!"

The first movement of the Sonata is restless, exhilarated, a fusion of the Romantic with the Classical. The second movement is a Scherzo, vigorous and

dance-like. Following, in the third movement, is the immortal Funeral March, called "the crowning expression of the sorrows and griefs of humanity in music." And the Finale, Presto, is a fitting close, quiet, almost mysterious, a delicate echo of all the elements which have preceded.

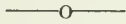
Edward Kilenyi, the Pianist for COLUMBIA recording, is a brilliant performer; his reputation as an interpreter of Chopin is international. Lovers of good music will value highly his dramatic, interpretive powers, exhibited at their best in this Sonata No. 2.

—o—

Felix Weingartner, conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra, has made an excellent recording for COLUMBIA of Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 5, in D Major, Op. 6, (Masterworks set X-142, complete with Album, \$3.50). Handel, German by birth, spent much of his later life in England. Twelve Grand Concertos for strings were composed there, in Handel's fifty-fifth year.

The Fifth Concerto Grosso is the longest perhaps and one of the best of the group, embodying the composer's finest instrumental style. Handel comes near

equaling the magnificent instrumentation of Bach. Though less elaborately worked out, Handel's concertos contain more movements and more thematic variety than the *Brandenburg Concertos*.



Galliano Masini, "the new Caruso," has made a new COLUMBIA recording (COLUMBIA—17159-D, \$1) of two

notable operatic arias: Donizetti's *Lucia Di Lammermoor*, *Fra poco a me ricovero*; and Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*, Act I, *Donna non videra mai*. The arias are sung in Italian and exhibit the resonant voice of tenor Masini. Opera lovers can't value such a recording too much.

—PAUL ADER.

Father Carving

A geometric cone of yellow light
 Leans down over the workbench, picking out
 The shining chisels in their opened case,
 The fine, clean-smelling blocks of wood, the nails
 All set out in their small-partitioned box.
 And there is the Master-mind that plans and rules
 Deliberately this ordered universe.
 It is my father, shoulders bent, who sits
 Upon the stool, immobile as a god.
 But watch his hands that guide the keen-edged tool
 Softly across the brown, unwilling wood,
 And making tiny, shining silver-arcs
 For him to brush away. Each chisel move
 Rounds out the pencilled pattern on the block,
 And when I say, "That's coming nicely now,"
 He shakes his head reluctantly and says,
 "No, no. That's not quite how it ought to be."
 I stand perplexed, trying to find the fault,
 But failing, turn and go on back upstairs.
 He sits there yet; his head threatens to break
 Into the perfect cone of yellow light,
 His shoulders bent, and his hands curved 'round the wood.

—LOIS NEUPERT.

Contributors

PAUL ADER is a silent young man with glasses and straight blond hair. He seems to move on felt slippers, can make himself invisible at will, and preserves even in his rare gregarious moments a certain nervous watchfulness, a quiet determination to take to his heels at the first sign of danger.

In spite of all this, Paul is among our more prolific writers. In his stories you will find the other Paul Ader, a devilish fellow, the undoer of females and victor in combat. For in Paul, the writer of short stories, there lurks the great Pan.

L. E.

* *

The chief Muse of the *Archive* for three years, VIRGINIA HODGES, makes her first appearance of the season in this issue. Her large blue eyes and her wistful airs are as familiar to the devotees of *belles-lettres* as her poetry. Those who know her best report that her spare time is taken up completely by strenuous hunting for inspiration, pious perusal of the *New Yorker* and the fabrication of immense woolen sweaters.

Small wonder then that such exertion should cause her poetry to become elegiac, her air wistful and her blue eyes large and pleading.

L. E.

* *

GEORGE N. HOWE works at night and sleeps in day time. Several nights ago we visited him in his sanctuary which is located in the topmost floor of one of the towers. From his window he can look down upon a zig-zag pattern of pointed roofs and clusters of chimneys that stand pale and perpendicular, like serious exclamation points, against the darkness of the midnight-sky. George has much in common with these silent chimneys. He is pale, serious, decidedly perpendicular and "gothick" of stature. He shuns daylight and rarely leaves his tower. Even the all-knowing administration knows little about him.

Sceptics are at liberty to visit him at night among his gargoyles and rooftops.

L. E.

* *

GEORGE ZABRISKIE is with us again in this issue—in spite of his protests. It seems that some of his fellow poets resented, for reasons which do not interest us, the fact that our last issue contained three (three!) poems by George. Being a "sensitive, intensitive" soul, George took their resentment to heart and asked us not to publish any more of his poetry.

We refused. The simple truth of the matter is that we think his work superior to the productions of most of our campus poetasters and less likely to appear absurd and hopelessly dated thirty years hence.

L. E.

* *

EDGAR CARLTON GREENE is known simply as "Doc." He prides himself on his appearance and rather resembles in many respects the fastidious and self-conscious individual whom his story portrays.

Doc has had a varied career. He has been a newspaperman for years and has traveled all over the country as press agent for midget automobile race tracks, fairs, and athletic clubs.

H. P. K.

* *

JOHN SHINN, even without Mr. E. T. Baker, is something of a campus institution; a true dilettant, a gentleman of fashion and letters, with all his "fine ole" language & "whipping about" from tavern to tavern, from tea to tea, from the *New Yorker*, of which he is passionately fond, to Tottle's *Miscellaney*, from which he quotes startling bits of esoteria, and doing, as he says himself, "not a stitch of harm." Mr. Shinn is from Alabama's Sylacauga.

P. A.

* *

HARRY DUNCAN is Duke's left-wing poet, whose work has found wide acceptance in this haven of capitalism. Not so with his theories, which seem to have little appeal to people who eat three meals a day and otherwise aren't proletarian. But being of the well-fed middle class shouldn't blind you to the value of his poetry, which is among the best that THE ARCHIVE has ever printed.

G. Z.

* *

JAMES (THE PRINTER'S DEVIL) HALSEMA is also the editor's personal devil, for he makes the Eiterian night hideous with window rappings and strange grimacing, in company with his fellow ghoul, Mouk. Jim used to work for the *Chronicle*, but he joined forces with us this year to do a great deal of work which the illiterate *litterati* formerly neglected as much as possible. We assure you that this gentleman has seen much of the world: his home is in the Philippines, and he has seen most of the United States, Canada, and Mexico, with little jaunts to the Orient added to escape boredom. A rare possession gives him a place of great distinction on the ARCHIVE staff, for Jim owns our only car, a big, shiny, black Buick of very recent vintage.

G. Z.

HISTORY OF A SKIRT

(Continued from Page 7)

"Yes, a world of ideals, shall we say?"

"My very thought," quoth the philosopher.

They nodded together. Eddie Dryer said nothing.

"You see," Harry elaborated, "it was like this. I would think about this Betty so much that she became a sort of fixture in my mind."

"Quite. An alter ego, as we say sometimes."

Harry nodded, glancing quickly at Eddie Dryer.

Eddie's eyes popped open, and he too nodded.

"I see," Eddie said.

Harry frowned knowingly at the philosopher.

"Well," Harry went on, "naturally I made excellent progress with the Betty of my imagination. . . ."

"We shall call her 'Betty Two,' for purposes of clarity."

"Excellent," said Harry. "But what was so disconcerting was the fact that Betty Two and Betty One, the real Betty, were never together."

"That is to say," put in the philosopher, "they never coincided."

"Quite. Whereas Betty Two was quite willing for me to kiss her, Betty One absolutely refused me that."

"How painful," sympathized the philosopher, gathering his brows.

"In six months Betty Two and I were engaged, while Betty One and I were sitting three feet apart discussing the possibility of never enjoying European culture before it was entirely demolished."

The philosopher shook his head in understanding.

"But Betty One was still a goddess, on a pedestal, untouchable."

"Oh, yes. Indubitably."

"Meanwhile Betty Two and I were practically married."

"Oh, you *were* married," insisted the philosopher. "I quite understand. And it's only natural."

"Were there children?" asked Eddie Dryer.

"Oh, tut, man!" protested the philosopher. "Such a question is entirely out of order."

"Certainly," said Harry.

"It is a matter of adjustment," explained the philosopher. "Betty One must catch up with Betty Two or you will suffer an acute case of . . . well, of maladjustment."

"I was unhappy," Harry stated, "whatever you call it. I could not sleep, knowing that the happiness attained with Betty Two was only an illusion. It was a problem completely beyond my abilities."

"And . . .?"

"Circumstance took a hand," Harry answered.

"It always does," quoth the philosopher. "Circumstance is the unknown quantity which wrecks our puny little plans and directs our feeble energies into channels undreamed of before."

"True," nodded Harry.

Eddie Dryer opened his eyes again, and shivered.

"The circumstance," Harry said, "was a cottage on a beach. Summer sun and ocean breeze."

"Bathing and basking," added the philosopher.

"Moonlight and music," said Harry.

"Reality and Romance," hazarded the philosopher.

"Betty One catches up with Betty Two . . .?"

Harry shook his head in negation, slowly, sadly.

"No," he said, melancholy in his voice, "No."

The philosopher frowned. "No?" he repeated.

"No . . . Life in a bathing suit has its effects. It brings one out, so to speak . . . that was the beginning of my own extroversion, the basis of my disillusionment."

"Indeed?" said the philosopher. "That is a thought. I don't believe Spinoza mentions it, nor Plato either, for that matter."

"Maybe they didn't have bathing suits," said Eddie Dryer.

"True," quoth the philosopher. "The Greeks were far too wise for that. And the Middle Age was too dark."

"On the beach," continued Harry, "the grease comes out of your hair, you might say."

"I get your figure," said the philosopher.

"And she gets yours," said Eddie Dryer.

Harry frowned at him, in unison with the philosopher.

"Day by day you see what goes on," Harry said.

"The goddess slips from her pedestal," volunteered the philosopher.

"The actor removes the mask. . . ."

"A new face and a new life are revealed."

"Betty Two dissolves in the ether; only the stark reality of Betty One remains before you," Harry said.

"At least," said the philosopher, "the problem of the two Betty's is resolved. It's rather a shock, though, I imagine."

"It is," admitted Harry. "And the new problem of accepting or rejecting the real Betty is posed."

"Was she pretty," asked Eddie Dryer, "in a bathing suit?"

(Continued on Next Page)

"She was different," Harry said. "She was herself."

"Oh," Eddie said.

"The truth will out," Harry added. "She admitted that she was not and had never been in love. . . ."

"Poor girl," said the philosopher.

"Had *she* been asked?" inquired Eddie Dryer.

Harry shrugged. "Of course. Three had already proposed. Three had been turned away."

The philosopher gathered his brows again.

"It's been about a year now, eight months maybe."

"So you once knew a skirt," said the philosopher.

"Yeah," Harry said. "The beach opened my eyes, I guess. Betty One was all right, but she was no goddess."

"Just a skirt," Eddie said.

"She was a nice girl, though," Harry said.

"Oh," queried the philosopher, "nice?"

"Yeah. A month or so after I'd gone back to college she wrote me a nice letter."

"Out of a blue sky?"

"Wanted to know what was the matter. She said she believed she had fallen in love now. . . ."

"Indeed?" said the philosopher. "So soon?"

"With me," Harry said.

"Well!" The philosopher smiled. Eddie Dryer laughed to himself.

"I suppose you rushed over to see her," said the philosopher.

"Me? No, I had met a girl named Florence, and we were engaged."

The philosopher appeared surprised. He said: "So she was wearing your ring, this Florence?"

"Well, yes," Harry said. "Florence Two, that is. . . ."

The philosopher nodded, wisely. "The cycle," he said, "is complete."

Eddie Dryer shivered and rose. "Let's go sponge on Pappa One," he said.

"Let's," quoth Harry and the philosopher, in unison.

THE LADY AND THE COWARD

(Continued from Page 17)

"I mean it, Joe. You've lost your grip. . . ."

Joe half rose from his chair. "Is that what you brought me here to tell me?"

"That's what I brought you here to find out."

Joe stared at her a minute, uncomprehending. Slowly he sat down again. "I still don't get you."

"That's about the idea," Claire smiled.

"I mean, what you said. I don't see what you're gettin' at."

"It'll be clear in a few minutes," Claire said, glancing at her wrist watch.

Joe narrowed his eyes, his lip twitching. "Tell me one thing and tell me quick. Is it you or someone else goin' to give that answer?"

"Why, Joe," Claire laughed. "I'll tell you. It's me. That's a silly question."

"I don't think so," Joe replied. "Not half so silly as it looks." He glanced out toward the windows again.

"The light's better at the windows," she said, reading his thoughts, "that's all."

"I wasn't so sure," Joe said.

Claire laughed. "You *are* bad, Joe. Maybe a doctor. . . ."

"Oh, shut up! I mean, quit harpin' on that; you make it ten times worse'n it is."

Claire smiled. "That waiter is awfully slow," she said. "He hasn't even brought your coffee, yet."

Joe turned to look for the waiter. "Where is the guy?" he asked, impatiently.

Claire shrugged. She laid her hand-bag on the table before her and opened it. She drew out a package of cigarettes. "You're out of cigarettes, Joe. Have one of mine."

Joe took a cigarette, glancing toward the kitchen again.

"Really," Claire said, "the service here is too terrible." Slowly, carefully she drew on one glove.

Joe drew deeply on the cigarette and scowled at it.

"What's the matter?" Claire asked, amused.

"These foreign fags," Joe said. "I hate 'em."

"They're my favorite," Claire said, replacing the pack in her bag.

Joe mashed his out in the tray, already full of stubs.

"Oh, Joe!" Claire's voice was suddenly tense.

Joe looked up, quickly.

"Yeah, what?" he said.

"Look, look over there!"

Joe half rose, turning around.

"Whatta you mean?" Joe asked, his hand slipping to his coat pocket.

"That far table," Claire said, "Isn't there something odd about it?"

Joe looked again at the far table.

"It's empty," he said.

Then suddenly he noticed that the entire room was empty. Not a waiter was in sight. The cashier had withdrawn from her cage. The lights were dimmed; had been for some time. The strangeness of the situa-

tion struck him suddenly, and he drew in his breath quickly.

Simultaneously the crack of the gun and the blinding pain of the bullet crashed on his brain. Slowly Joe's body crumpled to the floor.

Carefully Claire replaced the automatic in her bag, as she glanced at her watch. It was just nine when she rose from the table and walked quickly out of the cafe.

WESTERN WATER

(Continued from Page 15)

Several million years ago an ice barrier caused the Columbia River to leave its course and cut a canyon through the lava plateau for a hundred miles. When the ice age passed the river resumed its old bed and left the Grand Coulee a desert. The plan is to dam the river, creating enough power to lift some of its enormous flow (at times larger than the Mississippi at New Orleans) up to the Coulee. Here a reservoir thirty miles long will be formed by two small dams to store the water, which will irrigate more than a million acres.

Looking at Grand Coulee dam from the observation platforms a thousand feet away, it seems almost impossible that the dimensions given by the guide: 4000 feet long, five hundred and fifty feet high, and five hundred feet thick at the base, could be true, so vast is the canyon in which it is located. But even the base of the dam, completed in 1937 by 7000 men, is the largest man-made structure on earth, far surpassing both the Pyramid of Cheops and Boulder dam. The project will back up the Columbia river one hundred and fifty-one miles to the Canadian border, creating a lake which could supply all the needs of New York for ten years. But the mighty Columbia will fill the lake in a month.

Power for the twelve pumps, rated at 65,000 horsepower each, is to be furnished by the 2,700,000 horsepower power plant, from eighteen generators. Water will flow from each pump in a pipe thirteen feet in diameter. Again public utilities are worried about the tremendous amount of power which will be made available from the plant in the non-irrigating season, or even in normal operation. They say that the Northwest already has all the power plants it needs, with rates at rock bottom prices.

The most spectacular feature of this group of engineering projects in every one of the western states, Grand Coulee Dam will provide a sight which people will come from all parts of the world to see. Unlike Boulder dam, the surplus water of the Columbia will flow over the *top* of the structure, creating in flood periods a fall from the spillway which will be twice as high as Niagara, 1650 feet wide and 550 feet high. Even a Republican will admit that the Bureau of Reclamation has a sight there, though perhaps thinking that it cost him a pretty penny.

THE RUINS AT DURHAM

(Continued from Page 5)

keeper, a superannuated beamster, will tell you that he is directly descended from a twentieth-century family who counted an actual football "hero" among its close relations. Spikes or iron prongs, apparently used to tip spears or pikes used in the game, have been dug up near the museum and are for sale.



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BOTTOMLESS

(Continued from Page 8)

It was two blocks to the corner where he turned and by the time he had reached it, the rage had slowly started to subside. It flared up for a moment more as he ground the gears and wheeled off down the street but as soon as he had settled into high, he was no longer angry. Instead dejection had set in. Somewhere down deep within him something warm and heavy was welling up, enveloping him by degrees, and catching at his throat. He didn't think but simply drove on in numb silence. His eyes felt like being wet but were too well trained for such stupid drivel. Some glimmer in his subconscious mind brought him up shortly at a red light. His mouth felt sticky and his tongue bigger than usual. He didn't notice when the light turned green. A blaring horn behind him aroused him and with the intrusion, he began to think again. He decided not to go anywhere that his friends were likely to be. He wanted to be alone.

He kept on driving, his thoughts rushing past the focal point of his mind so rapidly that he was having a hard time in arresting any single one and examining it. They were all a green blur dotted with a curling painted mouth and laughing blue eyes. Finally with considerable effort he began concentrating on the roadside and after a time pulled up at a small roadhouse from which a clarinet was moaning shrilly. He got out of the car, closed the door softly so as not to disturb the suddenly quiet bit of machinery and a few minutes later was looking at a rather worn cocktail card.

"Scotch and soda," he said with dignity and then leaned back and looked around. A rather plump girl in blue chiffon was walking toward him. He looked at her dully until he realized by her presence at his table that she had come to see him.

"Hello, Peter," said the plump girl in blue chiffon.

"Well," he said, "hello. How are you?"

"You probably don't know me," continued the girl. "I've seen you around at dances and things. My name's Myra. Myra Wilson."

"Won't you sit down and have a drink?" suggested Peter.

"I don't mind," said Myra.

Later they got up and danced, then they danced some more and had an occasional drink. Neither drank very much, but despite this fact Peter began to feel very gay. He began feeling terrible when the music

stopped and kept paying the band leader to keep playing. The pair chatted lightly together—nervously when the music was still. Finally someone began flicking the lights so Peter and Myra left. It was a long ride home even though Peter drove fast. He kissed her once—goodnight—after they arrived at her home and after fervent promises to call again soon, he left.

The light, airy feeling that he had captured at the roadhouse lasted till he got back to his house. As a matter of fact he felt downright pleased with himself as he cautiously closed the door to his room and switched on the light. This pleasure lasted as he looked in the twin full-length mirrors that covered his closet doors.

"You're a pretty good man," he said to the Peter in the mirror and then began undressing and neatly hanging his clothes in his closet. After donning pajamas he sank heavily into bed and with a luxuriant inward smile, especially for him, he turned off the light and closed his eyes.

WHITHER THOU GOEST

(Continued from Page 3)

"Maybe. But I can try."

"Yes. That's true."

"Don't forget though," he said looking at me. "You come out here some night and think of me and think of Tom Wolfe and you'll feel better. It might make you sad for a while. But you do it. Do it for me."

"I will."

I folded my hand under my head and kept looking without seeing. We lay that way for a long time. After a while we got up and walked back to the campus without talking.

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DECEMBER

1939

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The ARCHIVE

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EDITORIAL, CONTRIBUTORS AND REVIEWS

SUCCESS STORY

WE HAVE observed—not without a certain malicious satisfaction—that other publications have received this year the public panning which used to be the *Archive's* traditional lot.

Well do we remember many a desperate meeting of the staff, in which, after ample consumption of nicotine and alcohol, frantic schemes for the improvement of the *Archive* were brought up.

It was during such a meeting that we discovered morality. Not that we had never heard of it before—we had taken Ethics 98 and Ethics 203 and with some little success—but we had always, as so frequently happens in institutions of higher learning, considered the matter only in the abstract and neglected its practical application. Now it suddenly occurred to us, in the midst of a confused debate, that the average Duke student is, after all, primarily a moral phenom-



non. We remembered all the fine instances of morality that we had observed during our undergraduate years: the Women's Student Government Association, and the chastity lights on both campuses, the Y.M.C.A., the dormitory regulations, the editorials in the *Chronicle*. We saw the University as a Moral Commonwealth under the guidance of benevolent campus police.

And it came to us that the *Archive* had failed in the past because it had not maintained a proper moral tone. For the student of today demands moral edification and expects his reading matter to have standards as high as his own. Thus we decided to rally with the forces of morality.

Gone are nicotine and alcohol. A picture of Carrie Nation hangs in our office.

Everybody reads the *Archive* now!

Editorials, stories, reviews, all are greedily devoured—even the advertisements in the back.

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Luther's Praying

by ELIZABETH TAYLOR

OLD LUTHER is dead now, but when he was alive he used to come with his moth-eaten, decrepit old mule to plow and plant our garden. I liked to walk down to talk with him while he worked. One spring afternoon I was sitting on a pile of tobacco stems talking to him while he spaded the asparagus bed. We had discussed religion, the government, and foreign affairs for the past hour or two, and for a while we were silent. I lay back and watched the clouds amble lazily across the sky. Some crows flew by, outlined for a moment against the blue sky, and then dropped into the tallest pine down in the woods. I could hear them cawing and fussing among themselves. Luther's spade crunched rhythmically into the soft earth, occasionally scraping against a stone. I sat up after a while and spoke to him. "How did it happen, Luther, that you never got married?"

"Well, Miss Bess," the old darky began, "it's like this. They wuz a little yaller niggah named Liza that lived down in th' Trot. She wuzn't nothin' but a Sous Ca'lina niggah, and she wuz fixin' to get married with me. She got the pahson and I wuz goin' to meet her at her house and get married. I got scared and didn' show up. Lawd! she wuz mad, but she wuz still sot on gettin' me. She wuz a good niggah, but I wuz on-easy 'bout gettin' tied down to one woman. That niggah worry an' nag me til finally I sez, 'All right, we'll get married.'

"She got the pahson agin and we wuz standin' up fixin' to get married. Miss Bess, I wuz mos' on-cumftable! Sweat wuz jest rollin' down my neck. I couldn't stan' it no longah, and I walk ovah to th' window and sez, 'I got to spit,' but I jump out instead and run all the way down pas' th' creek.

"Nex' mornin' a fren' tole me Liza's lookin' fo' me, and she's mad as a Dominic hen in th' rain. I wuz scared, 'cause I don' fancy no woman when she's riled. I lay low fo' 'bout a week, an' when I don' see her, I sorta forgets 'bout her.

"Come Sunday I wuz all dressed up in my white pants an' blue coat an' blue ves'. I had on a bat-wing collah an' a red tie, an' mo'ovah, I had on my tan shoes an' white spats. Yo' gran'fathah, Mist' William, had give me a straw hat an' his cane. I wuz sauntrin' down Eighth Street (that wuz befo' it wuz paved), an' I watched the gals out the side of my eye. I could see they wuz lookin' at me, an' I strut a little mo'. They wuz a big mud puddle in the middle of th' street, an' I wuz goin' to step aroun' it, when a niggah woman with a shotgun come bustin' out of one of the houses. I look up, an' it wuz Liza.

"Miss Bess, I could see she had blood in her eye, an' I wuz jest scared to death. She sez to me, 'You low-down, good-fo'-nothin' niggah! What you doin' down heah? Don' you know I'm goin' to kill you? Now get down on yo' knees an' pray to th' Lawd.' Well, they wuzn't nothin' I could do, so I got down in th' mud and prayed. 'Pray loud, niggah,' she sez, 'so all th' people can heah you.' So I prayed, an' I could see all th' niggahs standin' in th' street watchin' me while I wuz on my knes in th' mud. At las' she sez, 'Now you sorry niggah, get up from theah an' leave, an' don' nevah come back heah agin!' So I jump up from the mud an' lef'."

"But Luther," I said, "you told me she was going to kill you. Why did she let you go?"

"Well, Miss Bess, I wuz so meek, I jest out-humbled her, that's all. I jest out-humbled her!"



Revolution 1933

by LORENZ EITNER



(The histories of revolutions are written by the victims of revolution. While the victorious party stabilizes its gains, the defeated opposition, rendered painfully inactive, carries on the fight in print and word. Between winner and loser stand the masses—indifferent, insensible, silent.

Much has been published in America about concentration camps, Jew baitings, brutality and murder by the disappointed and embittered men who have fled Ger-

many since 1933. These accounts, however true they may be, have distorted the picture of the German Revolution.

The following is an attempt to describe the events of 1933 as I—and, I suspect, many other Germans—saw them.)

JANUARY 30, 1933 was a very ordinary winter day, rather cloudy, I remember, and cold. I was returning from an excursion by bicycle to the pleasant little resort of Homburg. Bicycling through the streets of Frankfurt, late in the afternoon, hungry and rather tired out, I noticed small clusters of people standing around the daily bulletins of the *Frankfurter General Anzeiger*, Frankfurt's evening paper. The bulletins announced simply that Hitler had been appointed chancellor of the Reich. Nobody seemed particularly excited.

Quite unimpressed, I bicycled on, over rough cobble stones, through the winter twilight. I was thinking about dinner.

The revolution had begun.

But nothing changed. There were torchlight parades and a few demonstrations. Nothing unusual. Everybody knew that von Papen and Dr. Hugenberg were the men in power. Hitler was their strawman. Clever fellow, that Hugenberg. His millions had probably bought Hitler and his youthful enthusiasts. Papen, that sly fox, had simply made use of the National Socialists to maintain himself in power. There was nothing to worry about as long as these

pillars of conservatism, church, and heavy industry kept in control of the situation.

Many foresighted people brought out their old black-white-red flags that had lain in some dusty corner of the garret since 1918, rolled up the black-red-gold banner of the republic and stored it away carefully. Some day it might become useful again. It had never been as popular as the black-white-red.

There were also some swastikas.

On the whole, nothing happened. The large mass of the people is not patriotic, except on Sundays and when it is aroused. Governments change but the world remains the same. The people has learned to be suspicious of great gestures and great noises. If one keeps quiet and thinks only of one's daily work nothing can happen. *Ruhe ist die erste Bürgerpflicht*.

On my way to school, February 28, I noticed another bulletin of the *General Anzeiger*. This time the Reichstag had been burned by Communists. More communist plots had been discovered just in time to prevent their execution. The fire of the Reichstag was to have served as a signal for Communist uprisings in all parts of Germany. Secret arsenals had been discovered stocked with dynamite, machine guns, home-made bombs, poison and bacteria cultures to pollute the city waterworks. Only the watchfulness of the police had prevented national disaster.

The papers were terribly excited and even the public was mildly concerned. The bacteria cultures especially worried many people. There were pictures of the burning Reichstag and of Van der Lubbe, Dimitrov, Torgler and the others who had set the building afire. Van der Lubbe, with head always bowed, was shown chained together with Dimitrov who had a broad, sharp-mouthed, pugnacious face and Torgler who was faceless. The trio was always surrounded by a few



blurred policemen. "The Red Incendiaries," read the captions, "The Red Incendiaries Who, Acting Under Orders From Moscow, Set Fire To The Reichstag."

The revolution had begun in earnest.

But still nothing happened. More SA uniforms—a familiar sight for many years—were seen in the streets. There were also some auxiliary policemen in long grey coats patrolling the town—probably to restore order. But since there was no disorder at all, the auxiliary police disappeared very soon. The Communist party was suppressed and its leader imprisoned. More swastikas were hoisted. The "Communist conspirators" and their "secret backers" were brought to trial, sentenced and shipped off to the new concentration camps, fashioned after British Boer War models. Van der Lubbe's head was eventually chopped off.

Emigration began on a large scale.

The election of March 5 brought a great victory to the National Socialist Party. The other parties began to disintegrate and were finally dissolved. Hugenberg and Papen faded into the background. Slowly the people realized that a revolution was in progress. Where exactly this revolution was taking place nobody knew. I suspect that—perhaps because of the severe weather—it was strictly an indoor revolution.

One day I saw a group of about twenty men, with arms raised above their heads in the familiar "stick-them-up" pose, marching down Frankfurt's main street followed by two or three members of the auxiliary police armed with rifles. A few people stopped to look at the silent procession, but there was really nothing very interesting about it. This is the only instance I remember of what could—with a considerable stretch of the imagination—be called "revolutionary violence."

The most noticeable thing about the revolution were the many new uniforms and the many new holidays. There was one celebration after the other: the Day of German Labor, the Day of Potsdam, some important speech, the launching of some battleship, the laying of some cornerstone. For the students at the

Goethe Gymnasium there began an endless series of holidays filled with marching, blasts from loudspeakers, glimpses of famous men. The weather at such occasions was always fair—"Hitler weather," the press called it—the bands sounded twice as loud as usual; uniforms, flags and banners streaming by, the rhythm of marching feet, the sound of a thousand voices singing in unison, the fanfares and kettledrums made these days beautiful and memorable to a people that had suffered from the uninterrupted dreariness of fifteen unhappy post-war years.

Everybody began to wear some uniform. There was the simple white and black of the Confederation of German Girls (BDM), the black of the *Jungvolk*, the grey of the Labor Battalions. But underneath these uniforms the people remained unchanged. Janitors, postmasters and auto mechanics, however splendid their new uniforms, still remained janitors, postmasters and auto mechanics at heart and did not change to sadistic rowdies (as the foreign press hinted) or saintly heroes (as the Nazi press claimed). The chauffeur of my father's firm, a man of unusually fine physique, had become a member of the SS. He liked to put on his handsome black uniform with the silver skull and cross bones, but otherwise he did not change at all. My tutor, a student at the University of Frankfurt, became an SA man and appeared frequently with his brown boots, mustard-colored breeches, shirt and cap. He complained somewhat of the loss of time that his new party affiliation caused him now and then—he was by no means a fanatical Nazi—but hoped that the exercise connected with the regular drills would prove healthful. My friends at the Goethe Gymnasium joined the HJ (Hitler Youths) and showed up in class with their brown shorts and shirts with rolled-up sleeves. Their special pride was the broad belt and the shoulder strap that went with the uniform and the official HJ knife, a sort of miniature bayonet, that could be attached to the belt.

I learned to give the Hitler salute correctly, left hand clasping the buckle of my belt, right arm extended



almost horizontally, chest stuck out, posterior drawn in, legs rigid and feet at right angle to each other. I learned to march in step—*links, zwei, drei, vier* . . . to answer the roll call correctly, to shout my number into the ear of my neighbor to the left when we were counted off, to stand at attention and at ease, and to sing the HJ songs.

All that which was not national socialist became less and less important and finally disappeared altogether. The Catholic youth organizations and the Boy Scouts were dissolved and absorbed into the HJ. The labor unions vanished. Certain newspapers discontinued publication or changed ownership and policy. The larger chainstores were boycotted occasionally. One morning, there was a general boycott of all Jewish merchants, but there was no violence, no excitement, and after not more than a day or two the boycott was lifted.

The press had changed its tone completely. The most respectable and old-maidenish papers burst into new, almost coquettish youthfulness; they seemed at least 125 years younger. Their headlines were lusty shouts, their leading articles spirited denunciations. Red and black ink flowed freely.

Hand in hand with the revival of nationalism went an enormous demand for patriotic bric-à-brac. Whole industries sprang up that were devoted entirely to the production of patriotic spittoons, picture-postcards, paper-weights, pipe-bowls fashioned in Hitler's image, busts of party leaders, and ash-trays engraved with

quotations from *Mein Kampf*. Every imaginable object was adorned with the swastika. Flag merchants were doing a rushing business. Everybody bought flags, small ones and enormous ones, of all materials: sack-cloth, cotton, linen and silk. The prices rose sharply. Housewives were speculating in flags, hoarding flags, searching for new and undiscovered sources of flags.

But the man in the street was not profoundly excited. After all, the climate had not changed, it rained neither more nor less than usual, the sky was still blue, the beer and Frankfurt's famous *Apfelwein* were as good as ever. A revolution changes little about the daily routine of the people. The workers and small citizens continued to go to their favorite restaurants after the day's work was over to drink a little beer and discuss politics, prices, the recent soccer game between England and Germany and next Sunday's outing of the *Gesangsverein* "Harmonia 1889." There was the usual amount of complaints but also much talk of new canals, new roads, new bridges. The number of unemployed was decreasing visibly. All this quite encouraging after fifteen years of inactivity. One had the comfortable feeling that great things were happening. National Honor, the Flag, and Justice are fine things, but one cannot eat them. Hitler promised his people both honor and bread. When he came to power he gave the people bread and an army. The man in the street was satisfied.

Unnoticeably as it had begun the revolution ended.



The Artificial Paradise

A certain Mr. Aaronson
Of Hollywood and Broadway
Has recently perfected an invention
By which the Paradise is brought
To Jim and Jack and Bob.

This artificial Paradise
Consists of lantern slides
Whereon brunettes and blondes and redheads
—All guaranteed to be undamaged Ladies—
Are shown in daring and suggestive poses.

An organ plays the lighter classics
(Arranged by Aaronson himself)
While aromatic and expensive clouds
Of Rêve d'Amour surround the eager nostrils
Of Jim and Jack and Bob.

Suspended in Persian hammocks
The customers float through the dark.
Lantern slides and semi-classics
And expensive Rêve, d'Amour
Weave about them troubled dreams.

Purest Platonism reigns
In Aaronson's establishment,
For the undamaged and suggestive Ladies
Are merely shadows on a darkened wall,
Unreal (though deceptive) forms.

Preachers, bankers, and commercial travelers,
Men of well-trained conscience,
Can now breathe sublimest pleasure
In accordance with the dictates
Of Church, Morality and Government.

—O. B. TUMOR.



Pattern in the Steel

by GEORGE ZABRISKIE

THE TWO MEN were seated in the kitchen of the thin one, drinking coffee and talking.

"Listen," said the stocky one, "you may think it's like a bum, maybe, but I've ridden freight trains, too. Did you ever do that?"

"No," said the other one, "No, I haven't. Only in cabooses and on mixed drags. I rode a mixed train on the narrow gauge once."

"Well, my first long ride was on the Southern, out of Monroe, Virginia. I was on a hotshot freight with a Mountain type—no, it must have been a Mikado, and boy, did we wheel! Do you know Monroe?"

"Do I know Monroe? I've been through it a few times."

—Monroe, division point on the Southern, smoky town built around the railroad yards, where the big Pacifics and the bigger Mikados stand waiting, steam up for the run. Monroe, where they knock the fires on the big engines in from the road, and the hostlers minister to their needs with ash-pit, washrack, coal and water. I have seen Monroe in the early dark, when the yard lights were on, and from a train window I have watched the yard crews make up a train of empties, until a big Pacific drifted across my vision. I have sat in a daycoach on the New Orleans Limited, and watched a Mike roll in with a drag of West Virginia coal. And once, I saw a little girl on the station platform wave to the people in the train. I have been through there only a few times but I know its bleakness, its bituminous atmosphere, its clean, handsome locomotives and dirty hostlers perhaps better than the people who live there, because I can feel a railroad town.

"When I was out West," the guest continued, "I rode the Southern Pacific five hundred miles from Eugene, Oregon to Sacramento. Boy, that was a ride! Those big Espee mallets with the cab forward blast the moun-

tains apart, and brother, they can pull! Sixty to a hundred cars over MacKenzie Pass, where you're up ten thousand feet. We hit the first division point just about daybreak, when I was half asleep on a load of lumber. I looked up, and there was this big mountain over my head. It made me feel funny, damn funny, this big mountain maybe five thousand feet up with just a kind of half light on it, and I was on this car, shivering and waiting for the train to start."

"Yes," said the other, "I can understand."

—For I have been alone on the flank of a little mountain, in the Alleghenies, waiting for the sun to break the mist. I have felt the chill of the morning on my body, and beyond all, I have understood that it is nothing one can talk about afterwards. It is an experience of the marrow, and I think I would like to own even a little mountain, and sense it always.

"You know, the Espee's my favorite road. Boy, they really do a job of rail-roading on that pike. You ought to see it: you'd love it."

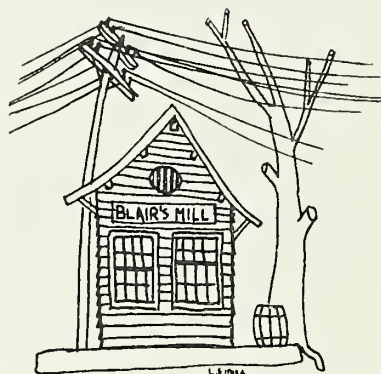
"Perhaps I shall, some day."

—And if I ever do, I shall be bound to the Pacific Coast as I am bound to every place I have ever been. Because there is earth and sky and trees there, because there are cities there, and these things are part of me, concurrent with the corpuscles of my blood and cognate with the patterns of my brain. I would be bound there by railroad tracks, for my love of steel is as inexorable as steel itself.

"When I was in Oregon, I saw the Sumpter Valley, too. You know, that's the only narrow gauge in America that still burns wood."

"Speaking of narrow gauges, I saw the Tuscarora Valley this summer—or what's left of it."

"Any engines?"



"No, just a few box cars without trucks, a passenger car, and the roadbed."

—Gone, all gone, leaving a silent path of weeds between Port Royal and Blair's Mills. The people in the towns laughed at me when I came seeking the railroad, but once it kept them fed and stood between their towns and isolation before the trucks came. To their fathers it was a thing of wonder, yet to their sons it will be less than a memory.

"The old South Park is gone, too. I guess we're just in time to see the last of the narrow gauges go to the scrap heap. We should have lived forty years ago."

"Yes, and if we had, you would be an engineer now, and I—a telegrapher, I suppose."

—But time we do not know is past remembering, and if we are living after our proper time, it is better than before it. There was a man named William Headley, who built a locomotive that ran, and another named Richard Trevethick, whose locomotive had a fire-tube boiler. But a man named Stevenson made an engine with stack exhaust, so he invented the locomotive. Far worse to live before your time—

"Listen, it's getting late. I had better run along."

"Yes, I must get up early myself."

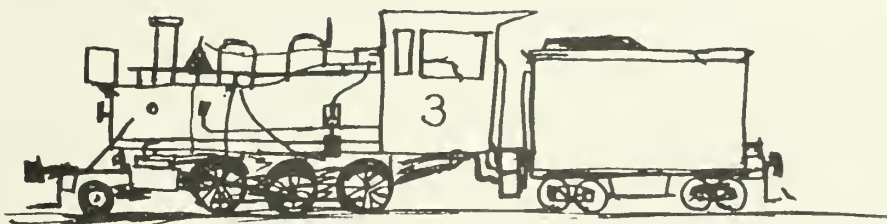
They went to the door together, and both heard the long cry of a distant freight train, whistling for a crossing. Both were muted by the sound, but the stocky chap, departing, said: "It's the Lackawanna."

"Yes," replied the other, "It is. Well good night. I'll see you Tuesday."

—It is the Lackawanna, but it might as well be the Monon, the Santa Fe, the Espee, or any one of a

thousand. For the whistle is a symbol of my country, made by men and iron, with a locomotive in its heart. By the blood and sweat of dead men, as much mine by inheritance as theirs now, the rails moved down the Mohawk Valley, the rails moved through the Cumberland, the rails pushed over the Alleghenies. On to Pittsburgh, on to Chicago, on to Omaha they went, and one day, near Promontory Point, they joined a continent. This land is one by steel and stone, but a dozen by geography, for in the wake of rails and engines came one culture, one people, of which I am a part.

—The whistle again! Once, when I was in the South, I stood on a railroad track and heard a whistle cutting through the fog with a silver knife. I waited, waited, and listened for the freight beating its way westward, westward, the regular rhythm of the exhaust rising in my ears until it came—O swift and terrible beauty—out of the fog, emerging from the fog with a crest of smoke and a feather at the whistle when it called for my crossing—whoooo, whoooo, whoo, whoo ooo, and then the cars flashed by with their strange polyglot gabble of wheels on rails forever, forever, forever; and I knew then what I know now, and what I knew before, but with a strange wonder that comes to me out of the fogs and nights with the whistles. And this piece of knowledge is not a thing that I can discuss or even meditate with coherence, because it is a feeling and a state of mind, a secret poetry of the blood, too deep and sharp for the prying intellect. It's part of the land, the sky, the sea, even the continent, crying for release, and leaving a vast emptiness. . . .



ZAGRISKIE



Pennsylvania

Past Pittsburgh and its freight-yard sprawl
 Of steel mills, railroads; southward run
 Two rivers, merged: and down this river roll
 The barges to the Gulf. So let the sea
 And wind in your head, besides the mill;
 Know gulls above the fireswept tree.

In Pittsburgh, on the wall, you see the map:
 Small towns and railroads, and rivers winding. . . .
 From Tionesta to the Gulf, the rivers tie
 The hills to ocean, and too, the Delaware
 The Juniata, and the Susquehanna know the wet
 Remembrance of the forest's midnight air.

And sulfuric acid from the mine sump's waters.

*Impotent October, with the last leaves burning
 With bitter smoke in the small towns, and the earth
 Receiving the others in forests for the life
 And resurrection: not in mine towns, where only
 The breakers and the spewed-up culm heaps stand:
 A month dying across the injured earth. . . .*

The Alleghenies' crimson fades, and snow
Buries the city, and the coal towns dig
The winter from the streets, and deer
Die in the drifted mountain woods.

Then it's spring, and the earth is fresh
In Center County, and the culm heaps thaw
In Scranton, and there's plowing to be done
In counties where the German people live. . . .

The rivers flood and rage: "Ohio rising,
Rising fast!" The Pennsylvania mud goes down
The chute of rivers to the Gulf, and drowns.

Then May brings horsetails, like a silly child. . . .

And summer, and the trains sing through
The Juniata Valley: and the dust rises
From cement mills, and a small Slovak
Dies when a mine falls in. The earth
Is slow and wonderful; like "Susquehanna"
Named in the hills: "Earth" the farmer
Said, and held the stuff, remarking too,
That cities were made for broken fools of men
He wondered at. . . .

 This summer is a slow dying
With a wreath of asters, and the goldenrod:
And hills are red: the Tuscaroras bleed
Their trees to death, and there's a wind
In the Black Forest. By the rivers, the trains
Cry a long way off, and into other lands.

—GEORGE ZABRISKIE.

America Looks On

by MARTHA ANN YOUNG

So EUROPE HAS gone to war again and Babbitt has something more than the weather to talk about when he gives his neighbor a lift downtown. The newspapers play it up almost as much as they do the latest football "classic." They take two minutes off a popular swing band program to give you a flash from London, Berlin or Paris. A ship sunk and several hundred people killed . . . threatened air raid . . . German army fully mobilized—and the orchestra plays "Blue Orchids."

America expresses its opinion in various ways other than through the newspaper polls. Passengers on a city bus ponderously weigh the matter, pro and con.

"Well, I tell you," Jones spits on the floor and says to the driver, "We just didn't lick 'em hard enough last time. Can't trust a German, I always say. It's a crime how they're—uh—ah—doing. Didn't lick 'em hard enough, I tell you. No sir!" He slaps his fist emphatically on his knee.

"Never should have gone in that mess the first time," contributes Smith sagely from across the aisle, as he looks up from his newspaper. "Let 'em do their own squabbling. Just a lot of munitions men behind it all, anyhow. If I can have anything to do with it we'll stay out this time—." Hullo—farmer down here in Sampson county shot himself and wife and two kids. Some fool off his nut—ought to be at Dix Hill."

"Well, some say this and some say that," the driver announces heavily. "I just tell you I don't know. If it gets right down to it again, we gotta protect Freedom and Democracy and all that—hey, did you see that wreck at this corner last night? . . . One head bashed in and two legs broken."

And the soda-jerker in the drug store chats with his customers:

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Andrews. Yeah, it's kinda cool today. . . . I wouldn't worry about Junior getting in that war yet if I was you . . . naw, I haven't seen that movie yet, but I heard it was good . . . sure, the president will keep us out of Europe. The good old Monroe Doctrine still holds its salt . . . naw, that sundee ain't very fattening. . . ."

"Hey, Chuck; what'll it be? . . . I'll give you six points on the game Saturday and still bet on PITT . . .

naw, I ain't worried none about that war. Even if we did, it couldn't be much worse than working in a one-horse joint like this. And I wouldn't exactly *mind* seeing some of them Paris dames. Poker game after work?—sure, I'll be there."

"Hello, Mr. Langly, how's business? . . . That's swell. . . . Yeah, I feel sorry for them Poles. . . . You broke ninety in your golf game Sunday?—Gee! . . . You're right—Hitler hasn't got all his marbles. . . . Sure, Pitt's going to win; I'm putting my money on 'em. . . . So long."

College students file leisurely into a classroom and the history professor comes in. He delivers a lecture on the European situation, going into probable causes, probable results and the like. It seems to make sense and shows a great deal of careful thought and preparation. Half of the class doze comfortably while pretending to take notes as they prop their elbows on the desks and hold their heads. The other half, after retracing the date they have written at the top of a blank sheet of paper, proceed to embellish it with curious scrolls and curliques.

"So the U. S. holds a key position," the professor concludes. "It is to the intelligentsia of the country that we must look to deal with these problems with understanding and perspicacity. You of the university group should realize the load of the responsibility which rests on you and do your best to keep up with the events which will affect each of you."

The bell rings and the students saunter out.

"Can I bum a cigarette, Phil? . . . Yeah, it was a good dance."

". . . Let's cut this next class, Joe, and go bowl a game—it probably won't be anything but this same old European junk, anyhow."

". . . And can *she* take it. That gal drank six bottles of beer without batting an eye."

". . . All that crap about Hitler. Why doesn't he talk about something interesting once in a while instead of beating his gums all the time."

So Europe has gone to war again, and America contemplates the spectacle.

*Wishing you
more pleasure*



Always welcome... CHRISTMAS CHESTERFIELDS IN ATTRACTIVE GIFT CARTONS

Willy's Son

by NAYSMITH H. WILLIAMSON

WILLY'S FAMILY thought that Willy's sons disgraced them, because one of them did a sentence at the reformatory and the other, Albert, with whom we are concerned, spent some time in jail and then was released on parole. It was a horrible thing for Willy Schmidt's family to see the good Schmidt name appear in the newspaper on page 10, the page before the Women's page, in connection with an alleged theft, and all the details appeared, including Willy's name.

Albert was a short, slightly stocky youth, with a pleasant, round face and a well-combed crop of brown hair that became unmanageable when the hair tonic he used was washed off by rain. His speech, voiced in a deep, slightly whining tone, betrayed his lack of schooling, and the slightness of his thought. Both Albert's background and Albert were responsible for his semi-ignorance, since whenever Albert could he played hookey, and finally left school as soon as the law permitted him. By Albert, High School was a place "where they didn't learn you nuttin' important anyhow."

Now after Albert got out on parole, with a jailbird pallor and a crop of pimples, his father found him a job as apprentice in the furniture factory where he worked. Albert was a very good apprentice and soon had a steady job, because, like his father, he had the qualities of a craftsman. And the Schmidt family said that maybe Albert would get along, and not be a good-for-nothing, like his brother, but they doubted it. They doubted it so much that Albert confirmed their doubts by quitting his job and going to live with his mother, who lived in Delaware. As a matter of fact, Albert's mother was generally considered an evil force by the respectable Schmidt family, since she had had a fray with Willy which achieved the distinction of page 2 of the newspaper, and resulted in a separation when the boys were small. So you can see why Willy, his sons, and his ex-wife caused a certain amount of pain to the Schmidt family, and why they thought that Albert's

joining his mother was a very wrong thing for him to do.

In about a year Albert came back from Delaware and lived with Willy's oldest sister and her husband. Willy supported Albert, and whenever Albert came to the Schmidt house and said, "Pop, I need two bucks for some shirts," or "Pop, Aunt Clara wants next week's board in advance," Willy got hell from the Schmidts for giving Albert the money.

However, Albert soon redeemed himself by finding a job in a printing press factory, only the Schmidts shook their heads and said that Albert was never responsible and too devil-may-care like his father and that they doubted he would amount to anything. As a matter of fact, they expected Albert to quit this job too, only the printing press factory closed and Albert became jobless before he could fulfill their predictions.

So Albert drifted about for a time, earning his keep sometimes by driving a coal truck and by doing odd jobs, and by working in a bakery for a time. And the Schmidt family said that Albert was no good because he couldn't keep a job, only they forgot that it was the depression, and after all, Albert was lucky to find as much work as he did. At least his father said so, and his father knew, because even the furniture factory was running half-time, and only the old employees, like Willy, who had worked there for twenty years, had any work at all.

One year, at Christmas time, Albert got a job as an upholsterer in a department store's repair shop, and everybody except the Schmidt family said that now Albert would settle down if only the department store would keep him after Christmas. But the Schmidt family said that Albert would be a wise guy and talk back to the boss and lose his job before Christmas came. After all, what could you expect from one of Willy's sons?

Christmas came and went, and still Albert worked in the department store. He worked there until the

spring, and after he was laid off he found work with an upholsterer who had a shop on Whitefield Avenue, and who made him grow a mustache to make him look older and more respectable when he went out to do work. Things looked quite secure for Albert, but the Schmidt family found out that he was going steady with a girl, and they asked him if he was going to marry her. He said maybe, and then there was hell to pay again, and Albert said nuts, he could get married if he wanted to. His father got double-hell for letting Albert say maybe, but then the family was always giving Willy hell anyway. Willy told them that Albert was twenty-one and what could he do, but the Schmidt family said that Willy was his father and he ought to make Albert see different.

Anyway, the Schmidt family got used to Albert going with this girl, who was a nice girl of a German family, although they gave him occasional hell for spending his money on her. Willy told his brother-in-law that it was none of their damned business what Albert did, but he didn't dare to say that to the family because they would make life miserable for him if he did. So Willy kept his mouth shut, and Albert didn't come around the house much any more, and the Schmidt family said that Albert was a devil.

One day Albert said that he was engaged to the girl, whose name was Julia, and that he wanted to bring her around to the house for Sunday dinner so she could meet the family. They said that Albert was crazy for wanting to get married because he didn't have enough money, but to bring the girl around anyway so they could get a look at her. And then they asked Albert where he was going to live after he got married and he said with Julia's mother, who was a widow, and kept boarders. They said that Albert was just going to sponge off Julia's mother and that they were glad they wouldn't have to keep him because they wouldn't anyway.

So Albert brought Julia to the house for a Sunday dinner. Julia was a small, thin, quiet little girl who looked undernourished. She was almost pathetically attractive if you looked at her right, and it was too bad that she didn't have enough money to fix her

blonde hair and somebody should have showed her how to use lipstick and rouge to give her face color. You almost expected Julia with her dull pale hair and her thin pale face to disappear right into the wall while you were talking to her. And she was shy and timid, too, and spoke only when someone said something to her.

When the Schmidt family met her they cross-examined her until they knew everything that Willy, who was on the back porch talking to his brother-in-law said was none of their damned business. When they were tired of asking Julia questions they all sat in the back yard and talked about her while she sat alone in the parlor and Albert and Willy were over in the neighbor's yard talking about baseball.

Julia sat alone in the parlor a long time, until Albert's cousin, who happened to discover she was alone came in and talked with her until Albert came back. Albert's cousin tried to defend Albert and Julia, but with little success, since the Schmidts thought that Albert's cousin had bad ideas anyway. They said that Julia wasn't a bad girl, but that she was like a little mouse, and that she was a fool to marry Albert, and that Albert was a fool in the first place to get married on

only fourteen dollars a week.

Then when Albert did get married, the Schmidts were very angry because none of them was invited to the wedding. They said that Albert was a two-faced devil whom you couldn't trust, and that they didn't want to see that guy again after all they had done for him. And when Albert came to see his father they all ignored him except to say hello, because they were pretty sore at Albert after all they did.

After Albert was married he and Julia lived at her mother's, and none of the Schmidt family came to see him except Willy, and Willy's sister Clara and her husband, and the rest of the Schmidt in-laws, who liked Albert although they sometimes thought he was a fool.

A little while before Julia had her baby, Albert lost his job, and he floundered about a bit to pay the hospital bills and buy things for the baby who was a boy when he came. The Schmidts all came to see Al-



(Continued on Page 24)

Morass

by JOHN NORCROSSE

FROM THE MOMENT he had first entered his new room, Charles felt unhappy. The walls showed large areas of green mildew; it seemed as if some disease were slowly poisoning the stone from within. The air was hot and mouldy. Flies performed a wild dance beneath the ceiling. A few pieces of furniture stood about desolately.

Charles opened the window and let in a stream of fresh air.

Soon he learned to know and to dislike his neighbors. He saw them every morning staggering into the bathroom, stick out their tongues at the reflection in the mirror, brush their teeth, scratch their beards off, swallow cough medicines, perform little surgical operations on pimples and blackheads, stretch and yawn, and stagger out again.

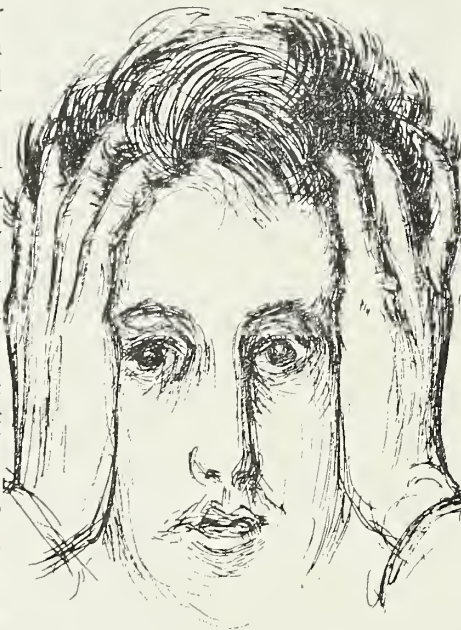
During meals he had to see them again, all lined up in the dining hall—fifty left arms dangling down, fifty right hands playing with watch chains, fifty faces staring forward with the same hungry leer.

At night they awoke. There were dull distant crashes, the sound of running feet, cascades of shrill laughter, muffled sounds of battle, howls, new explosions of laughter, banging of doors, and sudden silences. Then new explosions, twenty mouths excreting profanity in unison, blasts from loudspeakers, the clatter of breaking glass and the frantic rattling of countless typewriters.

Charles' nerves were not strong. He became too nervous to sleep, too tired to eat, too hungry to work. His face, which had always been rather perpendicular became now definitely Gothic, and finally Byzantine.

Gradually he lost hair after hair, pound after pound. His teeth began to show cavities.

That it would be impossible to find friends in this lion's den had been crystal clear to him from the beginning. Once he became mildly interested in a girl, probably because she was perhaps the ugliest woman on the campus. Her presence caused him pain of a curiously stimulating sort. The thin, medical smell that hung about her shot agreeable shocks of disgust through his spine, and the transparent greenness of her skin, especially behind the ears, could send little waves of nausea down his throat. But one evening, to his acute disappointment, he noticed disturbing signs of affection in her. He felt immediately repelled and concluded that she must be a very ordinary girl. He never saw her again.



All his acquaintances were at least of the semi-unpleasant variety, people who had either not character or energy enough to be ultra-unpleasant, as were, for instance, those repulsive specimens who, unfortunately, inhabited his floor. Of these, his neighbor to the left took the prize of unconquerable disagreeableness.

He was of small, almost dwarfish stature. A face he possessed not; hair, ears and an insignificant attempt at bearded virility framed an utterly empty, though somewhat yellow, space. His clothes concealed somewhat inadequately his rubber body. His large feet were always pressed into reform shoes, flat and round, like enormous biscuits, and of a particularly suggestive brown.

The soul of Charles' neighbour was composed entirely of noise and cowardice. He cultivated noise for

noise's sake with an almost obscene intensity. His favorite ritual consisted of several prolonged shrieks, let out in mid-hall, and a precipitate flight back to his room with an elaborate explosion of the door as added attraction. He had purchased a medium-size hammer for the sole purpose of hammering against the walls in painfully unrhythmical intervals. These hammerings he could prolong, with untiring devotion, into the early hours of the morning, while his roommate slept quite undisturbed. His laughter, needless to say, was of that most unforgettable hyena kind, composed of little spasms of hysteria interspersed with glissandi of modulated shrieks.

Against this neighbor there had formed in Charles an unspeakable hatred. The neighbor paid particular attention to him and made it quite certain that every hour of his sleep was disturbed. Retaliation was impossible because the neighbour visibly enjoyed retaliation. Night after night, Charles lay sleepless while his hatred grew unbearable. He entertained himself with elaborate schemes of revenge:—how would it be, for instance, to cut out the eyeballs of the neighbor, slowly, one after the other, with a dull pen-knife, stamp on them with inexpressible satisfaction, and then fill the bloody hollows left by them in the neighbor's skull with several ounces of red pepper?

When the neighbor was in a particularly festive mood, he would bring forth a large empty tin-can which he carefully preserved for this very purpose in

the innermost darkness of his closet, and kick it with eager reform shoes up and down the entire length of the hall, thus causing a noise that can be described only in terms of heart failures, nervous palpitations, and brain strokes. The other men on the hall, completely nerveless beings, would stand in their open doors and marvel at the beautiful horribleness of the noise. But Charles, with pumping heart and a thousand headaches ringing in his cranium, would sit pale and hold his ears.

One night, a thin, red firecracker made its appearance through the slit under the door, in full sight of Charles who sat paralyzed with helpless fascination, and forthwith exploded with such immense detonation, that Charles' heart missed a few beats. Outside there was a sound of fleeing reform shoes, the closing of a door, and then absolute silence.

Black fury rose in Charles. He sat motionless, almost calm, and listened to his heartbeat.

Outside a door opened gently, silent feet crept near.

Charles sprang up, tore open the door, and drove his fist into the neighbor's abdomen. The neighbor opened both his eyes unnaturally wide, gave a gentle sigh, and collapsed slowly. Charles looked down on him, immensely relieved and quite calm now. He felt a thrilling urge to step into his neighbor's face, but, reflecting that he was unconscious and would probably feel nothing, Charles contented himself with a few lusty and indiscriminate kicks and returned to his room.

For the first time in weeks he slept dreamless and undisturbed.



Contributors

NAYSMITH H. WILLIAMSON came to this country from England about two years ago, and his appearance betrays his origin. Tall, pipe smoking, and tweedy, he speaks with a decided Oxford accent, and keeps himself apart from the rest of the student body whom he considers barbarians. He plays the flageolet in the privacy of his room, putting it aside with a wry grimace whenever anyone enters, and never will he play for his guests. Extending around the four sides of his room are shelves built up to the ceiling, on which stand literally thousands of small glass jars, each containing one or several toads preserved in alcohol or formaldehyde. On his worktable is a large stone toad carved carefully from Deuteron, with eyes fashioned from sparkling Kresimos.

N. H. W.

* *

LORENZ EITNER is the *Archive's* editor and illustrator as well. Since he refuses to let us praise or blame him, there is little we dare say, except that he is the first editor of this magazine in many a moon who neither smokes, drinks, chews, or—well, you know what. The cosmopolitan background of his childhood and youth is reflected by his article on the 1933 revolution in Germany, where he received most of his education.

G. Z.

* *

We met OSCAR B. TUMOR under very unusual circumstances. One cloudy afternoon, while taking a walk in the Duke Forest, we came upon a long piece of rope hanging from a tree. A little farther to the right sat Mr. Tumor.

"I am," said he, "trying to experience the emotions of one about to hang himself."

We apologized for having interrupted his imaginary suicide, but Mr. Tumor merely got to his feet, tore down the rope, rolled it up carefully and put it into a neat black satchel. On the way home he drew from his pocket the manuscript of "The Artificial Paradise."

Mr. Tumor is the possessor of a wardrobe consisting entirely of black suits. He is a silent little man with a calm Jesuitical face and large black eyes. M. R.

* *

All we know about Miss MARTHA ANNE YOUNG is that she combines the virtue of being pretty with that of being a town girl. Miss ELIZABETH TAYLOR is completely unknown to us. We can do no more than execute a deep editorial bow in an easterly direction.

L. E.

* *

JOHN NORCROSSE carries on an old *Archive* tradition. He is a weight lifter. Veterans will remember that Bill Forrest, one of our most illustrious collaborators and now unfortunately deceased, was also proficient with weights. Mr. Norcrosse resembles the late Bill Forrest in many respects. He likes the same brands of beer, cigarettes, clothes and women. His ambition is to write a novel about college life.

Mr. Forrest's old friends and readers will perhaps be interested to hear a few particulars concerning his death. Mr. Forrest, we learned recently, was struck by a falling meteor. He was last seen walking across an empty field, gesticulating with his hands and apparently talking to himself. Then the fatal meteor struck. When the nearest bystanders reached the scene they were unable to find the least trace of his body.

Truly an enviable death and one most befitting a poet, thus to be consumed by heavenly fire. L. E.

REVIEWS

Music

One of the best classical recordings in recent months is Brahms No. 1, in C Minor (Columbia M-383, ten sides) played by Felix Weingartner and the London Symphony Orchestra. Though less famous than the Brahms Second, this symphony is indisputably great, and the recording by Dr. Weingartner unsurpassed.

The Sonata in F Minor by Beethoven ("Appassionata") has been recorded again, this time by Victor (M-583), with Rudolf Serkin at the piano. It is not necessary to say that the Beethoven work is masterful, compelling music. It is great music, and Serkin has played quite well. The recording is definitely first rate.

Another Victor recording, Mozart's Concerto No. 2, in D Major (M-589) ranks among the best of the month. Marcel Moyse is the flutist, and Piero Coppola directs the Orchestra. Mozart may not have favored the flute, but certainly he has risen to heights in this flute concerto. Maybe it's because the recording is so well done!

Another Mozart by Victor, the "Jupiter" Symphony No. 41, in C Major, (M-584) lacks the finish of the flute concerto recording. Bruno Walter conducts the Vienna Philharmonic, almost half-passionately. The music, of course, like Mozart's 40th, is tremendous, but the recording is not quite perfect, though nearly so. Some might prefer Sir Thomas Beecham's recording (Columbia M-194), but perhaps that depends upon the individual ear.

For a swift résumé of modern records, we give you Harry James at his spectacular best in Feet-Druggin' Blues (Columbia 35227). Less spectacular James is Willow Weep For Me (Columbia 35242). Duke Ellington proves he's not "out" by any means with Doin' The Voom-Voom (Columbia 35208) and A Lonely Co-Ed (Columbia 35240), or even The Sergeant Was Shy (Columbia 35214). Johnny Hodges is tops on Rent Party Blues (Vocalion 5100), almost as good in Good Gal Blues (Vocalion 5170). And talking of blues there's Big Bill doing Too Many Drivers (Vocalion 05096) and Tell Me What I Done (Vocalion

05149); and the Harlem Ham Fats singing You Can't Win In Here (Vocalion 05136).

Count Basie fans will want Lester Leaps In (Vocalion 5118) and Song of the Island (Vocalion 5169), while Lunceford lovers take Sassin' The Boss (Vocalion 5116) and White Heat (Vocalion 5156).

Teddy Wilson is way up this time with Jumpin' On the Blacks and Whites (Columbia 35232). Lionel Hampton does Johnny Get Your Horn (Blue Bird 26343) and Bob Zurke Honky Tonk Train, an improvement on the last Honky Tonk, (Blue Bird 26342). Cab Calloway passes with For The Last Time I Cry Over You (Vocalion 5126), ditto for Benny Carter's Scandal In A Flat (Vocalion 5112).

Jack Teagarden is characteristic in I Swung the Election (Col. 35206), I'll Remember (Col. 35215), and I Wanta Hat With Cherries (Col. 35224); also Two Blind Loves (Col. 35233).

Benny Goodman is still king with "Scatter-Brain" (Col. 35241) and Rose Room (Col. 35254); but Andrews Sisters and Bing Crosby have done better than Ciribiribin (Decca 66632) . . . Jimmy Dorsey goes sentimental in My Prayer (Decca 66787). But Ella Fitzgerald does Coochi-Coochi-Coo (Decca 65447) up fine, and same for Teddy Powell in Teddy's Boogie Woogie (Decca 66734). Eddy Duchin scores again with What Is This Thing Called Love? (Col. 35204) and Honestly (Col. 35246). The Raymond Scott Quintet burn up on The Girl With The Light Blue Hair (Col. 35247).

Other notables are Earl Hines: G. T. Stomp (Blue Bird 10391); Charlie Barnet (B-b 10389) The Last Jump; Eddie DeLange Jelly Roll Polka (B-b 10368); Wingie Mahone's Beale Street Blues (B-b 10401); Jan Savitt: If What You Say Is True (Decca 66707); Ernie Fields: High Jivin' (Vocalion 5157); Slim Gaillard's Chicken Rhythm (Voc. 5138); Sonny Burke: The Last Jam Session (Voc. 5139); Lizzie Miles: That's All Right Daddy (Voc. 05165); and two fine Mary Lou Williams: Sweet Patunia (Decca 64664) and The Pearls (Decca 64662).—PAUL ADER.

Books

THE COSMOLOGICAL EYE. Henry Miller. New Directions. Norfolk, Connecticut. \$2.50.

He lives in the back of a sunken garden, a sort of bosky glade shaded by whiffletrees and spinozas, by deodars and baobabs, a sort of queasy Buxtehude diapered with elytras and feluccas. You pass through a sentry box where the concierge twirls his mustache *con furioso* like in the last act of Ouida. They live on the third floor behind a mullioned belvedere filigreed with snailled spaniels and sebaceous wens, with debentures and megrims hanging out to dry. Over the bell-push is says: JABBERWHORL CRONSTADT, poet, musician, herbologist, weather man, linguist, oceanographer, old clothes, colloids. Under this it reads: "Wipe your feet and blow your nose!" And under this is a rosette from a second-hand suit.

"There's something strange about all this," I said to my companion whose name is Dschilly Zilah Bey. "He must be having his period again."

That's the way "Jabberwhorl Cronstadt" begins. Here's a bit from "The Tailor Shop":

The air was clear and frosty when we stepped outdoors. The stars were crisp and sparkly and everywhere, lying over the bannisters and steps and windowledges and gratings, was the pure white snow, the driven snow, the white mantle that covers the dirty, sinful earth. Clear and frosty the air, pure, like deep draughts of ammonia, and the skin smooth as chamois. Blue stars, beds of them, drifting with the antelopes. . . .

A poor bum of a Jew says:

"You know, Miller, sometimes I think I am going mad. I don't sleep any more. At six o'clock I am wide awake already and think on what to do. I can't stay in the room when it comes light. I must go down in the street. Even if I am hungry I must walk, I must see people. I can't stay alone any more. Miller, for God's sake, can you see what is happening to me? I wanted to send you a card from Vienna, just to show you that Max remembered you, but I couldn't think of your address. And how was it, Miller, in New York? Better than here, I suppose? No? The *crise*, too? Everywhere it's the *crise*. You can't escape. They won't give you to work and they won't give you to eat. What can you do with such bastards? Sometimes, Miller, I get so frightened. . . ."

You should be able to see, from even this little bit, that Miller is aware and that he talks straight without being ashamed of himself; in other words, he can write strong prose with an uncommon flexibility and range. He's been a lot of places and done a lot of things and he's stayed alive—he's a good guy. But I don't mean the kind of good guy who's president of your class, giving you the glad hand every time he sees you and always remembering your name and trying to keep in everybody's good graces; I don't mean the kind who lives down the hall and is meek and a little scared, but always willing to do anything for you; I don't mean the kind you think *you* are, just an O. K. average fellow who gets by, or one full of talent that hasn't been shown yet because time and place haven't been right. He won't fit into any of your comfortable categories, and he'll make you mad if you've got any guts.

Miller has a lot of violent ideas I don't agree with at all. For instance, that the disease of the world for 2000 years has been Christianity; "that the mystery which attaches itself to Shakespeare's life is a mystery only because the English do not wish to admit that

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Shakespeare was driven mad by the stupidity, non-understanding, and intolerance of his countrymen"—it seems to me that Shakespeare was a better man than that; or "that the men who would create a Fascist world are the same at heart as those who would create a Communist world." He says that in a hundred years civilization will be ended and he's said nothing, at least to me: if "civilization" means the art of living together, I don't think he has to look backward or forward—any greater lack of that art than we have today is almost unimaginable. It's too bad he has to come right out and say these things, because that makes them sound superstitious and dogmatic. But really they are the myths he uses to make his prose, and when they are where they belong, living in a story, they are as true as Orpheus or Jonah or St. Genevieve, truer than Joan Crawford or J. P. Morgan. It seems to be the fashion to make theories and legends, and Miller's are at least vigorous and you know he'd fight about them. Finding so much stinking in the world, he started rebelling and didn't stop until he'd rebelled against everything but himself; it seems unnecessary to show how much better his way is than that of most of us, who end by rebelling against nothing but our own demand for life. But it's too bad he doesn't see that the forces of regeneration he finds in himself, by their very presence indicate their operation in a larger history.

Miller is direct, and you won't have any trouble getting the sense of what he writes: but I hope it will be hard to swallow and digest. There are lots of four-letter words and some pretty juicy passages, unpleasant and real enough to cut your pornographical pleasure; Miller doesn't let you off for a minute. For instance, in the painful story of a Jew called Max, there's no release; Max suffers because he's Max, living now: he doesn't get any parole into the past or future,

he doesn't fall in love or reform or inherit a million dollars or gain peace through a philosophy or have a visit with God; he doesn't even die. He keeps on being Max. That's what most of us keep on being, just ourselves. Miller thinks we don't have to, that we can have, must have a change of heart to be living; but he thinks we have to do it, each of us, all alone, and in a sense that's true. It's too bad that what's just as true, truer in another sense, that we need each other and everybody and everything that doesn't get into his theory, though his stories say it, of course, because they're good.

You'll like Miller if you're not a prig or a bigot. That's fair enough warning.

—HARRY DUNCAN.

* * *

NORTH CAROLINA: A GUIDE TO THE OLD NORTH STATE (American Guide Series), Federal Writers' Project, Chapel Hill, 1939. 601 pp., maps, index, bibliography.

After many delays the Federal Writers' Project have finally issued their guide to the state in which we are

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all spending at least four years of our lives. At first glance it would seem that the grimy red brick factories and the unpainted mill villages of the state offer little of interest except to the sociologist. This guide points out at great length everything there is to see in Tarheelia in the form of individual city guides for such places as New Bern, Edenton, Charlotte, Wilmington, Raleigh, and even Durham and as tours for smaller towns.

North Carolina's coastal region is surprisingly rich in old houses with historical associations and architectural value; and in the strange language of early England spoken on the remote "banks" near Cape Hatteras; the piedmont and mountain regions considerably less so, though it is interesting to note that only 16 miles from Durham is the Nancy Jones House where in 1838 the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina. . . .

The introductory chapters on history, natural setting, the Negroes, agriculture, modes of travel, industry and labor, public education, religion, recreation, folkways, eating and drinking, arts, and architecture provide an excellent background for an understanding of the state; and no doubt most of the enormous collection of material is both authentic and heretofore unpublished, but as in all government-sponsored publications, candid truth sometimes gives way to political expediency.

Many of the points described are of no interest to any traveller, and serve merely to inflate town pride. The twelve pages of Durham are a notable example. Here much space is given to such eminently uninteresting points as the Erwin Cotton Mills (since they are not open to the public); the Durham public library, the Duke Memorial M. E. Church, cream-colored eclectic and the grave of George Washington Carr. While valuable space is given to these, the Duke buildings are treated superficially. (But remember the book is a U. N. C. product).

The Federal Writers' Project needs a Karl Baedeker who can wield a brutal blue pencil on its many state guides to produce perhaps three or four candid regional guides which list only the real sights of each state, with his asterisk system to indicate the grade of hotels and some details on expenses.

Orchids, by the way, to Duke's own architect-artist, professor Louise Hall, whose extensive researches into the architecture of the state are embodied in this guide.

J. J. H.

BLOOD WEDDING. A tragedy by F. Garcia Lorca, translated from the Spanish by Gilbert Nieman. New Directions, Norfolk, Connecticut. 50 cents.

Violence and terror, the story of a love caught between two feudists, this play, even in translation, rises above the earth in bursts of lyricism. Against the background of a dry hungry land and workworn death-weary people it brings a woodsman Moon and a beggar Death to the three lovers who are its protagonists.

Here is a perverted virginity in the midst of passion, and a strange sadism that appears in the violent end:

Betrothed: Let her be. I came here for her to kill me so that I could be with both of them. (*To the Mother*) But not that way; with prongs of wire, with a sickle, and with force, until you break them on my bones. Let her be; I want her to know that I am clean, that I shall go mad, but they can bury me without a man ever having seen himself in the whiteness of my breasts.

In this brief speech and the longer one of the Betrothed which follows it is a great deal of the twisted anguish which makes the play a magnificent piece of writing. These passions seem to spring from the raw hot earth into the characters and those humble people live, hate and love with all the majesty of figures in a Greek tragedy. P. D.

NEW DIRECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY 1939. Edited by James Laughlin. New Directions, Norfolk, Connecticut. 3 dollars.

This, according to the jacketeers, is the 1939 edition of "an annual volume of experimental and creative writing designed to give a comprehensive picture of the most significant trends in contemporary writing."

We might add that it will probably be quarried by writers who lack either styles or ideas of their own, merely to forestall contributors who might do so.

Seriously, the best names of the experimentalists are to be found here, and the material contains a great deal of good writing. We were rather impressed by the poems of the editor, and annoyed by the small type in which they were set. The other contributors, Henry Miller, Kay Boyle, Kenneth Patchen (the book has thirty names) are well known.

New Directions ought to have a wider audience than it does. We do not suppose that the audience will ever be multitudinous, for the world contains only a limited number of people who are tolerant of new ideas.

J. N.

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WILLY'S SON

(Continued from Page 15)

bert's baby, who was named Philip, after one of the boarders, because Julia thought it was a pretty name. The Schmidts said that the baby was nice and looked like Albert, except when it looked like Julia, and they bought it presents and gave Albert a little money on the side. After all, Albert was a Schmidt and there was no use of staying mad because you can't always be mad at your own people.

Then some of the Schmidt family furniture needed upholstering, so they gave Albert the work because he was hard-up and they wouldn't have to pay him as much as anybody else. Albert tried to get work as a welder, but he didn't know enough about welding, so he went on the WPA and upholstered the furniture in his spare time.

Pretty soon Albert and Julia decided not to live with Julia's mother any more because after all, they had to sleep in the dining room and it seemed that they ought

to set up housekeeping, with the baby and all. The Schmidts said that Julia's mother was damned good and sick of keeping Albert and Julia and wanted to get rid of them. Albert said no, that wasn't it, they wanted to have a home of their own, but the family didn't believe him and called him a liar in front of his father.

Albert was still on the WPA so he didn't have very much money, but he found two rooms over a barber shop which he and Julia occupied. They furnished the place with furniture which Julia's mother and Albert's friend gave them and then the Schmidts came to see them and gave Julia and Albert some more old furniture and a worn carpet to cover the floor.

Albert sewed the worn carpet together, and fixed the old sofa which had been in Julia's mother's cellar so the place was just like home and Albert and Julia and the baby named Philip lived in the rooms over the barbershop, where they were as happy as they could be except when they quarreled every once in a while.



MERRY CHRISTMAS

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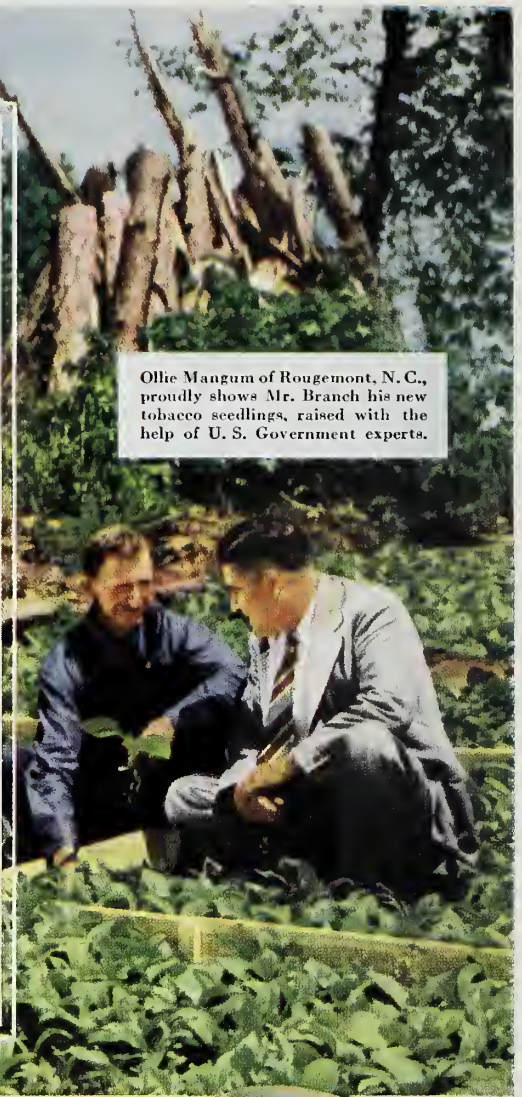
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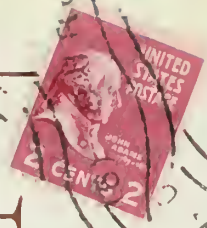


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THE ARCHIVE



JANUARY

1940

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The ARCHIVE

VOLUME LIII

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EDITORIAL

PEACE GREETINGS

OUR COVER this month is the *Archive's* new year's greeting.

It is our conception of what will happen when, at the end of the present war, peace will again break out. For among the uncertainties of this war there is one thing certain: the victors, whoever they will be, will make every effort to choke their victims into eternal submission.

Murder is a phenomenon not rare among nations. Versailles was a somewhat halfhearted attempt at homicide. But the operation was not quite successful and the patient survived. Today he has recovered sufficiently to turn against the surgeons of 1919. The struggle is on again. The men of 1919 know its seriousness and are determined not to repeat

their mistake. If they are successful in war they will be careful to kill. If they lose they will be destroyed. The victims of the last peace have learned through experience.

Thus the war in Europe is a fight for the survival of nations and not a struggle for ideals or an attempt to force the blessings of certain forms of government on harmless peoples. Peace may not come in 1940, but when it comes it will see the destruction of nations.

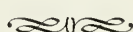
In the meantime the throatcutting goes on merrily. Again the countries of the West are united in happy carnage. The neutral powers stand by, count their honest profits, and make sweet moral music on harpsichords, flutes, and viola gambas.



DUKE STUDENTS

Attention!

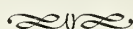
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Student Pilot

by JAMES J. HALSEMA

ALL MORNING I've been thinking, and every time I think my imagination runs cold shivers up and down my spine and around the middle of my stomach. I'm thinking of how that plane's nose is going to dip down suddenly out of a stall and how I'm going to give the ship left rudder and down we'll go with Pick's head directly below me as the world out beyond the prop spins slowly around in a half-blur; and I'm wondering, too, how well I'll do with pushing the stick forward a little, and if I'll remember in what direction we're spinning so I can give it opposite rudder and stop the world from turning around. Then I'll pull back on the stick and we'll level out, but my stomach won't follow for a while.

Pick is sympathetic but that doesn't stop him from making me do those damned spins. "When I was learning to fly," he says, "I had the same feeling as you do, but the reason was that *we* didn't know if the ships would ever come out of the spins. These Cubs always come out."

You see, I am a student pilot over at Chapel Hill, taking up flying to see what it is like. All over the country there are thousands of us, learning to fly for pleasure and at our own expense. Some of us are ineligible for the CAA sponsored training; others are wary of its wartime implications. We use the small, slow, 40-65 horsepower safety light monoplanes of the Cub and Luscombe class now so familiar everywhere, which have huge wing areas in proportion to their weight; not like the stub-winged, over-engined flying bullets of the military or the racing pilot, which wind into such tight spins that the pilot has instructions to jump if he can't straighten out immediately. In flying clubs, or individually, we are learning to try our wings.

That first lesson last year was just as thrilling as a spin is now after eighteen hours of solo. Pick put me in the front seat of the Cub and took me up to 1000 feet, and then showed me the various controls: the

throttle under my left hand, the "stick" in my right, and the rudder pedals under my feet. It was not long before I found that flying is plain hard work, involving all the faculties of coordination and perception. That Cub went all over God's sky as I fought to keep it on an even keel; and every time it swooped my stomach went on down with it. It was an exhausted pilot-to-be that climbed out of the plane that cold afternoon.

Off and on in the succeeding months I picked up the eight hours of practice riding along with Pick that are demanded by the Civil Aeronautics Authority from anyone before the first solo flight can be made. A physician at Raleigh asked a lot of questions, filled in miles of blanks, tested my reaction, depth perception, eyes, and wanted to know "if you have ever been addicted to the use of opium, heroin, cocaine, or other such drugs." And so I was passed for solo permit. By this time, after sixteen lessons, I had learned that turning an aeroplane involves not only the rudder but also the stick, since unless the plane is banked with one wing down in a turn it will skid. The tar paper roof of Pick's hangar, an annoyed farmer's hen-coop, and an abandoned sawdust pile had become boringly familiar as the control points of innumerable figure 8's meant to improve coordination in turns. A hundred times we had taken off down the runway, lifted the wheels off the bumpy ground, let the motor gain speed, and then had flown around in a circle to an altitude of 400 feet, where we cut the motor, and glided over the treetops and a 6600 volt transmission line back into the field.

Now was the day for my first solo flight. One afternoon after we had done a number of practice landings Pick stepped out of the Cub and said, "Think you can handle it yourself now?" Hesitatingly but perhaps a bit proudly, I answered, "Yes."

"Well, take it away then," said Pick.

I taxied up to the end of the rough field and turned

(Continued on Page 19)

The Wheel

by VERGIL WHITE

IN 1895, when Ira Vreeland was sixteen, he had two great ambitions. One was to grow a bushy moustache, and the other was to own a bicycle. The next year, as a result of spending his Saturdays driving a delivery wagon for a grocer, and the good offices of his father, who paid half of the enormous price of seventy-five dollars, Ira owned his bicycle. It was a National, a handsome blue machine with glistening wheels, drop handlebars which displayed a fashionable ram's horn bend, and luxury of luxuries, a coaster brake.

When he first rode the new bicycle down Hamilton Avenue, in Patterson, where he lived, he was certain that every male passer-by regarded him with envy, that every curtained window had a bashful young girl who watched him with secret admiration. Even the old women, he guessed, would be talking about him and his marvelous bicycle. Just to demonstrate his agility to his countless unknown admirers, he tried to ride with his feet on the handlebars, but the rough street defeated him, and he quickly resumed an orthodox position to save his dignity.

That summer, he rode his cherished bicycle over nearly every road in northern New Jersey. In dry weather, he choked in the dust of the unpaved lanes; in wet, he splashed through mud till it encrusted him and his bicycle alike. Laboring up hills, bumping madly down the other sides, sweating in the August sun, he went riding, riding, riding. Wheels flashed in silver arcs, wind tangled his hair, dust caught his throat, sweat soiled his clothes, still he went riding, riding, riding. Sharp stones in the bumpy roads punctured his tires: he fixed them with plugs and rubber bands, remounted, and continued to explore the Jersey earth. From Paterson to Butler, to Midvale, to Green Pond, to Ramsey, he went riding. From Paterson to Nutley, to Newark, to Irvington, to Morristown, through a north Jersey that was trees and fields, farms and small towns, a land of blue hills and gentle valleys, he pedaled his way. There were pleasant saloons then,

where he could stop for a mug of birch and ale; there were friends who rode with him: his brother Win, Louis White, and the Coles, three brothers riding a triplet, a long machine which made people stare.

He bought a carbide light and rode nights, hearing the crickets sing in the long grass beside the roads, watching the straw-colored and green fireflies, and moths caught in his headlight's beam. Beyond the little patch of light cast on the road, fantastic shadows menaced him, the monstrous trees drew up to him and passed away, the houses were patches of windowed yellow light. Under gaslamps he bounced over city streets, past silent silk mills, the locomotive works, and the garish mansions of the rich. He saw knots of men arguing at the doors of saloons, occasional sloppy street walkers, lonesome policemen, and staid silk manufacturers returning home late from their offices. He saw trains on two railroads, belching steam and flame that seemed to dissolve in the stars: he saw the first electric street cars jolting over rough tracks.

He was happy that summer: he had discovered worlds beyond the narrow one of Hamilton Avenue and his father's hardware store and Sundays at the Dutch Reformed Church, where his father was superintendent of the Sunday School. He felt himself alive and strong and sure: if his father and mother still ran his life at home, he was his own master on the road. Only Sundays bothered him. Unless he left home on a camping trip, his father insisted on his attendance at Church, Sunday School, and evening services. In the matter of the Sabbath, his father was a disciplinarian who could not countenance his children breaking The Lord's Appointed Day. From respect and fear, Ira obeyed this paternal mandate, but secretly he fretted under his yoke. He did go to Church, and Sunday School, and evening service, but always he stole glances at his wonderful bicycle in the cellar. Sunday more than any other day he wanted to go riding, riding, riding, to see the silver spokes spinning, catching

the sun in dazzling arcs, to race with the wind down rough hills.

* * * * *

Ira read the little notice in the paper. It told of an invitation Century Run sponsored by the Passaic Valley Wheelmen next Sunday. All entrants who successfully completed the hundred mile course within the time limit would receive a bronze medal on a watch fob, an object both useful and ornamental.

He had been riding for more than a year now. His wind was good, his thin legs were knots of cabled muscles. He knew that he could ride the hundred miles if only his father would give him one free Sunday.

That night, when the elder Vreeland came home, Ira told him of his plan to ride in the century run.

"Well, son," his father said, "you know I do not approve of sporting events held on Sunday. You have six days in the week when you may ride, and if you wish to ride a hundred miles, do it then. The Lord's Day was made for worship, not bicycle riding."

Ira felt that it was useless to argue with his father, but he managed to mention the medal and a personal belief that breaking Sabbath only once was not too great a sin.

His father started slightly at his son's heresy, "A good Christian never participates in Sunday sports. Ira, I forbid you to enter that race."

The matter was settled. When he went to Church Sunday morning he watched the century runners, in little groups led by pacemakers, leave town. The sight of the procession made him feel bitter and rebellious. During the services, his mind was filled with the sight of bright silver spokes flashing in the sun, the group of sturdy sweating young men filling the street. He sang the hymns mechanically, and did not hear the sermon.

Two weeks later, Ira saw in the paper another notice of an invitation century run, this time to New Brunswick. In his pocket rested the required entrance fee of two dollars. He took out the worn bills and fin-

gered them indecisively. Then he clipped the notice from the paper and put it with the money.

Saturday he spent in the cellar, where he dismantled his bicycle carefully, and cleaned every part. He put new grease in the wheel bearings, dusted the chain with graphite, rubbed down the spokes, and after he had reassembled the machine, he polished the frame. He had decided to rebel. Tomorrow he would be free. He would not recite the Doxology in church; he would not listen to the sermon; he would not be in Sunday School where his father was superintendent. Tomorrow

he would enter man's estate quickly and silently, before his parents knew.

Sunday morning, after breakfast, when his mother was washing dishes and his father and brother were dressing for church, he went to the cellar and quietly took out his bicycle. Before anyone missed him, he sprinted down the street, on his way to the wheelmen's clubhouse.

* * *

The sun was hot, and the roads to New Brunswick were dusty. The century runners rode in little packs behind the pacemakers, who dismounted from time to time and made the stragglers turn back. Ira was glad of his experience: proud of his sturdy legs and good wind. He was not tired: only thirsty. God, how the dust stuck in his mouth and clogged his throat. The dust stuck to his clothes too, and streaked his sweaty face. He licked his dry lips and tasted mud. But he was not tired. And half the procession had dropped out.

The land was green and pleasant: old houses that had stood since

the War for Independence were strung along the roads. Their farms stretched on both sides of the clumps of trees which protected the houses from the weather. Here and there, newer houses, built since the Civil War, jutted rawly to the blue sky which met rolling hills on the horizon. The riders passed through little towns with tree-lined main streets, where people stood



(Continued on Page 19)

Shadows

by JOHN NORCROSSE

NIGHT

WHEN NIGHT FALLS and the good citizen goes home to wife and bed, the world drops its grey mask and reveals its true face which is darkness and horror. Sometimes it happens that a solid citizen, whose sleep has been disturbed by nightmares, staggers to the bedroom window for fresh air and finds the town with all its roofs and the familiar street below magically transformed. Across a pavement pale with fright, two rows of human heads with dead black eyes and gaping doors glare at each other in impotent hatred. The water in the gutters is black as dried blood and chimneys reach into the night air like hands of drowning men. Shadows, that have waited in hidden corners and in empty windows during the day, break loose from their walls and inhabit the deserted street. A group of trees stands arm in arm like brothers, and over it, surrounded by black sky, floats the moon and looks down on the citizen who rubs his eyes and suddenly discovers that he has never seen the night before. Children and animals know the night by instinct and are afraid of the dark.

SALOMON AND THE SEVEN HALF-MOONS

"DO COME IN! I am so pleased you came! The others are already waiting inside. I am so happy that you have come! Here, let me take off your coat. Welcome, welcome among us! Yes, the Swami is already here. We should be so thankful that He has sent him here. Verily, disciples will come from afar, as the prophet says, and the Good Cause will thrive. I am so, so glad to have you with us!" Miss Sally Weaver, the Keeper of the Keys, turned a pair of watery eyes heavenward, clutched the guest's coat to her bosom and carried it away in triumph.

The disciples were sitting in the living room. A lone candle burned in a plaster-of-Paris skull grinning

placidly in the middle of the tablecloth. The Swami, a dark little man in an ill-fitting tuxedo, sat at the head of the table. At his right was throned Dr. Boller in the full regalia of a Grand Knight of the Mystic Order of Salomon and the Seven Half-Moons. At the Swami's left sat Miss Nattie Kummel, the Keeper of the Sacred Books. The other knights, mostly elderly ladies, whispered to each other. One chair stood empty: the Keeper of the Keys was still busy in the cloak room. In the background hung a reproduction of Dürer's "Knight, Death, and Devil," surrounded by potted palms.

Finally the Keeper of the Keys glided in throwing victorious smiles about. The Grand Knight, who had been staring at his fingernails with sad eyes, swallowed nervously, rose to his feet, and began to read from a piece of cardboard which he held in his hollow hand close to his eyes:

"Brothers and Sisters! 'The world is in travail,' saith the prophet, 'and its agitation waxeth day by day. Its face is turned towards waywardness and unbelief. Such shall be its plight that to disclose it now would not be meet and seemly. Its perversity will long continue. And when the appointed hour is come, there shall suddenly appear that which shall cause the limbs of mankind to quake. The Knights of Salomon will come from the East and drive the Red and the Black Lion into the waters of the West. Then and only then will the Divine Standard be unfurled and the Nightingale of Paradise warble its melody'."

"So shall it be!" whispered the Keeper of the Sacred Books fervently and looked about with pious fish-eyes.

"Tonight, brothers and sisters, we have among us one who has been guided into our midst from afar. It is the Swami Samsanavatna Lahore who has travelled through the countries of the Orient and the Occident with the famous Lundgreen Brothers Circus as phrenologist, mindreader, spiritualist, and fakir. The

Swami has consented to establish contact between this gathering and some dear departed spirit above. I feel it to be my duty to express my sincerest gratitude to the Swami in behalf of our exalted brotherhood."

The Swami arose, rubbed his hands with professional agility and said: "Thnack you. Plneaze brinck the medium in."

The Keeper of the Keys hurried out and returned with a roundshouldered, pimplefaced youth. The Swami pushed the medium into a chair and executed magnetic strokes about his temples. The roundshouldered youth sat relaxed with closed eyes and sagging mouth. It was so silent in the room that the ticking of wristwatches became audible.

Time passed. The potted palms stood motionless and the grinning plaster-of-Paris skull gave dim light. The Knights of Salomon sat woven into a web of black arms, legs and bodies and white, expectant faces.

Slowly a pale blueish fluorescence developed, apparently with some effort, in the darkness above the medium's bowed head. Slowly it unfolded like a floating veil, spread and shrank and grew gradually into a round, luminous space with uneven dark spots. Even to the most skeptical of the Knights it looked like the blurred image of a human face.

"Sister Agnes!" gasped someone.

A stirring went through the potted palms, and from a great distance a voice became audible.

"I am speaking from the spirit woild and it is beautiful up here with clouds and harp music and them angels flying around and Christ sitting at the Right of the Lord as it is written in the Scriptures. Day and night we sing his praise. And I always keep thinking of you, specially of you, sister Nattie and you, sister Sally and we hear all your prayers and carry them up before His throne. And I could tell you a lot of things only we spirits aren't allowed to. Don't be afraid of death. You don't feel nothing. And then all of a sudden you are up here, and nothing has changed, and you look just as always, only you have cast away the bonds of the body and walk in the spirit. And my arthritis is gone. And we always . . . we always . . . we always . . . we always . . ."

A cold draft cut through the room. The potted

palms rustled. Above the medium's head the fluorescence trembled, folded up and faded into a flickering streak.

The roundshouldered youth gave a long sigh and awoke. Slowly the black knot of legs, arms and bodies dissolved into separate Knights. The faces were still pale.

THE CONCERT

MY NAME is Pernath; I am a retired musician. I live at Number 17 Bertholdi Street, at the corner of the Old Green Market, four creaky flights high, directly under the sloping roof of a house that belongs to the widow Goldleaf.

In this room which measures hardly five yards from wall to wall, I have spent the last twenty-one years, by choice rather than because of poverty, for my pension and the monies which my mother left me when she died would be sufficient for more sumptuous lodgings. Once I lived in a small house in the suburbs. I remember that it had a flower and kitchen garden and even a small artificial grotto in the backyard. But that was long ago, before my wife left me. Since then I have lived at the widow Goldleaf's. My room is dark and somewhat moist but I have become so accustomed to its cool twilight that I am determined not to give it up.

A painful nervous condition which makes me extremely sensitive to strong light and noise forces me to sleep during the day and to arise only after sundown. I wait patiently until it has grown quite dark and the last car has rattled through Bertholdi Street. When the gas lanterns have been lit by the same ageless man who used to light them with his pole twenty-one years ago, I leave the house and walk down the darker side of the street where I do not have to fear the glare of the lanterns until I turn to the left into a narrow side street. At the end of this street is "The Wild Man" where I take my only meal. The distance between the house of the widow Goldleaf and the Wild Man is 246 paces. I count my steps automatically as I walk and am pleased that their number remains always the same. At the Wild Man I am received by the old waiter, who is, I believe, the proprietor of the establishment. His wife cooks in the kitchen. I have



never seen any guests there. The old waiter is now quite deaf; for many years we have not spoken a single word. My meal is always the same. It consists of soft, digestible foods, for my teeth are not strong, and a glass of wine to stimulate the circulation of the blood. After the meal I walk the 246 steps back to the house of the widow Goldleaf, on the darker side of the street. In my room I light only two candles for economical reasons and prepare three more to be lighted when the guests arrive. Then I sit down in my armchair and doze for a while. Outside, the neighboring roofs lie like black mountains in the moonlight. Some windows are lighted and I can see Mr. Schmidt in slippers and robe reading the evening paper while his wife is mending socks. About midnight there is loud knocking at the door. I light the three candles and watch the castrate pushing his enormous figure through my narrow door. The castrate is soprano at the opera. He calls himself Artaria, but I believe that that is not his real name. I have known him for more than thirty years now. When I still played for the opera he was almost my only friend. He visits me every night after the performance, often with traces of greasepaint about his face and powder in his hair, and is now my only contact with the world. His body is immense, his head very small and his voice high and clear like that of a child. We shake hands solemnly and he stands stooped over me under the low ceiling and looks at me with his very old, childlike face while he unpacks his violin. After a while the two others arrive with their instruments. They are friends of the castrate and, I think, musicians at the opera.

Every night we play quartets together. Artaria is our first violin. When the music becomes very beautiful he often cries, silently, with large tears rolling down his face. Thus we play for many hours.

Finally the two musicians leave and Artaria, too, puts his violin away and bows out through my narrow door.

I am sorry to see him go. He is my only contact with the world (I do not count the widow Goldleaf and the waiter at the Wild Man).

THE DEMON

WILLY WAS so demonic that it was really quite embarrassing. He was hollow-cheeked and dark-eyed and had carefully tangled black locks. When he entered a restaurant, cloaked in black, the brim of a soft black hat pressed down over his forehead, and cast his diabolical glances about, waiters dropped their trays, dogs

misbehaved, children cried and fat gentlemen stopped their coffee cups in mid air and stared with protruding eyeballs.

Willy had always been a professional demon. He had begun his career as ballet dancer and startled audiences with his satanic creations accompanied by somber tom tom rhythms. Since long hair would have disturbed the lines of his dance, he had shaved his skull and painted a large red circle on his powdered forehead.

Finally the censor banned his conception of "Death and the Maiden" and Willy appeared in court with his red circle and dressed apparently in nothing but a loose black raincoat.

When it became necessary to find another means of lucrative self-expression, Willy grew hair, dyed it green like Baudelaire, and founded a new literary movement under the battlecry "Vive la décadence."

The neglected geniuses of the hollow-eyed and flat-chested profession flocked about him. Willy rented a garret, furnished it with a skull, a straw sack and an oriental prayer-rug. The literati came to his garret and brought with themselves poetry, tubercular coughs, and occasional delirium tremens.

After several weeks Willy sent the prayer-rug to a drycleaner and a thin manuscript to the printer. It was the decadent manifesto entitled "From the Gallows." Bound neatly in human skin and printed on genuine papyrus, it finally appeared and was praised by the critical press (Willy under various pseudonymous disguises). Willy's picture appeared in the literary supplements and frightened the unsuspecting readers. They represented him dressed in tweedy garments of his own invention, something resembling a fireman's helmet drawn over his head, his pale face with the terrible eyes framed by a seven-pointed beard.

Quite suddenly a great spiritual change came over Willy. He read the Upanishads and renounced this world. Forty days and nights he fasted in his garret and repeated ceaselessly all the sacred prayers which he had learned by heart. After this purgatory period he felt himself refreshed in spirit and body and decided to walk through the streets of the city nude as God had created him to preach repentance to the people.

Considerable crowds gathered and stared and the police tried in vain to arrest him. There and then the Spirit spoke in Willy and commanded him to preach to the multitude. And he shook his tangled black locks, raised his arm commanding silence, and spoke,

(Continued on Page 20)

Soft Nocturne

Then somewhere were there dungeons
chaining our minds, then somewhere
did you cry and I not hear you?

then we were tired wraiths, walking
among the world's decaying bleakness
each touching the other's hand.

and then, the yellow morbid mist
encircled our bodies, extinguished them
as might an utter kiss with sorrow.

—OSCAR B. TUMOR.

Celeste


On the circuit of the green stairs
I met her and we did not speak
In murmurless passing, she descending,
I climbing to the top to find
The tower roofless, utterly bare,
Projecting blankly into stars.

—OSCAR B. TUMOR.

Homo Sapiens, A New Fossil

Degenerate was the trilobite who lived
In Mid-Silurian seas. Some scholars say
This was ten million years ago; who knows?
The path of geologic time gropes back
Into dim ages where the shores and seas
Were strange with armored arthropods like this.
The trilobite, attacked by his own kin,
Grew on his shell great spines that curved and curled
About him. Yet we know that specialized
Protection was no help in family warfare,
And his society became extinct.

—LOIS G. NEUPERT.

A woman with dark hair styled in a 1940s fashion, wearing a blue and red costume with white stars and a matching tall, pointed hat. She is smiling and holding a pack of Chesterfield cigarettes with both hands. Red and yellow streamers are flying around her. The cigarette pack is white with gold and blue accents, featuring the Chesterfield logo and the word 'CIGARETTES'.

Watch the change to Chesterfield
says **DONNA DAE**
CHESTERFIELD'S JANUARY GIRL
starring with
FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS

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The Experiment at Middlemount

by MONROE ROGERS

DURING THE WINTER of 1937-38, just after leaving the University of Florida, the most interesting thing of my life happened to me. I say "happened" for that is exactly the word. In New York I received a communication from a friend at Rollins College, Florida, regarding an advertisement in the *New York Times*.

The advertisement requested letters from young men and women, under twenty-two, who were versed in one or more of the "arts," for purposes to be explained later. I applied, being a musician of sorts (violin and piano) and unemployed. A month later I was accepted into the "organization," which was to spend the winter at Middlemount, Virginia, under the directing hand of Mr. Royce, of Florida. The only expense was to be living, amounting to slightly more than two hundred for seven months, October to April.

Twelve of us arrived at Middlemount on the second and third of October, a group of expectant, rather uncertain people, ready to give anything a "try." The first days were spent in arranging quarters; the building, situated in the low hills of the Blue Ridge, was an old summer hotel, lent for nothing.

Royce, as we all called him, was an enthusiastic man of thirty-eight or so, once a professor, and the most brilliant conversationalist I have ever met. He did not outline the program; his method was, he said, to let us "grow into" the scheme. Everyone waited, naturally, with mounting excitement, for the growing in to begin. At supper we were introduced to the first "artist," Janet, a rather pretty, dark-haired girl, with a musical voice, who directed the cooking. I have never eaten so well in my life, on so little; Janet was a marvel; and each of us, sooner or later, worked with her in the kitchen. Beside Janet, even an American male would learn anything connected with cooking. During my "turn" in the kitchen with her, I picked up more real knowledge than almost anywhere else. For the field was absolutely new to me, and new knowledge brings a satisfaction that few other things

can bring, particularly at the hand of a person like Janet.

I roomed with a fellow named Jerry Watson, short, athletic, and a marvelous swimmer. There was a pool in the basement, which we could warm to the correct temperature whenever we wanted it for swimming. Jerry was, I discovered to my amazement, an "artist," that is, in such things as diving and swimming. I had been afraid of water since the time I almost drowned at a summer camp, but Jerry laughed me out of my fear and soon had me diving as well as swimming, a startling thing in itself. It was not long, of course, before Jerry had conquered the lot of us, including Royce, who was at first an indifferent swimmer. Janet gasped in amazement when Jerry first led her to the water. He also made her *like* it! The same for Doris, the petite, blond girl, who painted. The others were less troublesome, and helped the slower get in the swing.

From the first, naturally, I was playing for the evening recreation, usually dancing, led by Ethel Morris and Jimmy Lane. They were, undoubtedly, the perfect couple for dancing, the envy of everyone. And at times they gave us little exhibitions of ballet or other types of dancing, which all of us tried to learn the first night. Thereafter, Jimmy and Ethel were busy every evening. I was relieved at intervals by a girl, Margaret Maxwell, who also played quite well. Margaret was a redhead, the vivacious kind, always laughing, and putting more movement in her piano playing than six pianists really needed.

All this was fun, as it went on, but we were waiting for the experiment to begin, with increasing anxiety. The director, Royce, teased us incessantly, led us all over the surrounding mountains on bright, Indian summer mornings; colorful and lazy are the only adjectives I can use to describe these morning adventures. We walked in little groups, those around Royce talking usually about music or dancing, or the movies, or any-

thing. I was a frequent participant in this group, with Margaret and Ethel and Jimmy. Jerry had a circle about him, as did Janet, Doris Williams, the painter, and Bud Wilson, the writer from California.

Before Winter set in we had explored every foot of the surrounding square miles of wood-land. Doris and Walter Harcourt had done a few landscapes, Ethel and Jimmy had impromptued some "mountain dances," and I gave a "plateau concert" on the violin. Everybody talked with everybody, invariably asking each other what Royce or "Rocey" had up his sleeve for the Winter. Rocey would laugh and turn the conversation into other channels. Philosophy and literature were his chief subjects, since he'd taught them once; but he never taught us, he simply talked, and we talked back, disagreeing as often as not. Wilson, the writer, thought Plato and Spinoza were bunk, and said so in no uncertain terms. Royce and the others argued with him for hours, getting off at times into innumerable other fields, like sociology and economics. I'm afraid many of these arguments degenerated into long bull-sessions, but at the same time, I had never done so much talking myself in all my life. Royce could lead you on, like Socrates, midwiving knowledge, as he called it. And the method was admirably suited to the group, though I realize it would probably have failed ordinarily. (If that sounds like egotism, I can't help it. I'm only trying to present the truth.)

With late November our hikes became less frequent, although we continued them at intervals far into December, and once or twice in the later months. Spring, of course, brought a glorious revival. But meantime we sat around the fire in the mornings, after breakfast, which, say, Wilson had been largely responsible for. (A writer, oddly enough, is hard to initiate into the culinary art; perhaps he is so conscious of the terrible style in which cook books are written. Wilson rewrote the book Janet had with her, and later had it reissued by Little-Brown in Boston!)

The conversation continued amazingly, under the skilful direction of Royce. Science, language, literature, anything under the sun was treated in a manner that neither skimmed nor over-emphasized the subject.

The morning would end by Jimmy doing a tap dance with Ethel or an apt pupil, like George Crompton, the poet, or Doris, the little blonde. Or perhaps Jerry would show us a few points in Japanese wrestling, jiu-jitsu. Or I would give a simplified, impromptu, and illustrated lesson in musical scales. Wilson and Doris and half the others sat, rather amazed,

all being as ignorant of music as I was of prose composition or painting, tap dancing or jiu-jitsu. And pretty soon Greg Wallace, a dark-headed fellow from New York, was showing us how to increase our speed by typing to music. He had a phonograph and a set of records, besides a couple of typewriters.

One morning Royce startled us by announcing a "lecture" in one of the studies upstairs. (We had each built a study, with the help of Art Dodson, and Betty Moore who designed the furniture and helped us build it from the lumber in the work shop.) The lecture, so called, was by Doris, and was a kind of illustrated history of portrait painting, from way back right down to now. Before we left we were all doing sketches for portraits. Doris and Betty began helping us along. Personally, I couldn't sketch a building, much less a face. But I learned how it was done! And Jerry caught on so quickly that we suspected he'd been getting private classes on the side. Bud Wilson went at it persistently, begging Doris and Betty to teach him every morning. He wanted to illustrate his own "things," like James Thurber did in the *New Yorker*. He even promised to make Betty a successful author in return. Betty was only too willing, since she had always dreamed of writing fashion stuff for *Ladies Home Journal* or *Vogue*.

I need not remark how quickly an interest can get hold of one. It was not long until everybody at Middlemount was teaching something and learning, or trying to learn, everything else. This feeling of mutuality speeded up the process, and sometimes had amazing results. Janet, for example, had come there knowing only cooking, but was soon engaged in ballet dancing, sketching, typing to music and without music, and executing dives that made Jerry himself whistle. She was a beautifully built girl, and I must admit won more than one proposal before the Spring came within hailing distance. Later she married a brother of Bud Wilson, whom she met through Bud. This brother, Jack, came down to visit Bud while he (Jack) happened to be in New York on business. Jack was a minor official in Fox Films, and a scenario writer of some reputation.

Before the Winter had passed, it began to dawn upon us that Royce had done what he'd wanted to, that is, had introduced us to a dozen fields of learning and activity, from cooking to painting, from swimming to sketching. We came before the end of the seven months to realize that the "arts" were broader than

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The Education of Hubert Jones, the Innocent

by PAUL ADER

THINGS HAPPEN from May to May. In not seven but in one year, amazing changes can and do take place in human beings. Consider Hubert Jones, who was from many points of view an interesting person, and perhaps a typical case.

Now Hubert came to college when he was a mere youth of sixteen or so; came because his father had gone before him and his brother had done the same. Hubert was of stock that had already done its adventuring in pioneer days, when his grandfather had gone to California on the Gold Rush. He had gone by way of the Horn, which anybody knows is very dangerous, even in these days.

When Hubert came to college he was a tallish boy, with dark suits and a well-trained part in his hair. He was mild and unimposing, with secret ambitions, but little outward appearance of initiative. Good, solid, studious, conventional lad, the delight of deans and certain professors, excellent material for the college mill. The type that may get into graduate school later and turn out to be a professor, in a not-too-hick college. A mind that is good, quick, and not too enquiring. That was Hubert Jones when he came to college!

Hubert was the kind that believed in the stuff people said, like "You can tell a man from the company he keeps"; and almost every Sunday he went to Church to listen to more or less scholarly sermons on how to live cleanly, and keep always above reproach, with an occasional discourse on immortality added. Hubert liked to believe in immortality, which was extremely comforting. Each Sunday he was inspired anew.

Hubert determined to make good, in his own quiet way, and to let the campus know that there *was* such a person as Hubert Jones in its midst. Now, how was that to be done, and how did one gain the admiration and praise of one's contemporaries? It became obvious

quite soon that there were several methods, like politics, but he knew he was no politician, or debating, but he was too audience-shy for that, or working for the newspaper. . . . That was a chance! Hubert went to the first meetings of the staff.

"Fellows," said the editor, "each of you has a good chance to be a campus personality by being editor of something here at Covell College. The *Covell Clarion* will be run by *one* of you in three or four years hence. Which shall it be, or rather who shall it be? Work hard, obey orders, and get things straight! Okay, fellows, are we ready to go?"

Everybody, including Hubert said, "YES!"

Hubert's first assignment was to write a feature on how it felt to be a freshman at Covell College. He wrote it carefully, doing a kind of satire, something like a mountain boy might write home to his paw and maw. The editor rejected it cold, and Hubert began to think the *Clarion* was not the place for him, maybe. He was puzzled and worried for a while, but never went back to the *Clarion* office again. Thereafter, he always mailed his letters to the editor.

Hubert knew defeat, and as a reaction began studying furiously, making fine grades on the first series of quizzes. On the second series, naturally, he made pretty good, too, since he had a reputation. So the end of the first term found him with plenty of quality points, but no accomplishment in real college life.

In January he met a red-headed fellow named Richard Kenslow, with whom he talked frequently after French class, and soon he began eating with him at noon and supper. Kenslow was what might be called a "character." Once when Hubert mentioned some of his own efforts at poetry, Kenslow said: "Oh, yes, I've written quite a bit of verse myself; I call them novels

in verse, since they average around four thousand lines each.”

Hubert whistled, “Whew! Novels in verse?”

Kenslow nodded his red, freckled head. He told Hubert about himself: twenty-one, been out for a couple years, working. He was from Washington D. C. and ranked only as a freshman in college. Then Hubert told Kenslow about himself, and Kenslow smiled.

“Well, don’t let me startle you, Hubert, when I tell you frankly that I don’t by any means think as you do on certain things; for instance, I’m an atheist.”

Hubert swallowed suddenly. He had never in his life met an avowed atheist before now. He looked with renewed interest at his table companion.

“You mean,” he said, “you don’t believe in . . . in God?”

“Of course not,” Kenslow replied, “nor in Heaven or Hell, or immortality, or any of the old ideas of morality and so forth.”

Hubert was astonished, and for a few days avoided Kenslow. But he met him again one day, and Kenslow introduced him to the editor of the literary magazine and to a fellow named Tatzelwurm, a young Austrian, and Tresser, a poet. Charles Tresser was an amazing chap, to Hubert. He drank all kinds of dry wines and smoked foreign tobacco, and was known to be quite a rounder, besides a poet.

Then one day, while innocently engaged in a game of ping-pong, he met a fellow named Jack Reggs, who could play like a demon, and talk marvellous yankee talk. He came from Queens in New York. Afterwards, these made up most of his table companions.

Kenslow was the first freshman to get some poems in the literary magazine, and naturally Hubert envied him. The poems were quite incomprehensible, but Kenslow had succeeded in publishing. Hubert wrote a series of sonnets and turned them in to the editor, who never said a word about them. “They were pretty bad, probably,” Kenslow said. “Let me see the next before you turn them in.”

Hubert said nothing, for he knew he was washed up again. He was wise enough, he said to himself, to know when he was out of his depth. That was the first real thing he had learned.

What Hubert learned in class was really nothing compared to what he learned at table. Each week his straight and narrow background became a little wider, not to say a bit rugged and jagged at the edges. Tresser, the poet, admitted several times that there was not

one girl on the campus a man could have any real companionship with.

“You can’t find one that will break a bottle of wine with you and talk about Hart Crane,” Tresser said, hardly taking his pipe from his mouth, “it’s a miserable shame.”

Women were carefully analyzed and dropped. The merits of several brands of pipe tobacco received ample elaboration from the omniscient Mr. Tresser. Reggs exposed his vocabulary of queer “swear-words,” as Hubert thought of them. Kenslow and Tresser argued over religion, with Hubert throwing in an occasional word for the orthodox cause.

“Religion nowadays,” Tresser said, “is botched to hell. I admire some of the Christian principles but I hate the stupid idiots that propagate the perverted gospel.”

“Why argue,” Kenslow replied, “there is no God, no afterlife.”

“Why not?” Hubert asked. “Can’t you allow those to believe who want to? Pragmatism allows that: whatever satisfies you is truth and if I want to believe, then I can, and for me, it is true.”

Kenslow shrugged.

Hubert knew the shrug meant, “Oh, shut up, you stupid ass,” and he kept still afterwards, but it set him to thinking. Reggs declared it didn’t make any difference to him. Morality was a geographical and sociological affair, and for his part he would have nothing of it. Tresser said, Hooray!

The conversation broke up, to be resumed in the evening. New fellows drifted in. Like Jansen, the guy from Newark, who could spout vulgarisms and sexy phrases like no one Hubert had ever seen. And Doc Wessner, a big, good-looking fellow who sometimes said, “For God’s sake, Jansen, cut out the bitching. Jeez!”

But Doc was a good fellow, with a lot on the ball. He was going to Germany to study next year, psychiatry, it was.

Kenslow went away for a week and never returned. Hubert did not know why, nor heard a single word about the entire affair thereafter.

A new fellow, George Barber, drifted in. Barber was a poet, living in the “rat house,” as the cheap dorm was called. He was always in “indigent circumstances,” and had definite communistic leanings. Barber was especially adept at mentioning Christ in a not

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First Date

by BEATRICE BLACKBURN MELLON

"MUVVER, please, pass the 'taters," whined Mary Lou.

"Yes, dear. Jane, won't you have some, too," said Mrs. Kasper as she passed the potatoes to the smallest member of the family.

With a look of amazement, Jane, the young lady of the family, answered: "Why mother. Have you forgotten already?"

Mr. Kasper, busy cutting his young son's steak, asked, "Forgotten—what has your mother forgotten that seems so important?"

Jane reddened and remained silent. After all, she thought, there are some things one must keep from one's father.

Mrs. Kasper understood her daughter's expression and answered, "Complexion, dear. Potatoes aren't good for one's complexion."

Mary Lou with a mouth full of potatoes drawled, "What's a 'plexion, muvver?"

She waved her fork in the air to attract attention.

Johnny grumbled, "Look at her. She hasn't any manners. Look at her. Boy, if I did it I'd get smacked. She's a spoiled brat."

This was a time to play the part of a stern father. Mr. Kasper said, "Johnny, that will be all."

Johnny squirmed uncomfortably in his chair and ventured. "Why is Jane's face pimpled?"

Mrs. Kasper's years of girlhood were not far behind. She replied, "Johnny, when you reach a certain age your face will become pimpled too, just like Jane's. Maybe worse. So, if I were you, I wouldn't make any comments about Jane's face."

Johnny continued, "Why? Why will my face become pimpled? Besides she's a girl, and girl's are sissies and they let pimples get the best of them. We boys would show them." He went through motions of slapping his face and squeezing imaginary pimples.

"Mother, can't you stop him?"

Mr. Kasper knew that it was time for the head of

the family to intervene. "Johnny, we will discuss this later."

"Yes, sir."

As the children dived into their dessert, Johnny with his mouth full and overflowing with chocolate pudding announced, "Mrs. Riley is going to have a baby, mom. They took her to the hospital today."

Jane pleaded, "Make him shut up."

Mrs. Kasper overlooked the last remark. "Darling, I think we'd better go over and see how her children are—poor dears, they're all by themselves."

Mr. Kasper answered, "Yes, dear. After I read the paper."

Jane saw an opportunity and seized it at once.

"Yes, do go—and take the children with you."

Johnny objected, "No, I don't like Billy Riley and besides Jane's got a boy friend taking her to a dance tonight—a college boy. She's been primping for a week."

Mary Lou joined in the commotion, "Boy friend. Jane's got a boy friend."

Jane interrupted, "Mother, Daddy, do something. Hasn't anyone any consideration for my feelings?"

"Now, children . . ." but Mrs. Kasper was interrupted by Lulu.

Lulu beamed with pride. "Miss Jane you all got a caller on the phone."

Jane rose. "Thank you. At least someone realizes that I'm a lady." She ran out of the room.

Johnny followed, mocking Jane and gesticulating with his hands, "'Thank you, at least someone realizes that I'm a lady.' Ah! rats."

"Son let's not have any more of that."

Mary Lou wriggled herself out of the chair and skipped out of the room. "Tank you—least someone realizes—ah! rats."

"Well," Mr. Kasper said, "so we have dating problems on our hands."

"No, I don't think so. After all, every girl has to

blossom before she becomes popular, and I don't think Jane has as yet."

"Speaking from motherly wisdom, my dear."

"No, girlhood experience, my pet."

"You don't say so," concluded Mr. Kasper as he began to bury himself in the *Daily Gazette*.

* * *

Upstairs in a baby-blue-and-pink room, Jane was busy dressing. She was trying to decide what she was going to wear. Of course, she had only two evening dresses, but it was still a problem. After walking back and forth and smiling coyly in the mirror, practicing how to be glamorous, she made up her mind. It came to her all of a sudden when she was humming "The Lady in Red." She remembered that the "fellows are all crazy about the lady in red."

Well, she thought, I hope the guy who wrote that song knew what he was talking about.

She heard Johnny and Mary Lou parading outside her door. They were shouting at the top of their lungs, "Jane has a boy friend. Jane is going to paint her face."

Jane grew angry at the sound of their voices. When she was wondering what good were little brothers and sisters, she realized that she could use them to advantage.

"Mary Lou," she called sweetly.

In fact she called so sweetly that Mary Lou looked bewildered at Johnny.

"Mary Lou," continued the strange sweetness, "do come in darling."

Mary Lou broke all speed records as she ran into Jane's room. "What do you want, sister?"

"Oh, Mary Lou, darling, would you like to help your big, big sister dress?"

"What do you want me to get for you?"

"Well, dear you—since you insist—could get me mother's make-up."

"Oh, Jane, no."

"That's all right. Mother said I could use it."

"Gee—you must be grown up."

"Why of course I am. One would think to hear you children talk that I were a mere fifteen, but, remember, I am sixteen now."

"I'll get it right away," called Mary Lou as she scampered away.

It was fifteen minutes since Lulu had shouted up the stairs that the caller had come. Something must be done; Lulu would have to come up the stairs to

announce callers. It was sophisticated to have someone to come up and announce the callers.

Jane had read in a little book that men preferred to wait for their women. She didn't know exactly what it meant, but she took it for granted that it concerned waiting for their dates.

With one last look in the mirror, Jane hurried down stairs.

As she entered the living room, a look of horror came upon her. There was Johnny, the brat, with a few of his boy friends.

Jane ignored them and greeted Billy. "Hello, please excuse me for being late, but I nearly forgot about our engagement."

Johnny and the rest of the audience giggled.

"That's a hot one," muttered Johnny, "She's been primping all week, and been going around in a daze."

Johnny's friends giggled and nudged one another.

Jane began to suspect that Johnny had charged them an admission to watch her.

Billy did not seem to hear the remark, "Hello, it's good to see you again. Did anyone tell you that you looked charming?"

"Thank you—let's go."

"Suits me."

On the dark porch they bumped into Mary Lou.

"Mrs. Riley just had a baby."

Jane blushed and was thankful that the porch light didn't work.

"Goodnight, Mary Lou."

* * *

Jane felt pangs of fear as she entered the powder room. She would rather face a cold stag line than sophisticated cats. Jane glanced around the room and heard drifts of conversation. She thought, college girls.

A siren blonde turned ever so slowly and said, "Don't be afraid, dear. Come on in."

All the girls in the room glanced at Jane and then at one another.

"Thank you."

"I haven't seen you around before. Where do you go to school?"

"Oh, I go to high school." The words fell flat.

"Do tell," mocked a redhead, and the girls crowded around.

"Let's educate the kid," shouted another.

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"Sure, give her a break—prepare her."

Jane smiled sweetly. "What are you going to educate me about?"

A tall girl muttered to another. "These damn high-school kids. You can't go any place without seeing their baby faces."

The blonde took Jane's hand. "Now, dearie, don't be afraid of them. We just want to warn you. . . ."

"Now, listen, honey," drawled a southern brunette. "We all want to give you all a lesson on men, honey."

"Listen, what she means is this. If he gets fresh, give him an uppercut," explained the blonde. "That's if you want to stop him, but, then, high-school kids usually don't."

"Of course, she does. Honey, use those beautiful finger nails for something besides looks. If you all know what I mean," continued the southerner.

Jane was angry and called after her, "Thank you."

Another girl called, "Remember kid—new face, new fancy."

* * *

The dance was simply marvelous. Handsome boys cut in on her. Honestly, one didn't know that such men existed anymore. All were tall and with tails on they looked like something that stepped out of that naughty *Esquire*.

Billy cut in and smiled. It made her heart skip a few beats. He suggested a stroll on the veranda.

That's where all the popular girls were asked to go, and Jane was so thrilled. When she was on the veranda, she didn't think it was any different to be out there than inside.

Jane sighed, "Isn't the moon beautiful?"

Billy squeezed her a little too hard. "Yes, we'll take advantage of it later."

"Silly!"

Billy answered with another movement of his arm that Jane thought was a little too fresh. "Well, we'll see. Something to look forward to, anyway."

* * *

When the dance was over, Jane agreed that her moments in heaven were over. Billy helped her on with her wrap, and they left.

Outside it was cold, especially in a convertible. Jane moved closer and Billy started the motor.

"Nice night," he suggested.

"Too cold."

"I like it this way—so convenient." He put his arm around her to draw her closer.

Jane began to feel her heart beat faster. Her cheeks felt hot. She laughed off the funny feeling.

"What are you giggling about?"

"Everything—you—the dance. I'm so happy."

He drew up on the side of the road and stopped. He looked deep into her eyes and she shivered. Then, he took her in his arms and crushed her to him.

She remembered what the girls had told her in the powder room. Now, she knew what they had meant. The very touch of his huge arms around her made her sick. This boy who seemed like a knight to her at the dance, was now repulsive. She freed herself; she gathered all her strength; and she punched him right in the jaw.

"Damn it," he cried. He rubbed his jaw soothingly and as if seeing her for the first time, he smiled. "Nice right hook you have, sister. Let's shake hands and be friends."

"All right, providing. . . ."

"Don't worry. I know when I'm licked."

He started the car and they drove home in silence. Jane thought that if only those college girls had seen her—that would have shown them a thing or two.

Back home Mr. and Mrs. Kasper were waiting for their daughter. This dating business had never occurred before and it was just as bad as waiting for a new baby. They relaxed when they heard a car pull up in front of the house.

"Goodnight, Jane. I'll see you soon. I want you to demonstrate that right hook again."

"Goodnight."

* * *

Mrs. Kasper came into Jane's room to find her crying. Mrs. Kasper gathered her daughter in her arms and tried to soothe her.

"Mother, I never want to go to a dance again. He's horrid and those girls made fun of me. I'm just a high-school girl; mother, they think high-school girls are. . . ."

"Yes, I know dear. It won't happen again. At least not for a while."

Back in her room, Mrs. Kasper told her husband about Jane's evening. Mr. Kasper yawned and said, "I guess you were right dear, she hasn't blossomed yet."

STUDENT PILOT

(Continued from Page 3)

just before the fence that separates it from the dirt road to town, repeating to myself, "Now, don't worry. Just remember on turns to keep the stick forward and opposite the rudder direction. Not too fast." The Cub's nose was pointed down the runway toward the Gap, that narrow space between the encroaching trees where one has to be careful of cross winds. "It's now or never," I thought, and pushed the throttle forward, making the little motor roar with excitement. We were going up!

The ship gathered speed as I pushed the stick forward and the tail came up. The bumps threw the wings from side to side a bit, but that was familiar, and finally, after two false tries that only brought me back to earth gently, the wheels lifted off the ground. From then on I was so intent upon handling the ship that the absence of the instructor seemed an unimportant matter. First we cleared the trees at the end of the field, and then we climbed up to 400 feet, much faster than usual without the added weight of bulky Pick. The ship and I were together now.

So we circled around the sawdust pile marker, hovered over the tracks, and then glided into the field. The wheels were just skimming the high grass as I pulled back on the stick and sailed daintily over the field for a hundred yards before we lost flying speed and settled with a slight "thump" on the ground. I had soared.

Since then I've been working steadily on building up hours for a private pilot's license. The CAA wants you to have thirty-five of them, plus an elementary knowledge of navigation and meteorology, and know how to do spins, spirals, 360° turns, and many other things before the coveted ticket is yours. For the American pilot of the future is to be a competent man, intelligent and full of initiative, but distinctly not foolhardy. Stunting is discouraged unless it tends to develop flying proficiency. Flying nowadays is a serious business, and the man who takes it as a sport must make way for the needs of commerce.

THE WHEEL

(Continued from Page 5)

on the sidewalks to watch with disapproval the sinners who rode on Sunday.

Ira thought that middle Jersey would never end: that forever he would pedal past old houses and little towns, forever rolling over hills between cornfields, with the group growing smaller and smaller until only

he and the pacemakers would be left. Then, in the distance he saw New Brunswick.

The return trip was a free-for-all. No longer did the pacemakers watch their charges in the little group that was left. Weary, dusty young men ground at their pedals: many stopped to find a railroad station and take a train home.

Ira felt his mouth become drier and dustier: sharp little pains like hot wires ran up his calves, then up his thighs. His hands became sore from the cork grips of the handlebars; his arms were stiff and aching from shaking over the rough roads. He cursed every hill; he was grateful for every little descending grade down which he coasted till the bicycle slowed to a walk. As often as he dared, he stopped to rest.

His body was sore and his mind was troubled.—What would his father say? Would he disown him for his disobedience? No, that was not likely, his father would certainly not be that angry. Perhaps he would lecture to him, humiliate him with the knowledge of his sin: perhaps—O God forbid—he would deprive him of his bicycle.

He began to see how wrong this trip was. It was not only wicked for him to break the Sabbath—he still could not feel properly repentant about that—but he had deliberately disobeyed and deceived his father. He had been unfair: he had sneaked away like a thief. His father had always been fair to him: his father had trusted him, and he had betrayed that trust. He had betrayed his father the way Judas had betrayed Christ—not for silver but for a bronze medal which he might not even receive. His face flushed with guilt and shame: his thoughts stung him even more than his weariness.

Tired and ashamed, he pedaled homeward. In his pocket was a bronze medal on a leather watch fob.—What would his father say?—Then he was on Hamilton Avenue, then he saw his house. There was a light in the parlor window, and against the shade he saw his father's shadow. He trembled. He rode into the back yard and put away his bicycle.

When he entered the parlor, Ira saw his father reading the Bible. He looked up from the book when his son entered.

"Hello, Ira," he said quietly, "where have you been?"

Ira blushed. "I—I went on a century run. I got a medal." He fished it from his pocket.

"I see. You must be tired; you had better go to bed."

"I'm going now. Good night, Dad."

So that was all! He mounted the stairs, slowly, aching in every joint.

SHADOWS

(Continued from Page 8)

while someone passed around a hat. And it was horrible to hear him preach in free verse and the crowd knelt in the street and repented although they did not understand a word. The collection netted him \$53.75 and Willy gave up ballet and literature and founded a new Church.

 THE EXPERIMENT AT
MIDDLEMOUNT
(Continued from Page 13)

we had dreamed, the arts of hiking and conversation being on a par with those of writing poetry and designing or sketching. The theory Royce worked upon was so simple as to be hardly believable. In practice, so well had he chosen his subjects, his theory became actuality.

I cannot imagine a more enjoyable period of life than that before one's twenty-fifth year, devoted to the simple (or complex) skills of every-day living. If a college were more highly selective, and could "lower" itself to teach such things as cookery and dancing, conversation and hiking, typing and poetics, music and swimming in its regular curriculum, then truly could it be said to approach its ideal of inculcating culture, teaching one to employ most beneficially one's leisure. The tradition, I'm afraid, is too set, too rigid. Mere books will hold their prominent place, to the exclusion of the more fundamental things. As Emerson noted, books are for one's leisure or incidental hours. Study nature, i.e. life, as the main course. But the book-feeders grind on, incessantly, spreading their dry poison everywhere.

 THE EDUCATION OF HUBERT
JONES, THE INNOCENT
(Continued from Page 15)

too reverent manner, and at writing some pretty good poetry.

"Lord," Tresser was saying once, "Barber is the best poet we got. First genius New Jersey's produced since Stephen Crane."

Barber demurred. "Hell I am," he said, puffing his stinking cigar. Thereafter it was a job to get Barber to publish his stuff.

Hubert discovered several amazing things in the course of that year; such things as the fact that his companions almost to the last one, believed that religion was in general a stupid superstition, that morality was man-made and meaningless, that idealism was

a pretty good sign of mental weakness, that the majority of conventional college students were slaves and numbskulls and hopelessly lost in the money-grabbing, hypocritical manner of living called the great American way of life; that Democracy was pathetically doomed and not nearly what it was cracked up to be, and that war would inevitably come again since human beings were such asses as they every day showed themselves to be.

All this gave Hubert a decided shock. For the first time he became conscious of the hyper-critical faculty, the process of serious doubting, and the thing which all his companions seemed to admire generally, that is, art in one form or another, whether it be poetry, music or painting. Tatzelwurm, the Austrian, published an article on occult phenomena in the lit magazine, and painted; Tresser wrote reams of poetry, was a connoisseur of wines and tobaccos; Jansen, the scientist was an exception, admitting simply that art was so much bull. Doc was a musician of ability, as was another fellow, Darnet, who could talk philosophy and music with a brilliance which completely overcame Hubert.

Darnet would begin with a "Do jeez," and end up explaining the Spinozistic meaning of Substance. In the band he played piano, and out of the band he drank quantities of beer and rye. It was amazing. And Darnet claimed to be a pure sensationalist.

Hubert was frequently miserable in his ignorance. How he could put himself on a more or less equal footing with these fellows became his constant problem. His mind had been stirred and awakened. Cynicism was the mode of the day. To believe in anything except art was silly and got you absolutely nowhere. While he studied art and music and writing, his grade went down and down, until the end of his sophomore year.

Then something happened. Hubert wrote a dreadfully serious story, which Port, the editor, thought excellent satire. It was then that he began to be accepted. Port called him the new king of satire, and Tresser the rising editor, remarked once, "This Jones is some thing of a wit, when he wants to be."

Hubert breathed a sigh of relief that slipped down his seventeen years. He was made! He was one of the select few, the artists, and no longer believed in such old stuff like, "You can tell what a fellow is by the companions he keeps." That was for stupid religious students and people who maintained the status-quo like deans and business men. "This day I am becoming a man," he said.

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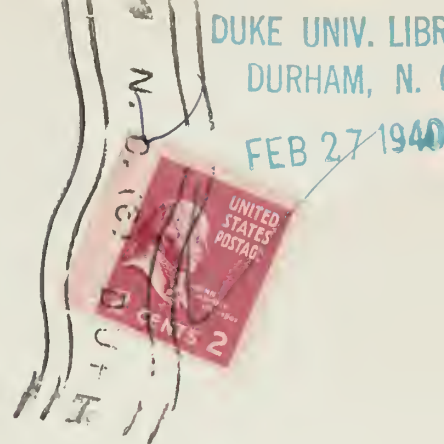


THE ARCHIVE



FEBRUARY

1940



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of '39...



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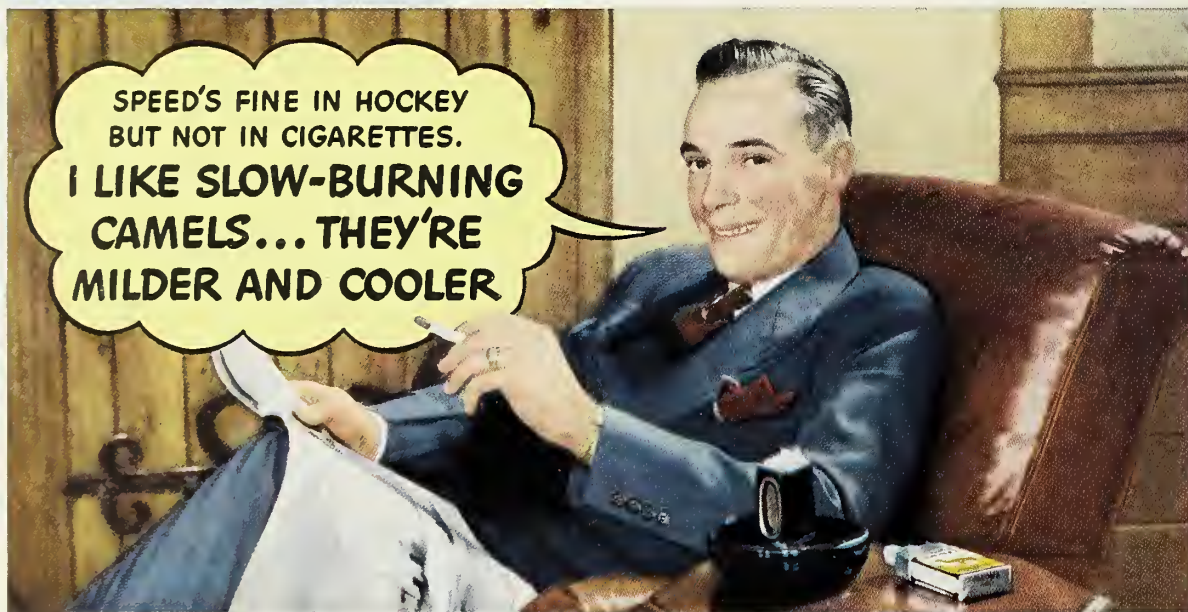
HE'S AWAY! He burns up the ice—a spectacular solo dash...nimble he dodges the defense...draws out the goalie and scores.



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His hockey's fast and hot!

BUT HE SMOKES A SLOW-BURNING
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AND FLAVOR



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I LIKE SLOW-BURNING
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EXTRA
SMOKES
PER PACK!**

FOR MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR

CAMELS SLOW-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS

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The ARCHIVE

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EDITORIAL, REVIEWS AND CONTRIBUTORS

FASHION

LITERATURE is as much subject to changes of fashion as plug hats, hoopskirts, and morals. Nobody reads the bestsellers of yesteryear. Nobody will read the bestsellers of today twenty years hence. In a very few years such delights as *Gone with the Wind* will have died the death along with short skirts, prohibition, and the Dies Committee. But while short skirts, prohibition, and perhaps even the Dies Committee may come into fashion again, *Gone with the Wind* will remain interred among other fourth-rate efforts.

The false bohemianism of the twenties, the sentimental mush of the pre-war period, and the parlor dust of the dim Methodist past, all these seem already so remote that it is difficult to believe that their productions were once financed by businessmen, praised by salaried critics, and wept over by esthetic clubwomen. Everything that once seemed fine and beautiful now appears ridiculous; what was once regarded as Addisonian eloquence is today recognized as professorial

cackle; "high truths" have become banalities; fine sentiments and smart wit have turned stale.

The birth of trash is always accompanied by royal gun salute, the raising of the flag, two-minute silences in academic halls, and fireworks and popcorn for the populace. But while the fourth-rate is exalted by the professional promoters of trash and by their grateful public, the few lasting works are created either in obscurity or surrounded by scandal. So consistent and unerring is the bad taste of the public that it is safe to state dogmatically that a very successful book is rarely a good book.

A reading of the most popular books of the last fifty years, if such a reading were not a physical impossibility, would prove our axiom. One does not have to go back to the blushing heroines and bearded villains, to the aggressive forward-lookers and progress-bringers of the last century to realize its truth. We are daily surrounded by a luxuriant growth of literary hoopskirts, sideburns, and plug hats.

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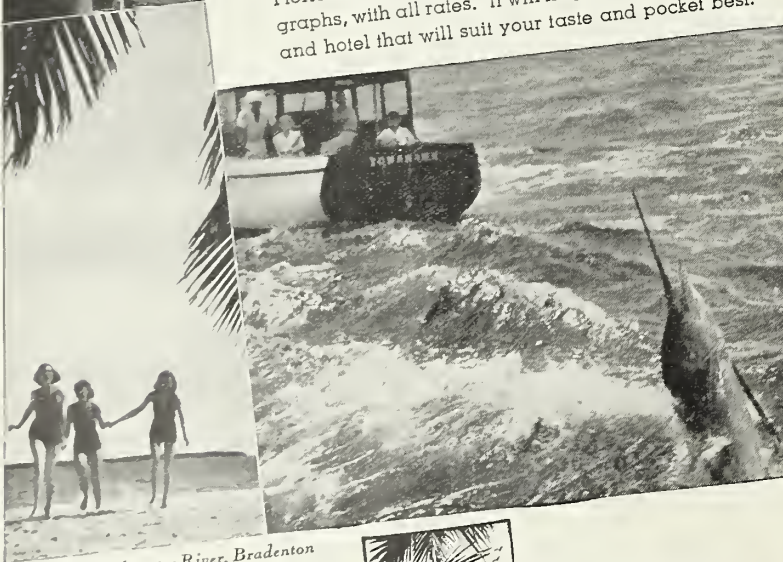
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Love Story

by PAUL PAVANE

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA in the old hotel park.

The musicians sat under the chestnuts with their instruments. "We live, we live!" sang the violins, and the cello lamented "Life is so hard."

Among the flower beds, shaded by dark foliage, stood the white tables of the guests. Headwaiters in black, with napkins tucked under their arms, sailed along, bent under silver trays, or took orders, head inclined attentively, block and pencil in hand.

Peter sat in his tall chair, a large napkin tied around his neck, and spooned a portion of crème glacée à la fermière. He could feel the warmth of the afternoon sun through the back of his coat; his legs dangled in the agreeable coolness of the table's shadow. The hated governess sat somewhere far down the table among some strangers and his parents were drinking their coffee at the other end and paid apparently no attention to him.

Around him there was an interesting confusion of large and small spoons, little yellow forks, glasses of various shapes, a curved coffee pot, flowers, and plates of wonderful cake.

Peter felt quite grown-up.

He spooned his ice cream with much dignity, slowly, to prolong the sweet, liquid sensation down his throat. Each spoonful gave him a delicious headache between the eyes.

Farther down the table sat a beautiful woman. He had noticed her already before the ice cream, but now the musicians were playing such a strange melody with

plucked strings and soft violins that he had to look at her almost incessantly, along the striped vest of his neighbor and the ample bosom of some yellow-haired wife. There she sat, all in white, looking just like his mother, only much more beautiful. She seemed so unbelievably soft and round and lovely. Peter stared at her with round eyes and felt chills along his spine that reminded him of the night when he had for the first time seen the flaming miracle of the Christmas tree.

Next to her sat a man with a white suit and an empty yellow face. He made quick gestures with ringed hands and spread his little finger elegantly when he lifted the cup to his pointed lips. He smiled thin, wrinkled smiles, rolled his eyes and did wonderful things with his yellow eyebrows. The beautiful woman seemed impressed. She leaned over to the yellow man, and he whispered something to her that made her laugh. The man lifted his cup, opened his mouth from ear to ear, threw the contents of the cup into it, shut it and wiped it with three precise motions of the napkin, got to his feet, bowed to the beautiful woman, bent his right arm into fish-hook shape, and led her away.

Peter noticed that even his shoes were yellow.

The beautiful woman disappeared among the trees. The musicians had stopped playing. The first violin drank a beer and the cello had lighted a pipe. The conductor fastened a little sign to his stand: "Intermission."

With a sigh Peter



(Continued on Page 21)

You Swiftly Fading

By VERGIL WHITE

Du schnell vergehendes Daguerreotyp
in meinen langsamer vergehenden Händen.

—RILKE.

II. School Library

HE STOOD at the window of the library, looking past the false columns at the street below. It was October in New Jersey, the trees were red and yellow, the leaves were falling and the air smelled of bright bitter autumn. Yellow and orange school buses were drawing up before the front of the building, leaves falling on the grey and silver roofs. Beyond, past the grounds of the old hotel, he could see a little white house, and more trees.

He was a thin young man in a dark blue suit, worn and shiny but carefully pressed. His bow tie was tight and straight, his breastpocket had a white handkerchief folded into neat points, his shoes were shined. And his ruffled shock of blonde hair showed traces of having been neatly combed. In his hand was a large dark red book, *Milton's Complete Works*, printed in small, bad type which hurt his eyes already peering through glasses.

—*Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves*, the line shook him, cut through him, was a knife at his heart. Like

En Priamus, sunt hic etiam sua praemia laudi,
Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.

—These touch the mortal heart surely, these are great poetry, waking my emotions as the October tree of immemorial beauty.

—There is her schoolbus. She did not speak to me today. If I come here afterwards, I shall see her walk down the drive to the bus. She will not know that I am watching. Nor care. Why should she? I am not handsome, my clothes are worn. I am not at all desirable. I only write her poems. Not money nor cleverness, but words. Poetry, a new and pernicious

secret vice in the family is my contribution. Poetry that is not yet good, but may be. I often think she must despise me for a fool.

—October gold. October, November. Our lives run on. My parents grow older, I too. And we never have more money, and perhaps I shall not get to college. Then what?

—October. *That time of year thou mayst in me behold*. When yellow leaves upon the trees?

When yellow leaves or few, or none do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang. . . .

The rest? Thou mayst? Thou seest? They are greatest in fragments. Shakespeare, afflicted with the sonnet form, also looking out of a window at yellow trees, across fields of blowing leaves. Not in New Jersey. Not in October. Nor had he to contend with buses.

—I should be free, to travel and see beauty, to feel more beautiful earth as poetry. The blue hills which I cannot see, but feel, that you see from the golf course. To go beyond them, west, west, west. Ted in New Mexico. I have never been west of Niagara Falls. *In Gaza at the Mill with Slaves*. What have they here? *Dagon, their sea idol?* A clock on the wall, and a poster, *Chemins de fer de France*, an old chateau done with purple emphasis. What do they know?

He looked about him at the high-school students in the room.

—Girls of whom I am afraid. Girls to make me feel my loneliness. Nasty young freshmen, noisy little S. O. B.'s who shoot paper wads at people. Young in body, childish in mind. My mind is old, yet young. Latin and Greek, kai duo hecatombes tois theois, two hecatombs to the gods. Enteuthen exelaunei. Thence he marches. And to see the Parthenon in the moonlight.

—Yellow leaves, and free to wander and make new poems. I am tired of here.

He took out a piece of dirty paper and a pencil from his coat. He sat at a table and began writing.

And the hills are falling
In a landslide of colors, but beyond, the sea
With a green surface like a cat's eye and the calling
Of its polyglot voices stirring the mind incessantly
To leave the town

This would be a good poem; the motion of the hills which always now was in his mind, the motion of the sea, a great swelling, an undulation, ebb and flow. Carved in marble art, his monument of words to Piraeus, seaport of Athens, connected to the city by two roads and a wall. He should have been a Greek, writing great music in a great and moving tongue.

Milton still in his hand, he walked past the shelf of modern poets.

—*Whine from these gripes*, he punned, smiling sourly. Somebody else said it before: who? Somebody always before me. In an empty world so full.

—What would they say here if they knew I wrote poems? Laugh at me? Or false praise far worse than laughter? They are not bad poems, but they must be better. Homeric ghosts

And the ship's ropes groan like Homeric ghosts?

I could not finish this during History, and I shall not finish it now. I must find a beginning. Also an ending.

Waste water in which we drown?

Fragments. Homeric ghosts for a better time before Athens: Athens for a better time than ours? Was it better? Matthew Arnold said that Sophocles saw life and saw it plain. Did Matthew Arnold? Empedocles tottering on Etna, grouching about the gods. Give him a shove.

—To argue with yourself because there is no one else to argue with you except the principal, who is too busy, and the English teacher who has forgotten his Greek. And neither of them knows the moderns.

Macadam, gun grey as the tunny's belt.

—I wish I had the book. The anthologist said his long poem was a failure. I wonder. I do not like his 'bulging bullion.' Anthologists are sometimes liars, sometimes fooled. Untermeyer and the greatest pastoral poet.

—Nobody reads the books I read. I can tell by the cards. And they have no classical texts here, nor in the town library. Horace borrowed from Thomas and a worn Catullus I bought for a dime. *Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale*. Like my father's brother, dying in a strange room, quite lost and murdered by the world. He must have wanted to create, and did not and could not, so dulled the wanting with drink. I did not know him well, except as a kind man who made me think of Lincoln when I was little. One day, when we lived in the flat heated by stoves, he came to see us, and said in his Lincolnesque voice "Hello, Ike" to my father and brought me a pencilbox and sat in the old crooked back rocker, but what did he say afterwards? Where was my mother then? I do not even remember what my father did that day, but his brother sat in the old chair, slightly bent over, with his hands clasped, jutting out from arms between his knees. I wear his ties and bathrobe, and read *Ave atque Vale* in a kind of memory. His boyhood and my father's and the boyhood of my mother's brothers are mine: I never had any like theirs.

This is he, softly a while

Let us not break in upon him.

—The ghosts of figures I do not know: I am they and they are I, let us not break in upon them. My father's brother and my two grandfathers, requiescant in pacem.

Suddenly over him came a great movement to the past: from the window he saw not the trees of New Jersey but the trees of Greece, autumn trees of the hills about Athens, and felt suddenly the urge to travel anew. The past was a great sadness in him, the tears of things, Vergil his guide through limitless halls, where paintings of Priam's unhappy fate met his eyes. From Greece to Carthage, with the sea spray in galley cordage, the stink of the slaves' sweat in his nostrils. There at the window he felt the change: it was autumn in Carthage now. Priam's sad fate, *in incredible splendor of Ionian white and gold*, dark red, deep purple, rude Hector running riot through the streets, filling them with gore. It spread in deep stains. He wandered through the past, making new poems, and all were the tears of things.

Death is a figurehead neatly carved
As the prow of a galley seen?

(Continued on Page 17)



Sunday Morning

by KENNETH EARLEY



IT WAS EARLY morning with the sun up hot and the bay still, the water placid and smooth and the wind unmoving. She could see far out over the bay the long arm of land that shut out the ocean and the beacon a finger in the distance. Henry came up the long boardwalk from the boathouse and turned up the path and she hailed him from the distance and waved. He had an old tarpaulin over his shoulder, rolled and dragging at his heels. They were going to cover the opening in the back porch with it.

There was nothing on the bay as far as she could see, except the buoy at Sharp's Rock and Tiny Stilman's Cris-Craft tied at the dock. The long shoulder of land to the north shut out her view of the larger part of the bay. The beach was white and extended far out with little drop and the bank hovered above it, growing into a small rise and rocky cliffs not far north of the boat-house. There the beach disappeared altogether and the rocks arose above it for a hundred feet and the birds nested there screaming all day.

The house lay a hundred yards from the path which followed the shelf's edge, and it was a good grade up to the house. When Harry came into earshot she shouted, "Where's Tiny?" It was not that she cared for Tiny in the slightest but it helped to do away with the slowness of his coming. It was quite a walk up the grade and he was puffing when he got there. She helped him lower the canvas to the earth though he merely let it slide off his shoulder and drop. They stood looking over the bay for a moment, taking in the stillness and the lack of activity and the fact that it was Sunday.

"Oh," he said suddenly. "Tiny, he's over to Hal's and they want us to drop in for a while."

She looked rather disappointed when he turned to her, but he knew she would be, and he tried to smooth it over.

"Please, honey. It won't hurt you for a while.

They're kinda expecting us and we can't refuse them all the time."

"I know," she said. "I was thinking of that."

She went into the house to fix up a bit and he took the canvas around to the shed. She heard him rummaging in the back, looking for a place to put it. She got out her most frilled blouse and threw it on the bed. Then she took off her man's shirt and stood looking at herself in the mellow light of the room. She was standing that way when he came in, looking at her skin and her hair and the wrinkles of her throat.

"I'm not going to change, darling," he said.

"Oh, but Henry. . . ."

He sat on the bed to take off his short boots and the moccasins and change his socks and she watched him.

"Tell me, Henry, do you think I'm getting old? I mean. . . . Oh well, you know."

"I know what?"

He came over to her in his bare feet and gathered her into his arms and kissed her on the nose.

"Darling, you're a horrible mess and I don't want anything to do with you."

"Couldn't we just go off in the boat and forget them?"

"Yes, I suppose we could. But it wouldn't be nice. And besides, who puts such ideas in your head?"

"You do."

"I do?"

She turned away from him and picked up the blouse and went to the dresser. He watched her cover her firm breasts and disguise the slim waist with the thin cloth and scratched his chin, not quite understanding. She stuffed the blouse into her plain skirt and began to take definite form while he watched her a little fascinated. It always fascinated him to watch his wife dress. She was slender and almost nothing in comparison to the ones around the Settlement and farther inland. She began to comb her long rich hair and it waved out dark and lovely. He went over to her and

stood behind her and watched her reflection in the mirror.

Behind him he could see the window, open, and the shade half drawn. It faced the north and the light came in and made the room soft and comfortable and her lovely, and made him want to put his hands on her.

"No, darling," she said.

He moved over to the window away from her and looked out. At times he didn't quite understand her or how her mind worked, and the quick way she could shut him off in it, him and the outside world. He heard a quick whistle outside.

"Hal's here," he said.

He went out on the front porch and she heard their conversation, Hal loud and noisy as though he would impress by weight of the words alone, and Henry more laughing and less insistent. When he came back in he left Hal whistling and found her with a bad look on her face, but he knew she would do nothing about it.

"I'll be ready in a moment," she said.

She tied her hair above the crown with a red ribbon and rouged her cheeks slightly, high, and then she was ready. When she came out into the sunlight she looked lovely with her honey-colored hair and the ribbon and her slimness accentuated by the flair skirt and the blouse. Her bright young body looked healthy and good in the free skirt and he wondered what there was about her insistent ageing. She was civil enough to Hal, a little withdrawn, a little reserved, and a little shy. But she didn't like him anyway.

With her there would be no social life and no life at all except on the water. On the water she was lovely and all the little things engendered in his heart against her were dissipated in the clean air and her delightfulness. She loved the water more than life itself, and the boat more than him, and insisted that she go regardless of where he was going or how bad it was. There just wasn't a place on the water she would not go. She was a good sailor and amazingly strong for one so small and she had a way of never giving up no matter how bad things were. But that was on the water.

The footpath along the bank was worn broad and deep from past usage. They walked abreast, the three, and there was still room on the path. It had never been called a road, and it would be a long time before the grasses defeated it.

The bay was smooth and hardly moved on the sand it was so still. They went down the boardwalk and

far out and down the steps to the shadow of the old boathouse. It was high and dry and the wood black from the ill temper of the sea. The brightness of the morning air set it off with romantic mystery, the very boards hallowed with age, and it looked clear cut and angular, an antique with an antique's right to existence. She loved it for what it permitted her to remember, and the things it let her imagine. She suddenly laughed like a child and ran up the broad beach ahead of them, and left them to poke along in their hard walk.

Not far ahead the beach narrowed to the base of the cliff and lost itself in the waters of the bay. Here the water thundered in bad weather, being heard clear to Hollow Point, and many times she came in her oilskins to listen to it, Henry at her side. She loved being there when Henry was with her. There were many things they loved together and appreciated and held and would not let go. But this Sunday's visit was not one of them. It was pointless and distasteful and she did not like the company of others when she could have Henry.

She was sitting in the hard packed sand waiting for them to catch up to her. They walked slowly, the better to talk, and she wished to get it over as soon as possible. There was a time-worn path up the cliff, leading far out over the craggy brows which frowned on the sea. In places there were well-anchored steps, frequently replaced when storms tore them away and hurried them into kindling. She went ahead of them up the steep path and sometimes Henry caught up with her, touching her, not knowing why, and sometimes not knowing at all that he had. Often they rested and turned their faces to the sea, she and Henry silent and Hal talking loudly all the time. When they reached the top and sat down, Hal seemed to notice her for the first time.

"You look funny in a skirt," he said.

"Do I?"

"Uhuh. I never see you out of pants."

"Slacks," she corrected.

"Well then slacks," he said. "It doesn't matter what you call them. They're pants to me."

"Well, they're still slacks."

"My wife calls them pants too."

She got up and moved away from them, and they were both laughing, and she was a little furious about it. She sat down on the highest point, on a shelf of rock wind eroded and smooth, and looked out over the



The Drama and Contemporary Russian Thought

by EDWARD J. STAINBROOK

"If an art has boundaries at all—boundaries of its soul-become-form—they are historical and not technical or physiological boundaries. An art is an organism, not a system. There is no art-genus that runs through all the centuries and all the Cultures. Even where (as in the case of the Renaissance) supposed technical traditions momentarily deceive us into a belief in the eternal validity of antique art-laws, there is at bottom entire discrepance. There is nothing in Greek and Roman art that stands in any relation whatever to the form-language of a Donatello statue or a painting of Signorelli or a façade of Michelangelo. Inwardly, the Quattrocento is related to the contemporary Gothic and to nothing else. The fact of the archaic Greek Apollo-type being 'influenced' by Egyptian portraiture, or early Tuscan representation by Etruscan tomb-painting, implies precisely what is implied by that of Bach's writing a fugue upon an alien theme—he shows what he can express with it. Every individual art—Chinese landscape or Egyptian plastic or Gothic counterpoint—is once existent, and departs with its soul and symbolism never to return."

—OSWALD SPENGLER.

Art is forever being born in the human soul. The plastic light and shadow at the boundary of the Known and the Unknown is constantly being formed into significant and concrete reality as Psyche woos the Cosmos with the language, the music, the hands, and the minds of men. Man, by means of his arts, creates himself. He casts an ikon of his soul, sometimes in a symphony of sound, sometimes in non-organic stone or metal; sometimes he molds an idea and a mind, or an ideology and a culture in the form of his spirit. But always art is a process. Always it is the vanguard of the intellect. Always it prepares the way for knowledge and for collective living by concretizing the environment of reality and by making reality psychologically intelligible to the mental sensitivity of mankind.

Culture is always the territory through which art has passed. It is conquered reality. It is the ash, the residue from the combustion of art and nature in the urn of infinity. The ever-fleeing horizon of consummate

achievement toward which humanity moves is the constant movement of art from the continually extending periphery of the known reality into the penumbra of the unknown reality. It is by this ecstatic grasping after nebulous reality that significance, purpose, and value are brought forth into the world of men.

The function of art, then, is to create "the loveliness that is yet to come into the world," as James Joyce has seen—to create the reality, and the knowledge, and the culture and civilization that is yet to come into the world.

The art of the drama is old. It is impossible to arbitrarily designate the cultural milieu which gave it birth. Yet wherever the history of humanity has been written or sung, there existed the theatre and the forms of the drama through which the *Zeitgeist* of the age was made manifest and in which the spirit that was yet to come into the cultural life was being created. Nicolas Evreinoff has written: "Every epoch, every period of our cultural development has reflected in the theatre, as in a mirror, its fondest thoughts, dreams and ideals, has used the stage as the tribune from which to proclaim new—or old—social, religious, and moral theories."

The reciprocity between the drama and life is everywhere and at all times discernible. The savage mind created its drama by conceiving the animatized environment as concrete and psychologically believable embodiments of the animating spirits. In the morning mists of the dawn of the intellect vague, indefinite, nebulous forms and shapes of a cosmos played joyfully and tantalizingly with the awakening conceptual faculties of the human mind. Psyche was springing from the head of man, fresh with the ecstasy of life. How could the ethereal spirit that animated the universe be inspired into man, be captured for the continual and

permanent delight of his mind's eye? This conquest of the elusive mystery of the cosmos was accomplished for the primitive mentality by the drama. Through it the savage made his ideas, his spirits, live in the guise of human beings. He spiritualized himself as he humanized and dramatized his thought. The dance, the religious ritual, all were exact reflections of his Weltanschauung and his culture. Havemeyer writes: "If one had merely an accurate description of the savage drama it would be possible to draw a picture of their life, although no other details but those appearing in the drama might be at hand."

The desire, indeed, the necessity to give expression to emotional fervor and the need for its formalization into emotional and intellectual ecstasy is universal. The Greek countrypeople of antiquity created the choral song and dance to bring into their immediate sensual experience the mystery of their living. The epic developed as a means of making concrete and immediately real the secular achievements and events in the lives of the folk. Out of the Dionysian goat-songs and the traditional epics grew the Greek drama wherein the logically "closed" world of classic Greece portrayed man acted upon by world forces in contrast to the Elizabethan drama in which man was working against world forces. Here, again, is demonstrated the relation between Zeitgeist and drama. For Classic man the world was closed, complete; man, himself, therefore could not militate against fate, could not disturb the existing order by being active himself. But in the Shakespearean era the world is no longer "closed"; man is an individual with a psychology of action. His conflicts with the world are mirrored in the drama. He is Hamlet, Macbeth, King Lear. *Faust* also appears in this world of "Unendlichkeit," being not so much a dramatic reflection of a world-outlook as a Weltanschauung created in dramatic form in which the implications of individual intellectual freedom are worked out before such freedom of the intelligence becomes a general cultural reality.

It appears, then, that the time-spirit of any culture

finds adequate representation in the drama of that culture. And, as the Zeitgeist is really a spectrum of intellectual intensity varying over the range of the psychological and social latitude of life of the people within the culture, so the drama will be functioning on various planes of purpose. The art of the drama may be used to educate, to deceive, to experiment with dramatic technique, to give "pure" aesthetic pleasure, to motivate human action, or to pre-view future reality. In a cultural system of dynamic social and ideological change, how does the drama function to fulfill these purposes? What function may the drama serve in the final synthesis and integration of a culture?

* * *

Art is forever being born in the human soul; sometimes this is a collective parturition in which many human souls lie in travail to bring forth a single work. Contemporary Russia is in the throes of this creative labor. There will be found, stark and naked, the processes of mind recreating old realities into new. There may be studied, *in situ*, the psychological and social digestion and assimilation of a new way of life.

The difference between revolutionary Russia and pre-revolutionary Russia is mainly a difference of "tempo," a difference in the time of the measured beats of cultural progress. The andante progression of historical Russia contrasts sharply and clearly with the allegro movements of the coeval Western European cultures. In America and elsewhere in Europe the industrialization of culture was actively in process when in Russia the peasants were only being finally emancipated from serfdom.

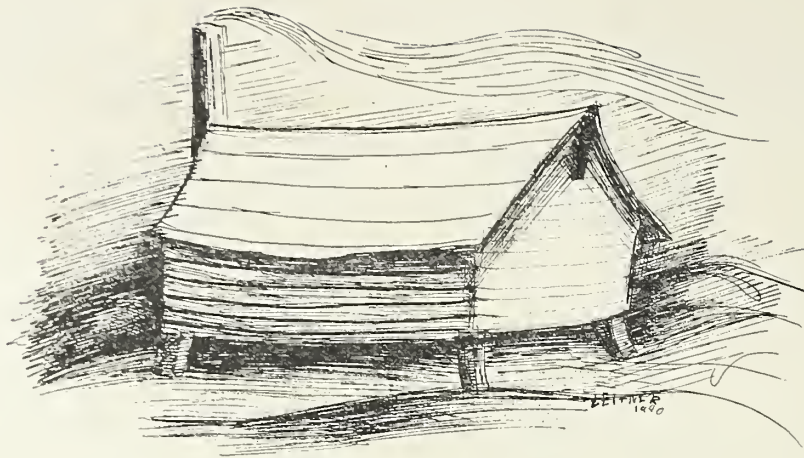
The drama in Russia has paralleled the emergence of the cultural *nisus*. The introduction of the formal theatre into Russia (the opening of the Comedy Palace at Preobrazhenskoe in 1672) immediately rises to the creation of formal native drama and to the creation of new cultural behavior through the artistic instrumentality of the drama. In the nineteenth century, as new ideological patterns were being woven on the loom of the



MAXIM GORKIJ

A. S. K. 1931

(Continued on Page 18)



A Traveller in America

by GEORGE ZABRISKIE

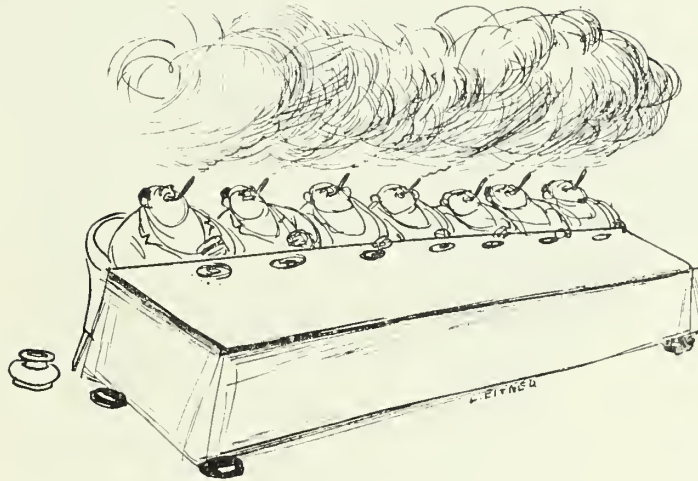
I. THE OFFICE BUILDING

Thousands of identical impersonal young men
 And women daily enter the building, ride
 On elevators to the proper floor, entering
 Their offices, sitting at little desks, waiting
 For noon and working: and after lunch return
 To the same greyness, and at five the great
 Exodus to the street, where other thousands
 Of identical impersonal people mill from other
 Buildings like this, and they are all strange
 Unknowing faces which pass but rarely meet.



II. THE HIGHER EDUCATION

To colleges then I came, where the pots
 Of business enterprise and football stewed
 About my ears. A college, through the eyes
 Of rich alumni passing to enter heaven,
 Must have a decent team, a new gymnasium
 And quiet down the faculty. "We are,"
 They said, "willing to drop the library
 "To build a stadium, the one we have is old
 "And made of wood: we must preserve our dignity."
 And issued bonds at six percent, payable
 When their shares of Can Corporation, Steel,
 Utilities and others become negotiable.



III. POLITICAL SPEECH

"I am," the senator said, "a real true blue American
 "And wish to state, as candidate, my friends, you know
 "America for Americans, and keep the immigration
 laws
 "Screwed tight, or else the foreigners may bring B.O.
 "And new ideas to noble shores where screams
 "The mighty eagle of the free, and we must keep high
 "Standards of living. . . . And if elected swear that I
 "True to American principles, will introduce a law
 "To shoot the bastid Communists."—Pausing for ap-
 plause.
 "Now lift your feet boys, here it comes," I cried.

IV. STATE OF THE ARTS

The poet, chewing tobacco, said that Yeats
 And Spenderauden, with Millay, assorted
 Paradigms of Greek, and lesser muses such
 As the NEW YORKER printed, were the gods
 Of all his friends. And he felt quite alone
 With only Eddie Guest to ease the monotone.



V. VIRGINIA LANDSCAPE

Gulfward, under the high steel bridge
 The mud-red river waters flow, and dull
 Trees in the hot sun are still on steep
 Valley sides: a slow deep image of earth
 Carved by water and unanswerable years.

VI. POWER OF TRUTH

FOR PREGNANCY AND OTHER ILLS
 WE RECOMMEND OUR POWER PILLS

The sign said, and proved, in couplets,
 That the remedy under question was sure
 Relief also for colds, biliousness, headache,
 And (being bicarbonated soda and Epsom salt)
 Harmless and easy to take in water . . .
 Billboards, car cards, and drugstores bring
 Each scientific miracle as quite a humble thing.



(Continued on Page 21)



Miss America
CHESTERFIELD'S VALENTINE GIRL
Patricia Dannelly of Detroit

*A Pocketful
of Pleasure*

CHESTERFIELD

The real reason why Chesterfields are in more pockets every day is because Chesterfield's Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos gives you a better smoke... definitely milder, cooler and better-tasting. *You can't buy a better cigarette.*

MAKE YOUR NEXT PACK CHESTERFIELD

They Satisfy

To Have Not

by BUCK KOENIG

LATE IN THE afternoon he had driven down the main-street, looking at the once familiar sight with disdain and superiority. There is nothing that can quite compare with this feeling of being completely satisfied with yourself. Paul had told himself. No, none. Perhaps the beautiful sensation of being utterly exhausted and having the soft clinging wet fingers of water running down the body in nervous little streams and then a little later enveloping the dried body in fresh linen and sinking, sinking into the nothingness of a sleep of darkness. What was it Freud said about taking baths? Sleep? . . . The desire to return to the mother's womb. Yes, it was like that. So soft—drawing the body out of itself. But this feeling of self-satisfaction was more tangible, something you could think about while it was going on.

All the houses had seemed drab and shabby. The rain dripping from the colorless trees. Puddles of water on the sidewalk with the distorted reflections, magnifying the ugliness. Not what he had been used to. He had recalled the neat green of the campus with even rows of buildings. All the week-ends at the large white houses on the seashore. And after graduation the position with the firm in Jersey and how with Ralf he shared the fine suite in the apartment-hotel overlooking the river. And now driving along in the powerful convertible. Then he had sunk further back into the red leather seat and continued driving—slowly, taking it all in. No, it would never do to come home again. Even for a time. He was above all this.

Then on the corner, a little detached from the group waiting for the bus, he had seen Anne's sister. At once the whole thing had come back to him. The only spot of perfection. *Anne*—with her happy laugh. The way she walked—carried herself—her body. He was carried back into the past; the time before he had gone away. And he wondered how he could have ever forgotten her.

When he had stopped the car she had eagerly opened

the door. "Anne's married, you know," she had told him. At first he couldn't believe it. "Mickey, you remember him." Paul hesitated. "Yes. He never liked me. He didn't like what I stood for," he had wanted to say. Instead, "Yes. I hope she is happy." That was all he could find to say. And then she had told him about Anne's operation. The Caesarean. Well, she always was small. She should have known better. Maybe she never wanted a child. It was probably Mickey who wanted it. That would be just like him. Anyway, the child had never been alive.

When they had reached her house she had scribbled Anne's address on a piece of paper. "Please visit her. She'd be glad to see you."

And now this section of the town! He found the street and stopped the car in front of an old wooden house, badly in need of paint. He couldn't picture Anne in these surroundings. But of course—Mickey. What else could one expect from him?

Paul knocked and waited. A door opened out of the darkness at the back of the house and momentarily a figure blocked the light. Then he could see into the interior of the kitchen.

The door opened and Mickey was standing there.

"H'lo, Mickey? This is Paul. Paul Nolan. Could I see Anne?"

"Sure. Come in." Mickey looked at him and then turned to the back of the house. "Anne. Paul is here."

Paul followed Mickey into the kitchen.

Anne was standing next to a wall mirror, holding a small fur hat in her hand. She was dressed in shiny black. She looked heavier, older. She smiled—a little sadly, Paul thought.

Paul stood there, staring down at her, not knowing what to say. He felt uncomfortable, with Mickey standing there, and Anne. He hadn't expected it to be this way. But how else could it have been?

Mickey sensed Paul's uneasiness. He shifted about restlessly and then said, "I'm going in and put on a

coat. You might try showing Paul your operation while I'm out. It might amuse him."

He paused, his hand on the door. "We almost lost Anne, you know."

"Yes. I've heard."

Mickey closed the door after him.

"I met Irene before," Paul said. "She told me where you lived. I hardly expected to find you like this."

"Why not?" She looked into the mirror, fixing the hat on her head. "What else did you expect?"

"Well, for one thing. . . . Oh, I don't know. Things never turn out the way one figures them to."

"No. Maybe not. Did you have anything figured out?"

"I guess not. That's probably the trouble."

He stood close to her. The dampness of her hand clung momentarily to his. He moved his hands down to her hips. The smooth-curved, flowing figure. She looked up, smiled sardonically.

"Remember, I'm married."

"I'm sorry. Couldn't help it. For a moment I thought back on the way things used to be," he mumbled. "How do you like it?"

"Like what?"

"Marriage."

"I like it. It's better than I thought at first. Things didn't go too well for a while. Mickey wasn't working. And the idea of having a child."

"How was it?"

"It wasn't bad. Now that it's all over I wouldn't have missed it for anything. Good experience—when you look back at it, that is. The way things are now I'm satisfied. Mickey is very good to me."

The door opened and Mickey came back. He had a coat and hat on.

"Paul," Anne said. "I'm sorry. We're going to the show. This is the only night Mickey can make it. Won't you come along? We can stop somewhere and have a beer later."

"No. Thanks. I'll drive you down if you'd like."

"Oh, could you? That would be fine."

The theater was next to a little park with trees. Paul stopped the car on the opposite side of the street and after Anne and Mickey had gotten out of the car he followed them with his eyes as they advanced into the brightness of the theater lights. Arm in arm they went. And Anne looked up at Mickey and gave him that bright laugh Paul had heard somewhere in the dimness of the past.

Contributors

KENNETH EARLEY is a prolific young proletarian writer of verse and prose, now in his very early twenties, self-formed in schooling and in knowing. He is not a college man nor a member of the parlor proletariat. He has been what he writes: farm worker, factory worker, itinerant-in-America. Mostly he has been vehemently aggressive, sneeringly satirical. *Sunday Morning* is gentle, subtly drawn.

E. J. S.

* *



PAUL PAVANE appeared in our office several months ago and handed us a manuscript. He listened to our criticism, politely but without answering a word, and after a while bowed out with some grace, a mute Chesterfield. We had, as is our habit, scribbled down a little caricature of Mr. Pavane while we were talking to him, and this little portrait together with the manuscript remained after he had left as sole proof of the silent man's existence.

L. E.

* *

VERGIL WHITE, who appeared last month, is a graduate student in Greek. Tall, dark, bespectacled, he has spent most of his life in New Jersey. His story this month, "School Library," is part of a series which he began with "The Wheel" in last month's ARCHIVE. In a note to us he says "—my object is to present pictures of people who have changed, 'swiftly fading daguerrotypes' in my mind."

G. Z.

* *

EDWARD STAINBROOK returns to our pages after a long absence. A graduate student in Psychology, he is also a one-man radio program (WDNC) and usually too busy to spend much time writing. Widely read in several languages and familiar with Russian, he is equipped with some authority on his subject.

G. Z.

Music

The Great C Major Symphony, No. 9, of Schubert has been admirably recorded now by Victor, played by the London Symphony Orchestra with Bruno Walter conducting (Victor, Set M-602). The recording brings out flawlessly the powerful, stirring music of Schubert. Bruno Walter maintains his usual high standard as Schubert's interpreter and the London Symphony's director.

Mendelssohn's well-known "Reformation" Symphony, No. 5 in D Major, has recently been recorded by the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony, under the direction of Howard Barlow (Columbia, Set M-391). The majesty of Mendelssohn's music has rarely been put on records with such fidelity as here.

Howard Barlow has conducted the same symphony orchestra in the recording of the Rediscovered Music of Johann Strauss (Columbia Masterworks, Set M-389). The three records include a Serail Tanz, the Festival-

Quadrille, Paroxysmen Walzer, the Explosions Polka, and the Electrofor Polka.

Handel's Organ Concerto No. 10 in D Minor has been recorded by Victor (Set M-587), with E. Power Biggs and Arthur Fiedler's Sinfonietta. The concerto is in four movements, and Mr. Biggs proves an excellent interpreter of Handel.

Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 6 in G Minor is now ready (Columbia, Set No. X-154). Like the Concerto No. 5, the sixth is recorded by Felix Weingartner conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. The recording of the sixth concerto continues the high merit of the fifth. The music is some of Handel's best.

The music of Ravel seems to be growing in favor, and probably rightly so. Columbia's most recent contribution is the Mother Goose Suite (Columbia, Set X-151). It is excellent music not only for children, but for discriminating adults also; Howard Barlow again directs the Columbia Broadcasting Orchestra. —PAUL ADER.

Books

THE WORLD I BREATHE. Stories and poems by Dylan Thomas, New Directions, Norfolk, Connecticut, 1939, \$2.50.

Tommy is a Welshman and a thief of the night: he will attempt your side of beef and your marrow-bone, and very likely you'll have difficulty finding him at home when you call. He writes in the idiom of dreams, for the most part, in wonder at the creative chaos which is the mother of action. Too often he forgets the husband of the marriage, the day with its hard necessity, which seeds the night to beget goodness and freedom. Because of this disregard, sometimes his poems will not bear fruit for us, but become clogged with insoluble symbols until even the vivid sap of their music stops; sometimes they are too much desire and too little shape, becoming granular and over-sweet on the tongue until the taste is dulled and surfeited;

sometimes, however, there is sudden consummation and a new child begins to kick in the brain. When this last happens, the poem (for instance 17) or story ("The Dress" or "The Mouse and the Woman") rounds out itself within its own terms, tangible enough to be seen by sunlight, acknowledging the father, the boundary.

—H. A. D.

IN THE AMERICAN GRAIN. By William Carlos Williams. The New Classics Series, New Directions, Norfolk, Connecticut. \$1.

We do not usually review reprints, but the first edition of *In the American Grain*, 15 years ago, was so small and received so little attention that we feel duty-bound to give whatever publicity we can to a book which certainly approaches our ideal of greatness. Hart Crane, who saw the book when it first appeared, recognized its merits and incorporated parts of it in

the structure of *The Bridge*. He could have had no better source book.

The essays incorporated in this book are heralded as interpretations of American History. It would have been more pertinent to say that they are interpretations of America, "in the American grain." William Carlos Williams has put into words and created as actuality the Columbus, Burr, Poe, the Spanish and French explorers and priests who have been at best intuitive feelings, and who are perhaps closer to the man behind the myth than all the historical characters parading through the biographies of conventional scholarship. Dr. Williams' figures have dimension, they are people who survive in the people about us, they are in us and in our neighbors.

As much as he has caught these people and made them live in new ways, he has also caught America, holding to light its genesis and character. For example, take Hamilton and *his* Federal City, Paterson (N. J.):

Paterson he wished to make capital of the country because there was waterpower there which to his time and mind seemed colossal. And so he organized a company to hold the land thereabouts, with dams and sluices, the origin today of the vilest swillhole in christendom, the Passaic River; impossible to remove the nuisance so tight had he, Hamilton, sewed up his privileges unto kingdomcome, through his holding company, in the State legislature. *His* company. *His* United States: Hamiltonia—the land of the company.

At once he has presented Hamilton, the Passaic Valley which he knows so well, and a deep insight of the foundations of our modern America—"the land of the company."

Throughout the book, he continues a devastating commentary on American morals. In the preface Horace Gregory says that Dr. Williams' commentary on Puritanism betrays the time when the book was written, and thinks it one-sided. Perhaps. But every psychologist, every practicing physician (like Dr. Williams) and not a few priests of the Catholic Church realize the great harm that the Puritanism Williams discusses has done. That the struggle against it ceased in the '30's does not alter the case: the harm continues, and the mass of people are not yet free.

In this book is the best interpretation of the American spirit we have encountered. All men of good will should read *In the American Grain*. It is a book they will cherish and remember.

G. Z.

POLITE ESSAYS. By Ezra Pound. New Directions, Norfolk, Connecticut. \$2.50.

His readers may not always agree with Ezra Pound, who is inclined to dogmatism, but no intelligent person can lack a certain amount of respect for this keen observer, who has been hacking viciously and persistently at a stupid world since before the first world war. *Polite Essays* is a great collection of Pound's wisdom and scorn, gathered from various periodicals and prefaces to which he has contributed.

Especially full of wisdom are his attacks on the modern American (and English) universities. To our mind he supplements and rounds out the criticisms Thorstein Veblen made in *The Higher Learning in America*.

He goes after literature too, especially in the matter of poetry.

"Poetry" was considered to be (as it still is considered by a great number of drivelling imbeciles) synonymous with "lofty and flowery language."

Here is a man who is an acute critic and observer, and one of the great artists of our time. Yet even if he wanted to (and he probably doesn't) put in an appearance at an American university, he would find himself unwelcome. As the head of an English department told him, "The University is not here for the unusual man."

J. N.

YOU SWIFTLY FADING

(Continued from Page 5)

—Seen where? In the water?

He snatched the soiled paper from his coatpocket and wrote the lines with a question mark. His own poem haunted him, it would not let him be, the words ran through his mind.

His eyes returned to the window again, to the street and the yellow bus which would take her home. Would he wait for her at this window? Would he stand here to watch her walk down the driveway? To watch her or finish the poem? He weighed the question.

—She is golden, she dances lightly. She dances lightly with other people, but not with me. I am no dancer. Shall I watch her this afternoon? Tomorrow, perhaps? I shall soon have enough money to take her out again: then I shall be with her, talk to her. She will say little to me, as usual. The impossible ideal of

a fool. In my mind I try to turn against her, to hate her, to extirpate her image from my thoughts, knowing she is young and heedless. But I cannot. The last time I tried I returned to her, knowing my folly, hating myself for trying to destroy the image. And it was not destroyed, but I nearly was. Lightly dancing, girl in the wind, blonde hair above an open green jacket, young breasts beneath a tight yellow sweater. Diana come to walk the earth again, Diana—Actaeon. What kills the hunter runs, to be torn to pieces by his own thoughts.

—Beauty is a joy forever, but beauty slowly passes, grows old, dies, and only in words, in a Parthenon, in small incredible things ever returns. A ghost. A holy spirit. Who will know her feet walked here? Who will care I stood here to watch her young graceful motions? Beauty passing like a dream, in a dream, the leaves falling about her.

—And if I meet her in the hall?

—Travelling over land and sea, over the blue hills behind the school, over time to Carthage, Rome, Greece, to see myself looking over the galley prow, coming to Piraeus, in a forgotten autumn, the beauty that has also passed.

—Beauty and motion in the blood, the heritage from some forgotten ancestor wandering to a new world or drinking himself to oblivion of the torture. The product of barbarous tribes, wandering in skins when the Romans walked the earth. Roaring fighters from Germania, against the legions of great Caesar: and look at me. The barbarian blood in thin veins: the spear-holding hand dwindled to mine.

—The trees in a landslide of colors, and the sea is east from here, the mountains west. A hunger and pain in the mind today different from other days, the old wish to be moving enough to drive me mad. To drive me from brick walls and streets full of cars and the noise of traffic. Air full of leaf smoke. Leaf smoke is beauty also, passing in flame.

This is he, softly a while

Let us not break in upon him.

A bell rang, loudly, insistently. The students, clustered at the door, dashed out. He walked from the window slowly, and put the red volume of Milton's Collected Works back on the shelf.

Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves.

He walked to the door, running his fingers through his hair. Then he stepped out into the hall, and his feet were lost in the shuffle of feet, his face in the traffic of moving faces.

THE DRAMA AND CONTEMPORARY RUSSIAN THOUGHT

(Continued from Page 9)

collective mentality of Western-European civilization, the drama becomes a progressively more important and obviously demonstrable force in the culturalization of humanity generally and of Russian man specifically. The *Narodnichestvo*, or the cult of the people of the soil, was the first phase of the development of a conscious artistic Weltanschauung based upon a realistic appreciation of the basic qualities of Russian life: its slow tempo and its predominantly rural character. The peasant villages with communal ownership and mutual responsibility were used by the nineteenth-century Russian dramatists as the "Urstoff" out of which to dramatically pre-achieve a socialistic state without a passage through a stage of capitalism. But the rapidly growing capitalistic industry at the end of the century had begun to disintegrate the village and prevented the sublimation of the capitalistic state in the ideological movement toward socialism.

At the beginning of the twentieth century the voice of the city is heard in Russia and capitalistic industry is slowly increasing the tempo of Russian progress. Science is being developed along every front of human activity and in every culture. Art, too, is being concerned with life and human living. Realism is being developed in all the arts: literary, musical, and plastic. In Russia Gogol early in the nineteenth century had led the movement toward realism by his drama and his literature. The artistic reexamination of the social and intellectual life of the culture resulted in a formulation of new ideals of political and social conduct which were to be translated to the people through literature, music, painting, and the drama.

Meanwhile Anton Chekov was sounding the swan song of rural Russia, and Maxim Gorky was announcing the advent of a new age, an age wherein, again, man is consciously "the measure of all things." In his first play, "The Petty Bourgeois," the engine driver Nil heralds the future Bolshevik revolt. This positive, in-

dividualistic figure stands out from the corrupt bourgeois environment "of passive whimpering, of neurasthenic introspection, of Hamlet-like rumination, of dabbling in old slogans and outworn truths" as a new and vigorous man who intends to make life what he wills it to be.

* * *

The task of the contemporary Soviet Republic is to establish and maintain a psycho-social unity. All human activity, therefore, if it is to be purposeful, must be directed toward the social and ideological progress of a "classless" state. Art, too, must subserve the Soviet program of action. However, under the rule of Lenin, art was attributed a greater significance than being Abigail to a political program. "Art belongs to the people," said Lenin. "It ought to extend with deep roots into the very thick of the broad toiling masses. It ought to be intelligible to these masses and loved by them. And it ought to unify the feeling, thought and will of these masses, elevate them. It ought to arouse and develop artists among them."

But the tolerance and breadth of the Lenin character exists no longer in Russia. Max Eastman, reporting the slogans of the Artists International as dictated by Stalin, gives the following significant shibboleths of the Soviets:

Art renounces individualism!

Art is to be collectivized!

Art is to be systematized!

Art is to be organized!

Art is to be disciplined!

Art is to be created "under the careful yet firm guidance" of a political party!

Art is to be wielded as a class weapon!

Mr. Felix Kon, head of the Fine Arts Department of the Commissariat for Education, speaks the thought of the contemporary regime in these words: "Art is for the masses. It must aid in remoulding all economic life. Art organizes thought. And, as it formerly served the priesthood, the feudal classes, and the bourgeoisie, it must serve the Soviet Union." Of course, forcing art to serve the purpose of the state is not necessarily repressing the expression of the true Zeitgeist of the people governed. If art serves the masses, then it must be functioning as an interpreter of life to those masses. It may be interpreting but one way of life, the Soviet

way, but it is preparing for Russia "a new diet for the nourishment of mortals, a food that no one yet has tasted" and in so doing, signifies its purpose.

If, then, art is to serve the proletariat, those arts which are most psychologically effective upon the masses will be singled out and emphasized above the other arts. The existing level of culture and education in Russia in itself dictates the use of an art in which action and thought may be communicated by perceptually life-real structuring. Hence, the drama is the art which the Soviet Union is utilizing more than any other in the humanizing of the Communist objectives of industrialization and collectivization and in the creation of new habits, new morality, new types of human beings. Lenin was the first to recognize the importance of the drama and the theatre, and in the "bare year 1919" he forbade the closing of the Great Theatre by the Council of People's Commissars. Lenin once remarked that "except for the theatre—that is, for art—there is no institution, not one organ with which we might replace religion."

Tempo! andante 1900:

"Huts that stood like plaited baskets.
Birds. Green forest. Space. And heat.
Cobwebs in the dark soul's corners.
Thought's slow whisper. Peace. Retreat.

allegro 1939:

"Dirt and soot. Thick sweaty odors.
Crisp steel shavings. Whistles. Noise.
Straight bold thinking. Heavy labor.
Life's pulse throbbing like a boy's."

—A. Bezymensky.

Almost within a score of years the soul's dark corners of the Russian peasant have been electrically illuminated and filled with the noise of factories pulsing to the tempo of modern industrialization. These new eyes which seize the world are eyes bewildered and confused in the sudden light of Soviet Russia. This strange world of the machine must be assimilated; the tempo of life must be accelerated to the pace of industrial construction; the Plans must be fulfilled.

Nikolai Pogodin, a peasant who has learned to sing the hymn of iron, has undertaken to orient the peasantry to the rising sun of Sovietism by means of the drama. *Tempo* was written during the period of the first five-year plan and represents the dramatic pre-actualization of the industrialization of a remote section of the U. S. S. R. It is true that in its general aspect it adheres to William Henry Chamberlin's formula, that



is, it is propaganda; it is also a mirror of the contemporary mind in its various expressions.

The opening scenes of *Tempo* are concerned with the ignorance and suspicion of the peasants toward modern medicine and the bacteriological cause of typhoid fever as well as the more or less primitive subjectivity of the peasant mind. Laptev, a Kostima Province peasant, has been asked by Valka, a woman medical student, to submit to an examination for which it is necessary for Laptev to remove his drawers:

Laptev. What is this business? The Upstart! She comes to me with an order to take off my drawers—there, before everyone. The brazen hussy. I, who have lived with my old woman for thirty years and never removed my underwear in front of her . . . and now, in front of all these women and the kitchen maids, she tries to rob me of my shame! You can't do it! There is no such law. . . .

This is typical of the raw material of subjectivity and ignorance out of which the Soviet government must create an objective intelligence which consciously accepts its living. It will be remembered that the struggles of Karl Marx were for an objective interpretation of the revolutionary transition toward the classless state. He insisted "that objective conditions, not pure will, are the driving forces of revolution," and, "we say to the workers: 'you have to go through 15, 20, 50 years of civil war and national struggle not only to change conditions but to change yourselves.'" And this change toward objectivity is being at least dramatically accomplished. Contrast the peasant Laptev with a muzhik woman brick-maker who, in the play, has just "liquidated" her program:

First Woman. And now we are leaving.

Second Woman. I'm getting my social insurance and I'll take myself off to the Crimea . . . it's for my organism. . . . You should go too . . . for your organism.

Bread!

"The iron guest will soon appear
And pace the paths of azure fields.
His swarthy hand will snatch away
The oaten sheaves spilled out by Dawn."

—Anatoly Marienhof.

Bread is typical of the propaganda play which has been so common on the Soviet stage in recent years. Vladimir Kirshon, the author, is in complete harmony with the existing regime, and is, indeed, an important figure in Russian letters. The characters in this play are so thoroughly "attitudinarians" that they might after the

manner of the old morality plays be called: "Class-conscious peasant," "General Party Line," "Left Opportunist," "Right Opportunist," and "Kulak." The play deals with the triumph of "General Party Line" over "Left Opportunist" in the collection of a desired quota of grain from "Kulak" without arousing the ill-will of "Class-Conscious Peasant." Here is the most common and effective use which the Soviet government makes of the drama: a didactic dramatization of the coordination and cooperation of the total Russian population in the achievement of an industrialized state and a collectivized agriculture.

* * *

Fear!

"Pile rubbish, all the rubbish in a heap,
And like Savonarola, to the sound of hymns,
Into the fire with it. . . . Whom should we fear?
When the mundiculi of puny souls have become worlds."

—A. Marienhof.

Alexander Afinogenyev is the author of *Fear*, a drama in which the conflict in the Russian mind between a free and untrammelled apolitical intellectual life and a life of socialistic service is resolved with the conversion of an individualistic scientist to the cause of the Soviets. Borodin is the scientist who discovers that fear is the significant motivator of behavior of the majority of mankind and who therefore advocates the elimination of fear as a prerequisite to living a creative life. It is pointed out to him that fear has been the cause of all really great human movements, and he is thus led into a retraction of his position and dedicates himself to the cause of the Soviets.

The character of Borodin emphasizes the consciousness of the Russian intellectual toward environmental control of human behavior. As Borodin lectures in the Institute of Physiological Stimuli, he insists:

"Whenever we succeed in discovering a certain stimulus, we are able to alter behavior by influencing that particular stimulus. Analogously, we are able to discover the ruling stimulus of a social environment and thus forecast the path of the development of social behavior. The time is coming when this science will take the place of politics."

And this science of consciously controlling the trend of social behavior is widely utilized by the Soviet government as it alters the social environment with the hope of producing certain desired responses in the personalities of its people; it is an attempt at a conscious and deliberate creation of culture.

* * *

Tempo, Bread, Fear. Tempo, the emphasis upon economic process; bread, the emphasis upon economic substance; fear, the emphasis upon the exclusion of non-relevant cultural patterns from the social environment—these are the concerns of the contemporary mind of Russia.

The mind of the West is directed toward the future, thinking of the new type of man who is to be the expression of the new culture which must emerge from the present world-stage of events. There must be an organization and integration of the spirit; the grammar of the soul-language of man must be revised so that each may speak for himself with accuracy and with assurance. The arts of imaginative creation are the experimental laboratories in which this organization and integration is being pre-achieved before general cultural actualization. Perhaps if man could overcome his “bad ear for new music,” trial and error could be removed from the social process and conscious direction of society take the place of aimless growth. Perhaps the drama, as the laboratory in which the new reality is being tried, can give the people everywhere an insistent pre-living of “the loveliness that is yet to come into the world.”

A TRAVELLER IN AMERICA

(Continued from Page 12)

VII. TRUE LOVE

The lady would love him forever and even
Be poor with him, she said, although
Born in Philly, finished at Wellesley,
She did not know of bargain basement clothes,
Coats on installments, thought that none
Were poor to the shared stale bread, the bone
Begged for soup. But she'll be poor with *him*:
—Foregoing mink and driving last year's car?

VIII. LAND OF THE FREE

The house on the mountainside, with crooked
Shutters, broken windows, and paintless rotted
Clapboards was also American, also the pattern
Of freedom, signifying independent starvation
In dwellings of minor gothic gauntness. Yes,
The lean goat in the front yard, the wash
On the line, and rusted automobiles scattered
Among the weeds conformed to democratic liberty.

LOVE STORY

(Continued from Page 3)

finished his crème glacée à la fermière and slipped away from the table, unobserved by the governess.

He walked through rows of chairs and tables, then the gravel path had an end and Peter found himself in a green twilight, amidst a confusion of serious, upright tree trunks. He went on and came to a sunny clearing.

Fields stretched out for miles. At the horizon stood the mountains, horizontal, undulating in several layers of blueness. The tall grass reached to his waist. Families of black ants ran between the stems. Brown beetles crawled slowly in the shadow of leaves, gravely, like solid citizens. Grasshoppers hopped and crickets sang.

Peter plucked a few light-blue, bell-shaped flowers with fragile stems, and mixed them with a handful of robust leafy weeds. He held the bouquet high in his fist and squinted at it critically.

Perhaps she would like those wonderful grasses and the blue flowers. Or should he catch her a large beetle? A train whistled in the distance. Thoughtfully, Peter walked on through the tall grass. The flowers felt wet and sticky in his fist.

In the distance the train became visible. It pushed through a chain of trees and raced ahead trailing blue smoke. Peter watched the spinning of red spokes and the frantic up and down of shiny iron bars. The engineer was leaning out of his cab and waved at Peter in passing. A stream of smoke rose up and dissolved into the blueness of the sky. A blurred line of cars thundered by, passed, became smaller and smaller, and finally disappeared in the distance.

Peter threw his flowers away.

When he grew up he would ride a great locomotive, flashing fire and trailing smoke. It would be of iron and gold, painted red and black. And he would sit in a cab at the rear end, look out at the smoke and drink coffee, with little finger spread elegantly.

Slowly he went back to the park.

The musicians were still sitting under the chestnuts with their instruments. “We live, we live!” sang the violins, and the cello lamented “Life is so hard.”



SUNDAY MORNING

(Continued from Page 7)

curve of the bay to the little town above her. Far down the beach there was activity and behind her the noise of an old pump clattering and snarling sacrilegiously. There were a few birds out over the water fishing, and below her many fishing and eating their prey in mid-air. The small town was called Settlement, brightly painted houses crowded and clustered together and part of it all built out into the water. It was a small fishing town, colorful and smelly and hot in the summer, and in the winter, snowbound and frozen by the wind from the north.

Henry called and she got up to join them. They went plodding off without her, expecting her to catch up with them in a short space. She set off up the path in a splendid stupor of mind that bode ill to whomever might cross her. Once or twice Henry turned to look back and waved an empty hand to speed her up. They were talking so loudly and excitedly that she could hear them from the distance, though she distinguished no words. That was one thing she disliked about peo-

ple that she knew of definitely, this taking Henry away from her for even a little time. In her mind they could not even borrow his small talk. But he was averse to her petty jealousies. People liked to hear his hearty laugh and his soft voice and hear his opinions on things which meant nothing to anyone or anything but were still in demand. He made a good listener to their mishaps and their worries; their recipes and their cures.

They had been married for three years, never having quarreled once. Yet it was her effort that curbed disagreement. Henry would quarrel, she knew, but she would not let him—made it a one-sided effort. She would shut up very tightly and recede into her dim inner world, and stay there until it had passed over completely, and she could come comfortably out of her shell. Her adjustment to him had been great, but effortless. She knew that but he did not. He probably did not know there was such a thing as adjustment.

He and Hal had stopped ahead of her and stood talking to a man. When she drew closer she saw that it was Pinky Roe, a small, slight individual, built as if God had not wanted to waste much on him either in flesh or brains. There was nothing she disliked about him, certainly nothing she liked. He had once made a feeble play for her, long past, and only between themselves. At the time it had pleased her a little. She had always considered herself a plain creature, too wispy and shy for men to waste words over, not at all disposed to charming men. But after that she began to find frequent eyes upon her and quite suddenly she awoke to the fact that she edged closely on beauty and that men watched her with interest, daring to do nothing, feeling their dream.

She drew up to the three slowly, and Pinky nodded to her. He was seldom given to smiling, and disposed to hiding the boyishness of his body and his face with a serious countenance and heavy talk. He did it by

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any device he could employ, seriousness, coldness, rabid meat eating, an enormous appetite, and a small mustache that curved around his cynical lip. He talked coldly and sensibly and seldom was wrong. They were talking quite earnestly about something that had happened to one of the boats in dock during the night. She passed them up knowing she could get it from Henry later. She walked past them a little and sat in the grass.

She watched the words fly from lip to lip holding them a little in contempt for their ignorance, and the knowledge that she was more powerful than they.

When they were on their way again the men kept up their conversation and she was quite left out of it. She dropped behind them slightly and was forgotten while they walked slowly to let themselves think. She slipped back into her own little world and let her mind wander the way it functioned best and then they were at Hal's. They went around to the side of the old house and through the shed that was built like a tunnel. It was built out from the side of the house and both ends open most of the time, large doors, the width of the shed, fastened back out of the way. There was only a narrow path through the shed between the many piles of unused things reposing on the packed earth. There were nets and oars and rope and one fair-sized hawser and endless little things which had been put there and forgotten. There was even the keel to an old boat and ribs tied in bundles and everything piled haphazardly in the long space.

The house was even more of a wonder. It had started out simply enough, a one-story structure built substantially, with a cellar and small porches. In time, however, it had acquired lean-to rooms, slanting, uneven and dark from small windows. It had been added to as it was needed, and four generations of ideas supplied its originality.

Velma was in the back with the dogs and Hal's wife

was in the house and there were chairs and a small table set for them. The backyard was almost a court, being surrounded on two sides by rows of neglected, collapsing sheds, on another by the house, and on the third by rotting and rusting piles of debris and a fence. Some of the stuff was so rotted and rusted that it clung together when lifted or crumbled to dust when touched.

Velma went into the house and soon the women came out with cookies and sweet cider. There was much distracting talking and laughing in which she didn't fit, she felt. The incident of sabotage was still in consideration and little pieces of gossip were brought up and freely shredded. They talked and talked and kept things alive long after they were dead just to talk more. When she couldn't stand it any longer she slipped off to explore the sheds and they didn't miss her. Later, Henry found her perched atop an old grist mill, far away from anyone and anything, dreaming.

"What's the matter honey?" he said.

"Nothing. Are you ready to go?"

"In a minute," he said.

"You don't have to hurry off."

We've been here quite awhile now," he said.

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"I hadn't noticed."

"Let's go out on the bay?"

He held out his arm and her face brightened. She dropped off her perch into his strong hands and he eased her down. He was strong and she was so small and she liked to have him handle her this way. She laughed a little.

"I was very far away," she said.

"Yes, I saw that. You were very far away."

"But let's go now, darling. I'm tired of it here."

"You were tired of it before you came."

She was standing on the platform of the grist mill, her hands on his shoulders and her eyes level with his.

"I know," she said. "Oh, darling, am I wrong? Do I do things wrong? What is it?"

"It's nothing," he said. "It's nothing at all. You never do anything wrong."

"But sometimes I feel I have."

He thought for a few moments, looking deeply into her eyes.

"No," he said. "I think it's me."

"Oh, I do love you," she said.

He swung her down off the platform to the ground and she kissed him, standing on tiptoe.

They walked back along the path without venturing down to the beach. She passed her arm through his and felt the pressure as he squeezed it, and she looked up happy.

"I hate those people," she said.

They walked a few moments in silence and watched the beginning of activity on the bay and felt the beginning of a breeze on their faces. There were sounds carried on the breeze from the bay and they heard the deep-throated roar of Tiny's boat heading out into the open water. The wake spread out white immediately behind the boat and rippling as it fanned out.

"People think I'm queer, don't they Henry?"

He looked down suddenly, into her small child's face, framed in the rich hair.

"What makes you say that?"

"I don't know. It's true, isn't it?"

"I don't know darling," he said amused. "I don't know much about the way people think, or care. They think it's funny you don't talk much and that you gave up your job teaching to marry me and things like that. But you don't care?"

"Certainly I don't care, darling."

"Then why do you ask?"

"Because I don't care," she said. "There are a lot of things they will never understand."

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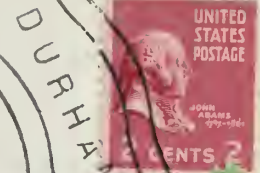
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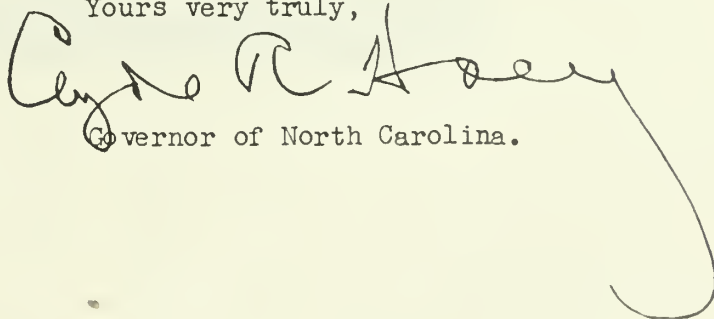
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Yours very truly,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Clyde R. Hoey". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long, sweeping tail that extends downwards and to the right.

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

The ARCHIVE is not fifty years old. It is fifty-three years old.

We wish to declare this bluntly and loudly on our editorial page, firstly because people will not read it here, secondly because we are profoundly indifferent to the popular delight in even numbers and senility.

The commercial rites of anniversary jubila-tions, ecstatic advertising of venerable old age and noisy celebration of accidents of the decimal sys-tem such as the fiftieth or hundredth year of phys-ical existence give us only a rather morbid kind of pleasure. We do not believe in "milestones." The idea of making a sham fiftieth anniversary the excuse for this issue was not ours.

With that off our chest we hasten to plunge into *medias res*. The subject of this issue is Trinity. Though Trinity is dead, we hoped to achieve neither a historical autopsy nor a sentimental pet-efact but a sketch of life at Trinity half a cen-tury ago.

Stored away piously in the innermost darkness of the Treasure Room of the library we found a part of Trinity still surviving. Half-hidden under first editions and blacklisted books, bleak rows of TRINITY ARCHIVES line a few dusty shelves. No-body looks at them now though they contain the most complete record of life at Trinity.

To realize the role which the ARCHIVE once played, one must remember that it was by no means only a literary magazine but a bulletin board for everything: for the YMCA, the football team, the literary societies, the administration; that it published jokes, obituaries, news of alumni, society chatter, commencement orations, homely philosophy, "Wayside Wares," "Exchanges," edi-torial and professorial pish-posh. Its literary merit was nil but it gave complete expression to the whole college.

In the following pages we have attempted to give through a selection of excerpts from old ARCHIVES a glimpse of Trinity at the end of the last century.



LORENZ EITNER

Foot Ball

Fifty years ago, high-minded folk regarded sports, along with the arts and other fleshly pursuits, as a kind of obscenity. The body was a gift of the Almighty, nobody denied that, but it was also the portal through which the Evil One entered the soul. It was a vexation and temptation to the pious, something to be hidden from sight under layers of flannel, wool, and starched linen.

How easy would life have been for the righteous had God only pleased to create them of plush instead of flesh! But flesh they were and the flesh asserted itself. In spite of senile protests all kinds of sport enjoyed great popularity at the universities. Among the most objectionable forms of physical exercise was football, recently imported from England and already penetrating by degrees into the South. Rumors circulated about the number of human lives lost and bodies crippled in the North, where certain universities had not scrupled to adopt the heathenish game.

(December, 1888)

Ten years ago the name "Foot-ball" was aptly applied to that rough and tumble game, in which it seemed to be the sole object of each player to kick the ball and the shins of his opponent. That was before 1878, when Harvard introduced the Rugby game into this country. Since then, Foot-ball has made rapid strides each year; so great indeed has been the progress that even in England the lovers of the game are beginning to look with envy upon our success. We say *our*, not because

of any share we have taken in bringing about this success, but because we are as proud of Yale's victories as if we lived in New England. During the last few years the game has become a more scientific one and the present indications are that it will soon come in for as large a share of public attention as Base-ball. Thousands of people flock to the Polo-grounds to see those games of the American Intercollegiate Association (Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and University of Penn.) which are played in New York.

The writer is rejoiced to see the interest manifested in the noble game by both students and Faculty at Trinity. Though this is the first year that we have held ourselves down to the rules of the above-mentioned Association, we have a team that would do honor to any college. At the present writing, our team is doing some good work, preparatory to playing the University eleven at Raleigh on Thanksgiving Day, and before this number of THE ARCHIVE issues from the press, the battle will have been fought. Whatever may be the result let the public remember:

1. That Trinity proposed the game to Chapel Hill before their game with Wake Forest at the State Fair.

2. That the game will be entirely different from that one, because it will be played according to the rules used by the best American colleges.

We will go to Raleigh with confidence in the playing ability of the men who compose the "Crowell Team" and we hope to return to Trinity victorious. If the University team wins, it will be a victory of which they can be proud. The following is the make up of the "Crowell Team":

Rushers—Johnston (*Captain*), Durham, R., Crowell, Fearington, Nicholson, Roberts and Sharpe; *quarter-back*, Durham, S.; *half-backs*, Daniels and Rahders; *full-back*, Jones, J. W.; *substitutes*, Mitchell and Harper.

Mr. J. F. Jones, Manager of the Crowell Football Team, desires to return thanks to those who so liberally assisted the team in purchasing their handsome canvas uniforms.

* * *

(Reported for the ARCHIVE)

(January, 1889)

The first scientific game of Foot-ball ever played in this State was played at Raleigh on Thanksgiving Day, between the University team of Chapel Hill and the Crowell team of Trinity. The rules were those of the "American Inter-Collegiate Association." These are the rules used by Harvard, Yale and Princeton. The game was called at 3:30 P.M. Trinity winning the toss, chose the ball, the University taking choice of goals. After the first few minutes of the game, it became evident that Trinity had the better team. They gradually, by brilliant team work, forced their opponents within five yards of their own goal. The battle raged for some minutes, Trinity trying to force through and Chapel Hill determined that they should not. After twenty minutes of hard playing, the first point of the game was made by "Stony" Durham, who secured a touch-down for Trinity, which resulted in a goal by a magnificent kick of Durham, R. The next point was made in a few minutes, after hard play, by Daniels, and resulted in a goal by another of Durham's fine kicks.

After an intermission of ten minutes, the game was resumed. During this half, the ball was first in one territory and then in the other. The University boys seemed to take new spirit. They rushed the ball into Trinity's territory, where some beautiful drop-kicks were made by Graham of the University, but they failed by a few feet of securing a goal. The ball was now carried by the team work of Trinity into their opponent's goal, and after hard play the Crowells secured a touch-down, which was the last point made, however, as Durham, R., failed to kick the goal. Chapel Hill, by dint of fine and hard playing, then kept the ball in Trinity's territory, where it remained until time was called. Score, 16 to 0 in favor of Trinity.

In the first half of the game, Headen wrenched his knee so as to have to stop and Howell, L., was substituted.

* * *

Upon entering the Reading Room, one's eyes fall first upon the conspicuously suspended football which was used in the University-Trinity game last Thanksgiving Day, and which is preserved as trophy of that event. It has been daintily dressed in the colors of the two teams by Miss Mamie Young and is appropriately inscribed with names of players, date and score. The members of the club desire publicly to thank Miss Young for her kind assistance in the artistic arrangement of the ball.

(February, 1896)

* * *

VICTORY

TRINITY 96; FURMAN 0

On the 14th of November Trinity's team went down to Columbia, South Carolina, to play Furman University. A complete victory was the result. Furman had a good team, but lacked training; and were consequently easy victims to our well-trained players. The utmost good feeling prevailed throughout the contest. After the game the ball won from Furman was presented back to them by Mr. S. J. Durham in a few well-chosen

(Continued on Page 29)

TRINITY COLLEGE IN WAR TIMES

by W. T. GANNAWAY

The following article by W. T. Gannaway, once acting president of Trinity, tells its own story. The University's appreciation of *his* services can indeed be judged by the numerous buildings and quadrangles bearing his name.

When I took charge of Trinity College on the resignation of Dr. Craven, in December, 1863, the Civil War was at its height. Men and boys were forced to abandon their pursuits and hasten to the front. Many of our students had already left to join the army. The whole country was in a ferment, society was demoralized, and everything was unsettled and uncertain. All the colleges of the South, except Trinity, had been closed—most of them converted into hospitals. Primary schools were kept partially in operation, but higher education had been temporarily abandoned. When I entered upon my administration the outlook for Trinity was worse than gloomy. The students of the previous session had not been subjected to the usual discipline, and the habits of study had greatly deteriorated; for they, too, were affected by the excitement, the anxieties, and the passions of the war. The fall session of 1863 closed in gloom and uncertainty, without promise of hopeful prospect. But on January 6, 1864, the college opened under the new regime, with a much better patronage than was expected. Girls were admitted to our classes, and our organization and management were such as to give entire satisfaction. The arrangement proved beneficial to both sexes. Fifteen or twenty young ladies occupied my recitation room, and were under my supervision and control. Their presence was like an oasis in the Sahara of war, and their instruction was an antidote for the hardness, roughness and inhumanity of the conflict. The usual curriculum was still continued, and all of the regular classes were represented. In addition to my various duties as presiding officer, I had charge of all the classes in Latin, Greek, and French. Those were war times, and

one professor did as much work then as two or three college specialists of the present day. The difficulties to be overcome were anomalous and unprecedented. The country was drained of its supplies to feed the soldiers. Confederate money had so depreciated that it had almost lost its power to purchase. Board had ceased to be remunerative and was hard to get within the village. My house was taxed, in that respect, beyond its limits; for, on their arrival, most of the students stopped with me till other arrangements might possibly be made. As the money went down the charges for board went up, finally culminating at \$200 per month. Some of my boarders paid in kind, some in specie, that had not seen the light in many years. Only six dollars, specie value, was charged per month for board when payment was made *in kind*. Salt was then more desirable and harder to obtain than gold or silver, scarce as those metals were. A young man, Mr. John B. Yarborough, a crippled soldier, and a brave and noble fellow, paid me for two and one-half months board with seven bushels of wheat and two hundred and fifty pounds of salt, which was brought all the way from the county of Rockingham to Trinity College. The following items taken from a memorandum of mine will give some idea of the prices I paid for provisions, etc., in February and March, 1864-1865:

1864.	Dec.	24.	Forty-five gallons sorghum	\$675 00
1865.	Feb.	9.	One dozen chickens.....	50 00
	"	25.	Four dozen eggs	8 00
	Mar.	4.	Five and one-half pounds tallow candles	27 50
	"	27.	Two pounds soda.....	30 00
	"	29.	Pins, <i>four rows</i>	4 00
	"	30.	Three and one-half bushels corn	120 00

The foregoing is an exact copy of the items for which the corresponding prices were actually paid.

On the 26th of April, 1865, General Joseph E. Johnston's army surrendered, when Confederate money collapsed and ceased to circulate. That the college should have survived at all during this stormy and distracted period seems now almost incredible; but with the exception of Dr. Craven the old Faculty retained their places, the regular classification remained intact, and the usual program of college exercises and college methods were carried out for the entire term of 1864. In view of the fact that all able-bodied young men of eighteen years of age were liable to military service, and were absorbed by the army, our patronage was remarkably liberal and encouraging. The general order was good, the regulations were rarely broken, application to study, with few exceptions, was satisfactory, and a commendable spirit of improvement pervaded the entire student body. The exactions of the army in claiming the services of young men eighteen years of age had left us only one member of the senior class, and he a cripple, who was a candidate for graduation. He was Mr. E. H. Tapscott, of Virginia, and I suppose he had the distinction of being the only male student in the South who received the diploma of A.B. in 1864. To emphasize that event and close the session in "due form," at the proper time grand preparations were made for the occasion. All the students of both sexes entered heartily into the work—for there was no service that we asked at their hands that they did not cheerfully perform. The campus had been neglected for several years, the trees needed trimming, the walk leading southward from the college door had never been regularly laid off and properly constructed, and was badly washed. Wild bushes were springing up on every hand, and things generally bore marks of neglect. A day was taken for the improvement of the lawn. The trees were trimmed, the campus

shrubbed, the college scrubbed and the students rubbed until the renovation and preparation were deemed complete.

A full program for the *war* commencement was made out, speakers and preachers were invited from a distance. Governor Vance, then in office, was asked to deliver the address, which *honor* he gracefully acknowledged through his private secretary, and promised to comply if the exigencies of the time would permit. His urgent duties, however, denied him the opportunity and deprived us of that pleasure. Dr. Craven made the speech, who, like Antaeus when he touched the earth, acquired new strength from standing on his native heath.

The session closed on the 9th of June, and the day was bright and beautiful. The community and general public have always manifested a lively interest in Trinity commencements, and that occasion was no exception. Dressed in their best store-clothes, which had survived the wear and tear of war, the crowd presented quite a gay and animated scene. Their kindly greetings and smiling faces dispelled, for a time, the thickening gloom of the storm of war. An army band of twenty-two pieces discoursed the music, the civil

and military sweetly blending and coalescing in the thrilling strains. The public verdict on the various exercises of the day pronounced them a grand success. The literary part of the program being finished, the honors lost and won, the youthful mind gladly turned to the evening festivities soon to follow. They came and went. Music and mirth flowed in an eddying whirl or a steady stream till 12 o'clock at night. Then the "wild bell rang out to the wild sky," and soon the festive hall was left to silence

and darkness. Thus closed the *only* college commencement that occurred in the South in 1864.

(Continued on Page 26)



Uplift

The role of the uplifters in literature corresponds to that of the Salvation Army in music. The contribution of the pious and good to the art of writing is very slight. Uplifters who under various disguises still gladden our hearts today were especially numerous in the last century. Whether they gushed platitudes or did a little clean-cut thinking of the hard-hitting, straight-driving kind, whether they "rode away to the blue ethereal" or declared that religion was simply "the business of growing better day by day" their productions aimed straight at the center, the very navel of Truth. The following are a few bits of uplift gathered from Trinity ARCHIVES.

THERE IS NO DEATH

(From an Oration)

Not many years ago an English bard tuned his lyre and sang to a wondering world a wondrous melody. His words were as joyous as ever Heaven uttered to a disconsolate Earth. To dying men like us, living, it would seem, in the midst of a reign of death, there came swelling from over the distant hills the charming paradox, "There is no Death." Creeping out from Albion's cliffs, that music fell into the arms of the westbound winds and hurried to encircle the waiting hemispheres. In our own Southland, in the heart of our great Ryan, the music woke a responsive chord; and snatching his pen, he wrote the immortal distich—"There's grandeur in graves, there's a glory in gloom."

Old Time has solved the problem, and Lord Lytton was right. Death itself is dead, and Science sits exultant upon its unwept tomb. That Grim Destroyer, that in the ages past has been going up and down through the land, parching the petals of the fragrant lilies, or hushing into silence the robin's song, at the command of Science has been made to plume his dusky pinions and soar away beyond the stars. The curtain has rolled backward from our benighted vision, and all about us, our eyes wondering behold a pregnant and universal life. In the banded gneiss that sleeps in the bowels of the sluggish earth; in the crystal sand-grain, washed white by the ceaseless friction of a laugh-

ing stream; or in the mist globule that leaps from the morning dewdrop athwart a sunbeam, and rides away to the blue ethereal; or even in the ravellings of blue ribbon that the gentle zephyrs sport with about your sweet-throat—yea in all these inanimate materials, Philosophy tells us there is a life, full of noble action, sublime passion, and unsearchable Divinity.

(May, 1892)

* * *

"RELIGION IS BUSINESS"

(From Old YMCA Notes)

We live in an age of organizations; everything must be organized; every organization must have its leaders. The time was when people had an idea that religion was a matter that would take care of itself, and all that was necessary was to attend church occasionally, pay respect to the preacher, and let him run the whole matter. But such ideas are fast becoming things of the past. The time is at hand when Christian men must look at religion as a matter of business; not as something to help out their own mere temporal life, but as a matter of business in the Master's kingdom.

Religion is not some strange something that takes possession of men's minds and leads them off into mysticism; it is not something to be regarded as in opposition to reason and sound business principles; but on the other hand, religion is business, *pure* and *simple*—the business of growing better day by day; the business of helping others to become better and more like the "Man of Galilee." What could be more noble than such a business? What organization could be more helpful to the pastor in his work and to the whole church in her business of saving the world than an organization of strong young men—Christian young men? In the YMCA this help, this strong arm of the church, is found.

THE ARCHIVE ON WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE

(November, 1888)

It was our pleasure, a few days since, to be present at a gathering of the voters, of this township, of the Prohibition Party. We were highly entertained by the speeches of the occasion and were glad that we had the privilege of hearing the doctrine of the party so thoroughly discussed. It is not our purpose here to attempt a refutation of the arguments there promulgated, but there is one clause in their platform that we do desire to notice: "The right of suffrage rests upon no mere accident of race, color, sex or nationality." Can our men who now have the privilege of exercising the great American right of suffrage declare that they are willing for our women to be pulled down from their high social position and at every election to be contaminated by and to become associated with the debauchees of all nations, of all races, of all colors? Are they willing for them to lose the holy influence which now surrounds the very name of woman? Are they willing that she should lose the influence which she now so surely exercises over the ballot of this nation by herself becoming biased by the corruption of politics and being unable then to exercise an influence which she ought to have? Yet these are the inevitable results of woman's suffrage. For just so long as politicians have the nature which so many of them now have and which they will continue to have until the dawn of the millenium, politics will reek with the rottenness incident to political strife. Woman by her ballot will become a support of this corruption as well as of the good contained in her party's platform. This being seen by the public, the evil result will follow. God grant that upon us at least may never dawn the day in which the right of suffrage, which is now a curse to so many, may be the means of lowering our high social standing and lessening the influence of the most effective element in the cause of the church on earth.

SEX!

Although probably a blood-and-thunder threat of bodily damnation to frighten his hearers into abstinence, Dr. Bodie's lecture on "Sexual Hygiene" was given in a time when such matters were generally ignored. That the ARCHIVE reported the event proves our early preoccupation with sex.

Dr. Bodie, of Durham, delivered a lecture on Sexual Hygiene before the students on Oct 23. This is the first of a series of lectures which Dr. Bodie will deliver during the year.

(October, 1893)

* * *

BOOK REVIEWS

A Dozen Bes For Boys, by Jennie Fowler

"Be Right," "Be Faithful," "Be True," "Be Brave," "Be Honest," "Be Gentle," "Be Polite," "Be Industrious," "Be Pure," "Be All Right," "Be Happy," "Be Somebody," are the "Be's" which the authoress treats in her admirable little book. The frontispiece is a fine engraving of the writer. Her face indicates a high degree of intellectuality with a large amount of good-nature. This book cannot fail to ennoble the character of the person who reads it. If such books formed the libraries of a great number of boys who occupy themselves with such literature as "Peck's Bad Boy," "The Police Gazette," detective stories and dime novels, the character of those boys would be far purer and better than they are. The writer's aim is a noble one, and her book merits the praise of all who would have pure literature placed in the hands of the youth of our country.

(December, 1888)

* * *



Whenever a man has planted his life beneath the gibraltar of Truth, and has a sincere desire to know the everlasting principles and purposes of life, those great things which underlie all life, then he finds neither time nor disposition to stalk abroad over the land, and in his greed for something to believe, gather up indiscriminately every superstition and supposition that chance to offer themselves.

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A ROMANCE OF CHRISTMAS TIDE

By J. M. CULBRETH

(December, 1898)



RELEASE my hand," she cried indignantly. "No, sir, I'll not consent to marry you. You have disappointed me. I thought you were an honest gentleman, but you have turned out to be a miserable deceiver. With your pleasant words and beautiful manners you won the sincere love of Carrie Banks and then threw it away as you would a dead leaf, and now you declare you love me! Your duplicity ought to shame you! This is Christmas eve. We part now for at least a year, perhaps forever. I give you ample time to prove yourself. If you love me as you say you do you will be true to me until we meet again. We shall see."

Eufala Ryvers had spoken rapidly and excitedly. Her beautifully cut red lips were curled half in scorn, half in earnest, and her dark brown eyes flashed and trembled like two stars just ready to shoot from their spheres. She stood before a luxurious armchair, in which sat a handsome man with fine, wavy, chestnut brown hair, ruddy complexion and blue eyes. His lips were tightly drawn in unspeakable pain.

"You judge me passionately, harshly," he said hoarsely, "I beg you listen."

"I'll listen to you one year from to-day if you choose to speak then, not before."

She left him sitting in the chair with his face buried in his hands, and went to her room upstairs where she threw herself upon a couch and—wept. A moment before apparently so indignant and unrelenting! Now she was weeping, and the true woman's heart within her was shedding tears. She loved Julian Thorpe, but she had listened to the subtle, skillfully-woven falsehood of another woman and had allowed her mind to be poisoned against the man she loved.

Carrie Banks, a graduate coquette, had come to Elkhart that autumn to visit relatives, and had fallen completely in love with Julian Thorpe at first sight. But all her artful devices had failed to enlist his affections for her. He had gone out with her occasionally on long drives and afternoon walks, but had never asked the question that Carrie hoped was trembling on his lips. Carrie's love as well as her vanity had been wounded. She saw very plainly that Julian Thorpe loved Eufala Ryvers. Having failed to make Julian love her she had determined, if possible, to wreck Eufala's barque of love and happiness on the treacherous shoals of distrust and jealousy. Beautiful, noble Eufala fell into the trap which Carrie had so cleverly set for her—sympathized with Carrie and doubted Julian. So the mischief had been made, and Eufala determined, as so many deceived women do, to "test" her love. Her plan had already been made known—separation for a year. Ah! Little did she consider what torture of spirit she would have to endure and how long a year *might* be.

Eufala heard the front door open, and listened to the measured foot-fall of Julian Thorpe as he passed down the gravel walk into the darkness and out of her life. She fell into a troubled sleep, awoke with a start to find a feeble flame flashing on the hearth and huge, fantastic shadows shaking spasmodically on the walls. The ghostly dimness oppressed her. She retired immediately, and pulled the cover over her head to shut out the spectral vision.

In the morning the post-man brought her a letter. She recognized the smooth firm handwriting of Julian Thorpe. With shaking fingers she broke the seal and read:

"My Dear Eufala:

Your hot, hasty repudiation of me last night went to my heart like a dagger. Did I not know you so well, I

should determine that you were heartless and cruel. In justice to you, however, and for the sake of my own high regards for you, I must believe that you are sincere in mistrusting me, and I believe that the best way to disabuse your mind of any unkind thought of me is calmly to submit to your decree and not visit you again until a year has passed away. But such a thought maddens me! You underestimate the greatness of my love for you, if you think I could stay in this place, see you every day, perhaps, and be excluded from your presence. So I have decided to go abroad for a year. Before this reaches you I shall leave Elkhart. The steamer "Paris" for Liverpool, leaves New York to-morrow evening at seven o'clock. I shall take passage on her, I go with a heavy heart. The last time I looked into your eyes they were dark, almost chestnut, stern, all pitiless. Your angry words of denunciation and rebuke are ever singing in my ears. But yet I love you, and *I will be true to you*. Farewell till we meet again.

Your banished lover,

JULIAN THORPE.

Elkhart, December 24, 1897

"Why are you so pale, and your eyes so red this morning?" asked Mrs. Ryvers at breakfast.

"Sitting up late over that needle-work, I'll wager," Mr. Ryvers remarked half interrogatively.

"A genuine case of love and sleeplessness I'll tell you," ejaculated her brother Rudolf, who was just beginning to shave and wear red neckties.

This brought a faint flush to Eufala's pale cheeks, but she sipped her tea and did not venture a remark.

"Why what does this mean I wonder?" asked Mr. Ryvers in a surprised tone. "The *Morning Gazette* says that Julian Thorpe has gone abroad for a year. He didn't tell anybody he was going. That's strange."

"Hope he'll have a big time," put in Rudolf.

Eufala had left the table during these remarks, and had gone to her room. She put the letter she had received that morning into her desk and locked it up. "I wish I had not sent him away," she thought. "But no one shall know, not even mama, that I care for him." During that day many little things

reminded her of Julian's faithfulness, but, now that Carrie Banks was gone, absolutely suggested his unfaithfulness. It was a weary, hard day for Eufala, and many more of the same character followed it.

A new addition was made to Elkhart society. Oliver Burton, a young man of fine appearance, and said to come of a good family, had come to take the position of cashier in the Elkhart bank. The girls in the place were on the *qui vive* to attract his attention. But the young gentleman was not hasty to make acquaintances among the feminine population of the town. After awhile, however, it was noticed by the envious girls that he dropped in at Mr. Ryvers' occasionally and it was not a great while before it was evident that he was in love. He did not know it, but an insurmountable barrier stood between him and Eufala Ryvers, in the person of Julian Thorpe. Unless that barrier were removed his case was hopeless.

How fortune seems to play into the hands of some men! They have only to "spread wide their mouths and the gods rain gold." Julian Thorpe had been gone from Elkhart just four weeks, when one morning as Mr. Ryvers was reading the *Morning Gazette* he gave a long whistle of consternation and pity and read the following to Mrs. Ryvers and Eufala

(By Special Cablegram to the Journal)

NEW YORK, Jan. 25, 1898.—A Special from Liverpool says that the "Paris" which sailed from New York Dec. 25, and was due at Liverpool a week ago, went down three leagues from port on the night of Jan. 24. All on board perished except the boatswain and second-mate, who were picked up half dead the next day by a passing steamer. Further particulars tomorrow.

Eufala grew ashen pale. Her breath came in quick short gasps, and she tumbled from her chair in a heap on the floor. Mrs. Ryvers sprang to her side, and lifted her up gently and placed her on the couch. Some time passed before the lovely long lashes slowly turned back and Eufala returned to consciousness.

(Continued on Page 23)



Trinity Miscellany

DURHAM, N. C.

Change the names of the tobacco companies, the railroad, and the distribution of white and black populations, and this description of Durham becomes contemporary. Despite its great growth, the city has retained in many of its parts the essential pattern of mud and soot.

Durham, North Carolina has two of the largest tobacco manufacturing establishments in the world. It is the home of the "Durham Bull Smoking Tobacco," and the "Duke of Durham Cigarettes." Most of the labor in the tobacco factories here is done by the negroes, and hence they form a large proportion of the population. The city stretches along the North Carolina railroad for several miles, being in shape much like a shoe-string. The white people live at the east end and the black folks at the west end.

The west end population is situated in a low basin on the south of the railroad. The houses are all small, many of them containing only one room and few having as many as three. The houses are uniformly unpainted and take on the natural coloring which results from a combination of rain and sunshine. There are no fences, and no streets, except one which faces the railroad. Standing on the railroad and overlooking the settlement, one sees smoke curling from hundreds of little chimneys, forming a sort of fog, which spreads out and hangs over the houses as if they were all under a canopy. Many children may be seen playing about the doors of these houses or huts. All sort of garments, male and female, may be seen strung upon clothes lines. Here and there is a pig-pen, while many chicken are seen scratching about for worms. This part of the city is known as Smoky Hollow.

(February, 1889)

* * *

It is difficult for us who live in well-lighted and well-heated dormitories to imagine the cold, dark dreariness of the sleeping quarters of former college generations. Bathing

and washing facilities were extremely primitive. Janitor and maid service were things unheard of. Until the introduction of the "incandescent lamp" in 1892, petroleum lamps were the only means of lighting the rooms.

Since the opening of the present term we cannot recall a single time when there has been a supply of hot water in our bath rooms. Often we have been unable even to get cold water. Another thing: There are four tubs on the second floor of the Inn. Of these four tubs there is but one which can be used at all. The others are leaky, or the pipes are stopped up, and all of them are in a state of cleanliness to which this term does not by any means apply.

(February, 1896)

* * *

There is great room for improvement in the manner of lighting the College Chapel. A more abundant supply of oil, wicks, and wash-rags will put things in better shape.

(April, 1889)

* * *

What with the accumulation of mud and the falling leaves it is feared that the college building will shortly disappear from sight, if preventive steps are not taken. It is rumored that those rooming in the Inn are already terrified lest some morning they will awake to find themselves inextricably stuck in the quick-mud which surrounds the building. The new well-house seems to be the only building about which no apprehension is felt. It, together with "faculty avenue," is considered the only safe place of resort in the event of a final subsidence.

* * *

Rabbit vs. Cat.—Formerly it was customary for Trinity boys to have rabbit feasts in their rooms at night. They indulged in this to such an extent one winter season that it became unsafe

to leave a dressed rabbit exposed, for some one would be sure to steal it. A party of students caught a rabbit and left it in their room with the expectation of banqueting on it that night. While they were out, much to their chagrin, a second party appropriated the rabbit and the whetted appetites of party No. 1 had to remain unsatiated. Means for revenge were devised. They obtained a cat, dressed it, and left it in their room as they had left the rabbit before. Again party No. 2 stole the game. They cooked it nicely and had a delicious feast. Believing they had baffled party No. 1 a second time, they, to carry out the joke more fully, returned the bones to said party. Thereupon, party No. 1 sent them the claws, hide and tail of the cat they had eaten. Shades of departed cats! what a sick set they were. "Mew, mew," was the only sound heard about the college for two weeks.

(June, 1888)

* * *

There is a prevailing complaint of headache and general debility among the students. This is very probably due to two causes, overloading the stomach and lack of proper exercise. The first cause may be easily remedied by using a little discretion at the table; the second may be overcome by getting up an outdoor game that will amuse and at the same time exercise. In the Foot-ball season these complaints were unheard of among the students. We venture to say if a baseball nine was organized it would have the same telling effect.

(January, 1894)

* * *

Just before Christmas vacations several of the boys procured a barrel, gathered a lot of persimmons and made a barrel of beer. The barrel was placed in a cellar so that the beer might be rich and mellow by the time they should return. When they came back they went in a body to sample the beer but, strange to say, the barrel was empty. Guess it evaporated. For full account, call at the Crowell House.

(February, 1892)

* * *

The beauty and chivalry of Trinity met on the evening of February 29th in a Leap Year Party capacity at the residence of Mrs. Nannie Craven. The evening was spent very pleasantly till about 10:30 P.M. when the young ladies excused themselves for a moment, slipped off home. The gentlemen waited patiently for about two hours before they realized that they were sold, sold, sold. When they perceived just how the matter lay, Professors Cranford and Houston both made a short talk about the purity and nobility of a heart which would never practice deception. Then they shook hands around, agreeing not to mention the matter to the "other" boys, after which they all took a chew of tobacco from China Merritt's plug of "Red Eye," kicked each other, and quietly returned to their respective homes.

(March, 1892)

* * *

The Mutual Aid-the-Stuck Society.—

This was established for the benefit of those boys whose conversational powers are soon exhausted, and who become "stuck." Each member was sworn to relieve any other member who might be *stuck* with a young lady on any public occasion, such as commencement, Senior Presentation, at sociables, etc. It was only necessary for him who was *stuck* to wink at some brother member and he would be immediately relieved.

Quite a number of new boys joined the society. On the first occasion which presented itself for the practical operation of the society, the founders engaged the company of ladies. Apparently they were soon stuck. They gave the wink to their fellow members (the newies) who came gallantly and promptly to their relief. By and by the newys became stuck (really). In vain they winked. No one came to their rescue. The society held no more meetings after this event.

(June, 1888)

* * *

The gradual decline of school spirit, still a fruitful topic for editorials, appears to have worried the ARCHIVE of 1903 considerably. School spirit then as today was a vague, undefinable something, possessed by the righteous and lacked utterly by the slacker. Its manifestation was the production of noise. This noise, the tangible essence of school spirit,



was believed to be endowed with mystic power. But, alas, even in 1903 school spirit was a thing of the past, a sentimental memory of the "old boys."

. . . Almost every evening when the weather was pleasant, the boys assembled in front of the Inn, and, for a short time, their presence was plainly evident. Songs and yells rang out on the still night air in a snappy, patriotic manner, which left no doubt of the deep love and loyalty of the hearts behind them. Such songs as

"Ki yi ki yikus, nobody like us.
We are the boys that play baseball."

and that nerve-rendering but inspiring yell, "Wah who wah," floated across the campus. . . . Woe to the Horner ball players who went up against the strong combination of a Trinity team, and a band of Trinity rooters, with horns, megaphones, and every device for making a noise known to college men. Woe to the Wake Forest debaters who encountered the Trinity speakers, supported by two hundred wildly cheering and insanely exuberant Trinity yellers.

But times have changed since then and we fear that college spirit is declining. The evening gathering around the porches is a thing of the past, and a strong, healthy yell is rarely ever heard.

(May, 1903)

* * *

In 1890 as today Greensboro was the Mecca of the more adventurous among the students. Excursions by train or buggy to what was then known as the "Greensboro Female College" were quite frequent. Dressed in Prince Alberts, with stiff collar, cane and beaver hat, the entire staff of the ARCHIVE would rattle over to the Female College in a rented coach. These journeys were not without hardships and ended not always pleasantly, as the following excerpt from an old ARCHIVE attests.

A crowd of our boys went over to the reception given by the Greensboro Female College and highly enjoyed all the exercises, but when they were ready to start for home the driver let one of the teams break loose and run away with the conveyance. The boys were compelled to wait till next day and not one in the crowd had enough cash to pay a hotel bill. It would require volumes to tell the whole story. Suffice it to say that they returned sadly depressed. The meanest thing connected with the trip was that the chaperon of the crowd, our Alumni Editor, was detected placing

a long, wavy hair on his own shoulder, in order that someone might discover it, and think his trip had not been made in vain.

(March, 1892)



* * *

. . . The lightning express has stopped in the mullen-patch and given three hoarse shrieks for the Trinity College station. A long-haired Sophomore, with a yellow duster flapping around his bony knees, boards the Pullman car, holding in his equally bony fingers a ticket marked to a neighboring female institution. With a child-like smile upon his face, he takes a seat upon a soft car-brake and begins the journey. After a thirty minutes ride through the magnanimous mud-holes and black-berry forests of Randolph county, he arrives at a certain place noted for nothing except its height above the sealevel, and for successfully withstanding the eloquence of Trinity's theological students.

After tasting the sweet and tender flesh of a venerable rooster, who, although deaf, had gone to the happy scratching-ground on hearing the Ashboro locomotive blow for the first time, our hero continues the journey. The smile deepens and becomes broader and broader; he grows nervous and fidgety. At last the long-wished for destination is reached. The duster is seen to leave the car and start swiftly towards a certain brick building. A ring at the door, a permission handed in, and he is shown into the parlor. A few nervous fidgets, an eager rustling is heard coming down the stairs. The perspiration pours from his brow in great beads, smiles and blushes chase each other over his confused face, a great light leaps into his eyes. The door opens—the idol of his heart stands before him. He starts

forward—but lo, three pairs of eyes are seen in the rotunda! A stiffening of the frame, a cold, formal shake of the hand. But the eyes gradually disappear. The light leaps back into his face, the perspiration starts again, blushes and smiles come,

(Continued on Page 23)



Three of the country's
smartest fashion models

SUSANN SHAW
FLORENCE DORNIN
DANA DALE

Chesterfield Girls for March



Smart Girls

YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER CIGARETTE

When you ask for Chesterfields
the dealer will say with a smile...*They Satisfy.*
You will find that Chesterfields smoke cooler,
taste better and are definitely milder...*for*
Chesterfields have the right combination of the
world's best cigarette tobaccos.

*Make your
next pack*

CHESTERFIELD

Poet's Corner

"Poor South! her books get fewer and fewer,
She was never much given to literature."

Thus sang Mr. Coogler, the nightingale of the South, and the unprejudiced reader feels compelled to agree with him. By 1890 the South's books had become more numerous again, but she still was not much given to literature.

Trinity produced its share of undergraduate poetasters and the ARCHIVE published the more glossy of their pearls. The age was not favorable to poetry. Tennyson and Longfellow still sat, bearded to beard, on the very top of Parnassus. Poets wallowed in purest beauty like pigs in the mud. Given a few recognized objects of beauty, such as a sunset, a murmuring stream, and a fragrant

daffodil, anybody could construct a poem. Nature herself was beautified thoroughly and garnished with a complete assortment of secondhand mythological beings who disported themselves elegantly, like plaster dwarfs in a Victorian garden.

Besides these frivolities there was much earnest poetry about Eternal Light, the Grim Destroyer, and the Holy Nazarene. Metaphysics were delved into incessantly, the Unutterable Mysteries were on every poet's lips, and the outcome was always Truth, visible to all, hard as rock, and indestructible as a new pair of galoshes.

AH!

What feelings a snatch of song inspires,
What fond recollections and vain desires
Reviving the ardor of mould'ring fires!

It is "How I love my Kate," that brings
The sweetest of thoughts on fancy's wings—
A sprite comes into my soul, and sings

Of days that are passed, of days that are done,
Of hopes that are dead, of pleasures now gone,
A moment of joy, and a Love not won.

A blonde of the purest, so fair and slim,
With loveliest features and figure trim,
(The form of an angel by her were dim).

A smile o'er her delicate mouth can play,
Like blush of the sun at the break of day,
And steal the most hardened of hearts away.

—"KWEER."



THE HEAVENLY FLAG*

'Twas one eve in early spring,
'Mid the lull that sunsets bring,
When I wandered o'er the college campus dear;
Peace and calm seemed reigning there,
And within I felt no care
As my idle, wand'ring thoughts made deaf my ear.

It was then the flag I saw.
Blesséd emblem with no flaw,
Floating far and symbolizing blessings three:
'This for life-blood freely shed
For the living by the dead;
'Tis for truth and purity on land and sea.

Thus, when lost in rambling thought,
Such as oft comes e'en unsought,
When at length all view had melted 'neath my gaze
Into shapeless, vast expanse,
Which as time passed did enhance,
I was roused just when the west was all ablaze.

Then, behold, far in the west,
Where the sun sped on its quest,
There were bars of white and red in beauty rare.
Long I looked upon the sight
E'en 'till faded was the light,
'Till nocturnal breezes stirred the chilly air.

—R. M.

* The following is merely an excerpt from the rather lengthy poem.

THE OLD FARM HOME*

Far yonder where the dark-top pines
Float level in a sea of blue,
Where dreamy smoke retires and lines
The tree-tops with a pallid hue;
Often there my thoughts are turning,
Gladly would I cease all learning
Could I but fulfill this yearning,
Old Home for thee.

I can see the old-time dwelling
Standing with an ancient mien,
All its walls and columns telling
Of a splendor now unseen.
On the hill the oak tops looming,
In the sun the flowers are blooming
And distill their sweet perfuming
Old Home for thee.

When flickers evening sun to gloom,
The cowboys o'er the meadows roam,
And through the valley's wild perfume
The cows come drifting slowly home.
Far adown the vale rings out
The careless cowboy's mellow shout,
And all things wend their homeward route
Old Home to thee.

When at last, the week was done,
Came the day of peaceful rest,
Father, Mother, Daughter, Son,
Sought the old church to be blest.
There the Truth was simply told,
The same old story as of old,
And it did more love unfold
Old Home in thee.

In the pensive afternoon
When the leaves forgot their hold
Each with the other did commune
And each that fell a story told;
Then came the social talk of neighbors,
Talking of their rugged labors,
Not of strife and bloody sabres—
Old Home of thee.

When the hours were speeding fast,
And the fire was growing low,
When each flicker seemed the last
And dying embers faint did glow;
Then the Holy Book was read,
From each heart a prayer said,
And each, happy, went to bed.
Old Home in thee.

—D. N.

* Lack of space forces us to publish only six of the poem's twelve stanzas.

(Continued on Page 22)

REVIEWS

Music

VICTOR has produced two excellent new albums of Debussy this past month. The first, and anybody would have to put it first, is the Debussy Nocturnes (Victor, Set, M-630) played by Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Stokowski has done an excellent job, despite rumors otherwise, and of course the music has quite enough intrinsic excellence. You'll play the concluding Song of the Sirens over and over.

The second album is *La Mer* (The Sea) by Debussy, Three Symphonic Sketches, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky (Victor, Set, M-643). The first part is entitled "From dawn till noon on the sea," the second part, "Sport of the waves," and the third part, "Dialogue of the wind and the sea." Written in the period between 1903-1905, *La Mer* created probably more enemies than friends, due to a misunderstanding of the critics. The music is original, constantly surprising; Dr. Koussevitzky has done well in his interpretation.

COLUMBIA has enlisted the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Frederick Stock in record-

ing Tchaikovsky's familiar and popular Nutcracker Suite (Columbia, Set, M-395). The recording brings with it the original subtle grace and quickness of the music, which consists of dances and waltzes: Russian Dance, Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy, Arabian Dance, Chinese Dance, Reed-pipe Dance, and the concluding Waltz of the Flowers.

Toscanini directs the NBC Symphony in Victor's recent recording of Mozart's Symphony No. 40 in G Minor (Victor, Set, M-631). The music ranks with some of Mozart's best; its simplicity and energy make a strong appeal to Mozart lovers. Toscanini has done his usual capable job in this version of the G Minor.

DECCA has released a neat album of Irish popular songs for those who like them. Phil Regan sings a group of popular ballads, e.g., My Wild Irish Rose, Mother Machree, When Irish Eyes Are Smiling, Little Town in the Ould County Down, etc. This is Decca Album No. 108, with Harry Sosnik directing the orchestra.

—PAUL ADER.

Books

THE AMERICAN NOVEL, 1789-1939. By Carl Van Doren. New York. Macmillan, 1940. 406 pp.

The prolific Mr. Van Doren is at work again. Winner of the Pulitzer prize for his biography of Benjamin Franklin last year, the noted critic has returned to an earlier field to produce a revision and a combination of his *The American Novel* (1920) and *Contemporary American Novelists: 1900-1920* (1922).

It is a question whether histories ought to be written of our immediate contemporaries at all. Surely if his purpose to create "a record of the national imagination as exhibited in the progress

of native fiction" is to be realized, the long lists of novels of the past decade with which he makes the substance of his last chapters reveal naught but chaos. From a nearby train the telegraph poles seem like a picket fence.

Van Doren admitted in 1922 that a critic of living authors has "to remember that he works with shifting materials, with figures whose dimensions and importance may be changed by growth, increase or fade with the mere revolutions of time." Thus in comparing the 1922 and the 1940 versions we find Robert Herrick losing ground to the extent of seven pages; Abraham

Cahan coming down from two pages to eleven lines; opinions and values change mightily. The old airy enthusiasms and pungent criticisms are quieter and shorter now.

By 1945 many pages of the 1940 edition will be neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring. Will *The Grapes of Wrath*, *The Good Earth*, *Anthony Adverse*, and *Gone With the Wind* still say "almost everything the fiction of the decade had to say"? This type of criticism belongs in a newspaper or magazine, where it will soon be forgotten.

This edition's bibliography of significant critical and textual works on American fiction is not enhanced in value by such absurd errors in title as the calling of Thomas Wolfe's *From Death to Morning*, *From Death to Night*; nor by confusion of the original dates of book editions (*Carolina Folk Plays*, for one instance, were first published in the second series in 1924, not 1926), but it is of value otherwise to the student of our national literature. Significant are the listing of the works of several Duke professors, among them Doctors Hubbell and Anderson, and mention of the University's publication of the periodical "American Literature" and I. H. Herron's prize volume "*The Small Town in American Literature*." In 1922 the college had produced little of interest to the scholarly world.

Nevertheless, works on America's great novel industry, happily defined by Van Doren as "long prose narratives in which the element of fact is on the whole less than the element of fiction," are scarce; and the past two decades have seen a tremendous outpouring of activity in this field. Van Doren is to be commended by including in his study such commonly neglected fields as Paul Bunyan, the detective story and the dime novel, Thorne Smith, and the romances of *Graustark* type, which the Great American Public really read.

—J. J. H.

* * *

THE STAR GAZER. By Zolt de Harsanyi. Putnam's. New York, 1939.

The very selection of a book by the Book of the Month Club implies that it has a fairly general interest for the sixty thousand odd readers of this excellent organization, and one must not be surprised to find a jacket blurb stating "Not every

year—nor every decade—can boast a really great novel. De Harsanyi is recognized as a modern colossus in world literature." Nevertheless, this is a worth-while novel.

The *Star Gazer* is a fictionized life of Galileo Galilei, the foremost mathematician and astronomer of the Renaissance; the discoverer of the fundamental laws of gravity; the first man to see the moons of Jupiter through his invention of the telescope; the man who spread the doctrines of Copernicus regarding the revolution of the earth around the sun. All these discoveries and many more are described in the novel, which is a skillful blending of the author's imagination and the actual facts of contemporary books and pamphlets bearing upon the subject. It is with difficulty that the reader can perceive the gap between truth and semi-truth that is historical fiction.

We find it hard to realize the bigoted strength of the Catholic Church when its doctrines controlled Europe and its Index of forbidden works often pointed the way to the stake for an unfortunate author seeking to pierce the veil of ignorance, but the Hungarian novelist makes the weight of Aristotelean reaction hang over Galileo's head like the sword of Damocles: not until Galileo's old age does the string break.

High point of the author's skill is the description of the famous gravity experiments from the leaning campanile of Pisa, an event of momentous importance which utterly failed to impress the bored scholarly spectators of the town. Low points are the obvious efforts made to drag in historical facts, facts screaming with the humiliation of being not only so extraneous but so addled. (Linking of the Legaspi expedition to the Philippines of 1572 and Magellan's death in the Philippines in 1521 provide typical examples).

—J. J. H.

* * *

TAR HEEL EDITOR. By Josephus Daniels. Chapel Hill, 1939.

Some twelve miles from Durham's smoky spires lies the University of North Carolina and the seat of one of the most active college presses in the United States. Among the 35 books on its list for the year are many of general interest, and in *Tar Heel Editor* Josephus Daniels begins an autobiography which will be of more than current importance.

Daniels as a newspaper editor, politician, Secretary of the Navy during the First World War, and finally as ambassador to Mexico has been in the national eye long enough to make the story of his life worth reading from even a purely historical viewpoint, but it was with considerable surprise that the publishers found that the first part of this projected four-volume work found wide acceptance in the area outside of North Carolina, for *Tar Heel Editor* deals largely with events in this state.

A large part of this acceptance can be traced to his picture of how a Southerner lived in the bitter days of Reconstruction; and in the story of his home town of Wilson and his story as a newspaper editor in Raleigh he shows the beginnings of the renascent South of today in the period from 1885 to 1893.

The casual reader will find little interest in the Daniels family tree, which wastes a chapter, nor in the minor machinations of Carolina politics unless they reflect upon national politics, but in the editor's lifelong distrust of the "trusts" is rich reading, whatever its value. The Dukes are singled out for barbed attacks. "It is said that once he confided to a friend: 'They'll not reduce the price of light and power as long as much of the earnings go to philanthropy, and my heirs will thereby be protected! Every time legislation or litigation or regulation threatens to reduce the income, all the beneficiaries rush forward to protest against injury to widows and orphans and others. Their action saves loss to his daughter, Doris Duke Cromwell.'"

—J. J. H.

* * *

Poet's Corner

(Continued from Page 19)

UNDER THE MISTLETOE

In a hallway but dimly illumined

A youth and a maiden stray,—

'Tis the time when the year is fast ebbing—

The eve before Christmas day.

As they saunter she turns to him archly,

Well knowing her part to play,—

For the mistletoe hangs just above them,
A beautiful berried spray.

He hesitates only a moment,

Then gathers her quick to his breast,—

Then—a soft smothered sound of resistance,

Which feigns to, but does not protest.

(December, 1904)

* * *

Uplift

(Continued from Page 11)

Truth-lovers must be critically careful and carefully critical. Some men grow old before they learn the first principles of life. Leaving aside the question of common reason, it is strange that some men, with all history spread before them, can so utterly ignore every claim of right as to scatter falsehoods to the four winds of heaven and not expect the chickens home to roost.

"The lip of Truth shall be established forever, but a lying tongue is but for a moment."

(November, 1898)

* * *

Possibly no service of the present year was more highly appreciated by the Y. M. C. A. than that conducted by Professor Pegram on October 2; his subject being, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way." It was a heart-to-heart talk, and was thoroughly enjoyed by every one present. Professor Pegram speaks words of wisdom gathered from what Rainsford would call a "strenuous life." During the service a trio, "Too Late," was rendered by Messrs. Elkins, Ogburn, and Hancock, the selection being taken from the "Idyls of the King."

(November, 1904)

* * *

The first Sunday in each month is commonly known among us a "Missionary Day." On October 2d, Mr. Mims, chairman of the Missionary Committee, conducted the service, and spoke of the needs of the foreign fields. At the close of the service, he took subscriptions to the amount of about eighty dollars, for the support of our Missionary in China. It may not generally be known among our friends outside of college, that the Y. M. C. A. here is supporting a native preacher in China. Rev. Faung Yoeh Foo is our representative in that foreign field and he is at present stationed at Souchow.

(November, 1898)

Trinity Miscellany

(Continued from Page 16)

his heart beats fast; a few more fidgets in the chair, a choking in the throat, a sweet faltering. Let us drop the curtain. . . .

(October, 1889)

* * *

The management of the foot-ball team has succeeded in having shower-baths provided for the team. This will fill a long felt want, and will add much to the facilities for training.

(October, 1893)

* * *

From 1866 to 1876 the average number of matriculations was one hundred and fifty-five; gross annual income, six thousand dollars; losses, three hundred and forty dollars; gratuitous tuition, six hundred and twenty; for the whole time, deaths, four; expulsions, four; conversions, three hundred and thirty-two.

(June, 1888)

* * *

On the day of laying the corner-stone of Trinity College, a country man who had brought a load of tobacco to Durham for sale, was heard to remark: "I can't sell my tobacco to-day, for everybody is going to see the laying of that tomb stone of Trinity College."

(December, 1890)

Gossip

Chubby Hoyle says that they are going to require him to stand his examinations in the basement so that if he falls, he will not knock the building down.

Theological friends, if we have weeps, prepare to shed them now. Cornie is in deep trouble because his girl ran off with his pin "which cost him a dollar and a quarter."

The present Junior class has adopted caps and gowns as a class distinction for next year. The Freshmen not wishing to be outdone have adopted

socks, thus breaking the record of all former Freshmen classes.

The little daughter of Prof. and Mrs. Crawford has been quite sick with the Scarlet Fever, but we are glad to state that she is much improved.

The Hundley-House boys and the Gannaway crowd are at dagger-points. It is all about one girl.

It is reported that the Trinity Commercial Bank has "busted" again. However, there have been no excursions to Canada yet.

Lured by the sweet strains of heavenly music, the ARCHIVE Reporter proceeded to the Tennis Grounds a few night ago. A crowd of jolly students were having an old-fashioned Virginia reel. The principal costumes were, Mrs. Gen. Atwater—green baize and calico, no ornaments; Miss Harper—red flannel and colored glass ear-rings; Mrs. Senator Branson—canton flannel trimmed with blue; and Mrs. Dr. Fearrington in white drilling. Gen. Daniels and Maj. Hanes were in full military uniform of G. A. R. Mr. Rahders rendered fine music on his tin fife, of which he is a perfect master. Messrs. Fortune and Standland also deserve especial mention for their promising talent.

The latest organization is an "Anti-Cussin' Club." For each offence, the offender is regaled with three licks by each member of the club. If he loses his temper, each member is entitled to administer ten more licks; if he shows fight, each member is entitled to thirty-nine more licks. One member has received seventy licks. The instrument of torture is a paddle with a hole bored in the middle. This is a little severe, but it is having the desired effect. Now, boys, we need an anti-tobacco club.

A Romance of Christmas Tide

(Continued from Page 13)

"Oh God!" she exclaimed feebly but passionately, "he has perished and I sent him away."

"What do you mean, darling?" her mother asked tenderly.

"Julian—I mean Mr. Thorpe," she managed to answer, and then fell into a heavy sleep from which she was a long time waking. No need to question her further anyway, Mr. and Mrs. Ryvers understood all now.

Eufala was well enough to be at breakfast the following morning, but she looked wretchedly bad and ate scarcely anything. She had to keep very quiet all day, for her nerves had received a severe shock and she was still very weak. Gradually she grew stronger, but a silent, gnawing pain and anguish of heart was written in every line of her delicate features and looked out through her lovely eyes. Time passed, and as the sharp chisel carves the sublimest image from the roughest marble so the keen pangs which Eufala endured softened her temper, brought out the sympathies and wonderfully sweetened her character.

Oliver Burton became a frequent visitor at Mr. Ryvers'. He noted with some concern the red countenance of Eufala, but he was too sensitive to the feeling of others to enquire the cause. He grew fonder of her every day, and as the season lengthened, he was pleased to see that she was cheerful and apparently happy when in his company, and that the shadows on her brow were softening.

It was on a Sunday evening in October. Eufala and Mr. Burton had just come in from church and were sitting in the drawing-room before a bright cheerful-looking fire, for the air was damp and cool.

"Did you notice how the old man looked at us as we came out of the church tonight?" Eufala asked with some eagerness.

"Yes," replied Mr. Burton, "he is the new sexton of our church, and I suppose he is trying to get familiar with all the people he is to serve. He is a very eccentric old gentleman, doesn't hear extra well and stutters slightly."

"Quite an old character," Eufala remarked absent-mindedly. She was gazing dreamily into the glowing coals, her exquisitely moulded chin resting in one perfectly shaped hand with the other lying careless in her lap. Mr. Burton bent over and seized it in his strong grasp, and looked up steadily into her face. But she quickly freed her hand, and with a painfully disappointed expression on his face, Mr. Burton said slowly: "Eufala,

I have loved you a long time and I thought you loved me. Am I deceived? After giving me such encouragement do you really care nothing for me?"

"Mr. Burton," and Eufala spoke calmly and distinctly, "I cannot say truly that I love you. You have been a very kind friend to me. I have grown to like you very much indeed. But all my heart's affections were given to another man before I ever knew you. He is dead now. I believe that I could be happy with you if I could with any living man. But I have no love to offer you such as you would expect of me."

"You say you believe you could be happy with me; that's my heart's greatest desire—to make you happy. I love you with all my life, and I'm sure you'll learn to love me in time. Oh! say you'll be my wife." He had spoken rapidly and excitedly. Now he stood before her nervously twisting his watch-chain, waiting for her to speak. "Will you say yes?" he asked in a broken voice.

"Yes," she answered simply and they were engaged.

Tuesday morning following all Elkhart was startled by the terrible news that the bank had been robbed. Crowds of excited citizens thronged the streets and poured into the bank to learn whether the news was true. There was the huge safe with its massive door swung wide open, and burglar tools lying scattered around. Telegrams were sent flying in every direction from Elkhart, and mounted police searched every highway and forest for a radius of eight miles, seeking some clue to the robbers, but all in vain. The offenders had disappeared as quietly and completely as they had come. Detectives were sent for and put to work on the case, and Elkhart sank back into its usual serenity and busy activity.

The gossips had something to talk about. There was to be a marriage in Elkhart. Eufala Ryvers was going to marry Oliver Burton. Cards were out for the wedding, and extensive preparations were being made for the occasion. It was to take place December 22, at 7:45 p.m., and the happy couple would spend the Christmas holidays in Baltimore with the groom's parents. Between the announcement of the marriage and the day set for the ceremony, society in Elkhart lived in a state of high expectancy. The young people of the place took it upon themselves to decorate and arrange

the church for the coming event, and when they had completed the arrangements it was like a garden of roses in June.

The morning of Dec. 22 was bright and fair. Not a suspicion of a cloud could be seen in the still, half-hazy sky. It was a memorable day for Eufala, the last that she should spend at home as Eufala Ryvers. In the afternoon Mr. Burton came around and he and Eufala completed their arrangements for their departure on to-morrow. But Eufala noticed that he did not behave like his old self, so she enquired if he were well. "Oh, yes," he answered shortly. "It's only nervousness."

At 7:30 the bridal party arrived at the church, much to the gratification of the large, impatient crowd within. While the waiters were arranging themselves, preparatory to marching in, the groom was talking to his fair, pure bride. A close observer might have noticed an uneasy, nervous expression around his mouth and eyes. The large pipe organ gave forth the solemn wedding march in deep, melodious tones, and the waiters walked slowly in and formed a broken semi-circle in front of the chancel. Then Eufala came in, leaning on the arm of her father, and Mr. Burton with his best man. They met under an arch of ferns and roses and lilies, directly in front of the minister, who stood ready to proceed with the ceremony. The great organ hushed, and a solemn silence reigned in the vast auditorium for the space of a minute. It was broken by the even, clear tones of the minister, as he began reading the impressive ritual. "If there be any person present who knows any just cause why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony, let him speak now or forever afterward hold his peace," he read and paused. He was about to resume when there was a stir in the rear of the church, and the large assemblage was swept by a wave of excited surprise to see the old sexton shuffling a little hurriedly up the aisle. He did not stop until he stood within the semi-circle and only a short distance from Oliver Burton.

"I-I-I object," he stammered laconically.

"Out with the man," said one of the waiters in a loud whisper, "he is drunk."

But the minister, turning to the old man, said, "You have a right to object and give your cause: we will hear you."

Pointing his shaking finger at Oliver Burton, the sexton said half contemptuously, half revengefully: "You robbed the Elkhart bank, sir, and you're not fit to marry this lady; you dare not deny it."

Oliver Burton was as pale as linen, his knees almost smote together. He had dropped his eyes under the steady gaze of the old sexton. Eufala had removed her hand from his arm and stood away from him, regarding him with a look akin to horror. Now he raises his eyes with the determination to silence his accuser with a few words. How did he know anything about the bank robbery anyway? But if Mr. Burton was terrified before he was horrified now. Did he see an apparition before him? Had his fright so confused his brain as to produce such a strange hallucination? His accuser had disappeared. In his place stood a tall, handsome man, calmly surveying him from head to foot, with an expression of repugnance mixed with pity on his honest face.

"I am a detective," he said, simply enough. "You know this is not your first offence. Make no resistance and you will fare better."

1890
1940

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At these words Eufala suddenly turned around and faced—Julian Thorpe. She stretched out her hands imploringly to him and all became dark to her.

On the morning of December 25 there appeared in the *Morning Gazette* this short notice:

"This evening at eight o'clock Miss Eufala Glenn Ryvers will be married to Mr. Julian Armstrong Thorpe. The ceremony will take place at the home of the bride's father, after which a magnificent supper will be spread for the invited guests."

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or Mother

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It was indeed a "magnificent" supper. Those fortunate enough to be present were loath to leave till the "wee sma" hours of the morning.

"This has been the happiest Christmas day of my life," said Julian Thorpe, as he imprinted a hearty kiss upon the blushing cheek of his beautiful wife. "I'm glad the 'Paris' left New York before I got there."

"And I've got the handsomest, most costly Christmas present that I've ever received," Mrs. Thorpe said emphatically, "for it must have cost you dearly to live the life of a sexton, even for a short time, for my sake. I am glad you did, for it has changed my life."

"Yes, a year and a day can make wonderful changes," Julian said thoughtfully, as he held the little hand that came so near being another man's.

END

* *

Trinity College in War Times

(Continued from Page 9)

The ensuing vacation was spent by the professors at their respective homes, a privilege and a pleasure which but few men of military age were permitted to enjoy. Professors of college were exempted from military service. Still we were not free from annoyance by recruiting officers. Every once in awhile I was ordered to report to Ashboro, that both my physical and civil status might be investigated by some would-be military *satrap*.

The fall session of 1864 opened the first week in September. The number of students in attendance was well sustained; the Faculty remained the same, and the organization and general regulations were but slightly changed. But we began to realize more and more the pressure of war. Our

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stock of text-books had become exhausted, and a rigid blockade cut off all outside sources of supply. The book matter became a serious question. Many of the students, on entering higher classes, sold their books to their successors, and that supplied much of the demand. I, also, by correspondence, and otherwise, canvassed the State, and in that way procured many books from former students and private libraries.

Another serious embarrassment confronted us, and one much more difficult to be overcome—the depreciated money and the scarcity of provisions. Ten per cent. of the products of the country were absorbed by commissaries to feed the army. This government demand, which was inexorable, so reduced our food resources that I applied to President Davis for a limited exemption from paying the required tithes. Before I received a reply, however, Grant captured Richmond and the Confederacy was rapidly toppling to its fall. General Johnston's army, in full retreat before General Sherman, was moving in this direction, and in a few days the advance division, under General Hardee, arrived at Trinity College, and General Hardee's tent was pitched in a few yards of the college door. His officers' tents were scattered about among the trees on the north side of the college building, and the soldiers were encamped for six or eight miles along the road leading through Archdale in the direction of Freeman's Mills. Up to that time Trinity had forged ahead against wind and tide, and never furled her sail till the star of the doomed Confederacy, under which she sailed, sank to rise no more. If a brave and successful struggle deserves commendation, the future chronicler of the college should emphasize this chapter in its history. The presence of

the soldiers, the excitement of the students, the anxiety and consternation of the people, rendered further college exercises useless, if not impossible. It was determined to close until the storm should pass, peace be made, and civil order once more restored. Students and Faculty met to receive the closing announcement, and our organization was indefinitely disbanded. We were in the midst of a grave and serious crisis. Our flag no longer waved in triumph, but had gone down in disaster

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DURHAM, N. C.

and defeat. We were at the mercy of our foes. An army of more than 20,000 half-fed and half-clad Confederate soldiers, and thousands of perishing horses were quartered in our midst, eating out our substance. But they were not plunderers; they were high-minded Southern soldiers, who respected private property and private rights. During the time, which was about a month, that they remained in this vicinity, I had the pleasure of entertaining quite a number of their officers, all chivalrous, high-toned gentlemen, whose fund of incident and anecdote afforded us rare amusement and instruction. We cheerfully gave them what we had, and also fed scores of private soldiers, who declined to enter the dining-room, but gladly took their rations in their hands and ate them out of doors. Finally peace negotiations were concluded, and the order came to General Hardee to disband his army. Then a shout of joy resounded throughout the camp, and at once commenced the busy preparation for their departure. Their arms were thrown in piles, their canon abandoned, and all the paraphernalia of war left to be turned over to the enemy. On breaking camp, they formed a line in marching order, which reached for miles through town and country. Their gladdened shouts at the thought of peace, and home, and friends, made the welkin ring.

That long procession of begrimed and scar-worn veterans presented a scene which rarely occurs, and one never to be forgotten. With its disappearance vanished my last vision of the ill-fated Confederacy. It was springtime, in the month of May. Nature had fully awaked from her dreamless winter sleep, donned her robe of varied hues, and breathed an air of new life, new vigor, and new hopes.



CORNER MAIN AND CHURCH STREETS

DURHAM, N. C.

Football

(Continued from Page 7)

remarks, and was replied to by Captain Padget in a happy little speech.

For Furman, Captain Padget and Stewart did the playing, Martin also sharing in their good work. Trinity's playing was team work, and very little individual play was made. Every man made a touch-down, Harper playing half for a few minutes, and Whitaker guard to be given a chance to score.

The Furman boys are a clever set of students and Trinity hopes to meet them again. The team came back well pleased with Columbia and Columbians.

(December, 1891)



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- 1892-93. I. E. Avery. Deceased
- 1893-94. L. T. Hartsell, Concord, N. C.
- 1894-95. Dr. G. T. Rowe, Duke Station, Durham, N. C.
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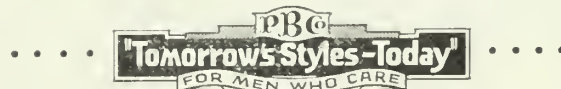
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The ARCHIVE management wishes to express its gratitude to those Editors, Business Managers, and staff members of the past, who sent contributions and who subscribed to the Anniversary Issue. It is through these men and women that this Anniversary Issue was made a success.

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THE ARCHIVE



APRIL

1940

U.S. ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION OFF FOR YEAR'S SURVEY

SLED DOGS...YEAR'S SUPPLY OF SLOW-BURNING CAMEL CIGARETTES ACCOMPANY ADMIRAL BYRD TO ANTARCTIC

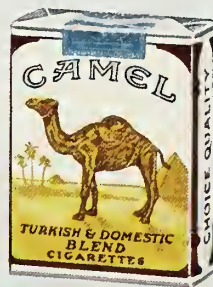


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The ARCHIVE

VOLUME LIII

APRIL, 1940

NUMBER SEVEN

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EDITORIAL, REVIEWS, CONTRIBUTORS

PRE-VALEDICTORY

THESE, our numerous readers will be pleased to learn, are not our last words. But since we do not know what editorial business our May number will bring, we have decided to devote this space to a theme which the editors of ordinary undergraduate magazines usually reserve for the last issue. We mean the pointing out to our readers of the continued excellence of our magazine, a subject on which editors cannot harp too loud and long if they wish to convert their readers in the end.

Such self-praise we feel to be in order not because we have been denied applause but rather because we alone are qualified to bestow it upon ourselves.

On the whole, we have every reason to be satisfied with our public. It did its best to understand and to appreciate us, and if it did not always succeed it showed at least commendable willingness and was thankful for occasional encouragement and condescension on the part of the editors.



Of course it did disconcert us a little that we had to spend so much time during the past year demonstrating to the masses how devilishly clever we are, an occupation, as even Bernard Shaw remarks, singularly humiliating to men of talent. But taking into account the mentality of our public, and considering too that we addressed ourselves to an university community, thus an intellectually underprivileged group, and, finally, forgetting not our anglo-puritan modesty which forbade us to state our case unambiguously and completely, we feel that we have no reasons for complaint.

In conclusion, we would like to address the customary compliments to the members of the staff, but, since we have found after a whole year of close association with these drones nothing remarkable about them save their laziness, we shall dispense with the sugar and condemn them to the obscurity which they deserve.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Business Staff of the
ARCHIVE wishes to extend
its appreciation to
those advertisers and subscribers
who have helped
to make this year's publication
a greater success.

FRANK L. GREATHOUSE, JR.
Business Manager

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Moon Through the Trees

by LOIS HUTCHINSON

I sit on the front porch watching the full moon come up. Very soon I will have to go to bed. I think to myself if these damn mosquitoes don't leave me alone I will have to go inside before the moon gets above that clump of trees. I don't want to go inside. There is a horror of houses and walls in me tonight. Besides it is very nice out here except for the mosquitoes. I can get philosophical and detached out here on the front porch. I can look up and down the street that is quiet in the strange beauty the darkness has brought it.

It is an ordinary ugly street in the daylight but it seems strange and marvelous tonight. Two rows of small dirty houses separated by a width of black asphalt I tell myself; lawns and flowers and trees, houses and people. I can enumerate items but I have forgotten what picture these items make for me, what they are, what they mean. I have walked down this street too many times, lived in the big white house too many years.

But tonight I can see them and I can see myself and the familiarity and the strangeness of this street and of myself are disturbing. I am aware of the familiar noises and smells with a new intensity.

I can see the brightness of the moon through the trees now, and edges of its glittering surface when the wind moves the leaves. There is a circle of transparent light that moves with the moon, and the early evening sky is darkening so that each star is very bright and distinct. I watch the moon through the trees until I grow bored with her slow progress.

I watch the street and try to figure out what the noise that the cars make as they go by is like. I decide that a car goes down our street on an average of one every three minutes. I wonder still more idly what the cars going down our street would sound like in music.

They would make a sonata perhaps. And the people inside them. And the fouling smell that trails the cars. Funny, I think, how would one indicate smell in music.

But I am not very much amused by this problem so I look at the children playing under the arc light on the corner. I remember how I, too, used to play at night under just such a light. I remember what fine games we played. I can hear our wild free laughter and see our twisted shadows hurrying down the dark streets. Under just such a street light we played, in just such dark streets while the full moon came up and we were unaware. What game are these children playing, what are they laughing about?

I think with sorrow of all that I have forgotten, all of me that once was living and now is dead. The dreary waste in living, the discarded, the forgotten, the untasted.

Someday, I think, I shall write a story about the waste of experience: of fear, of hate, of love; of talk, of work, of play, of gestures. The long years while we wait, the short idle hours while we wait. The energy we vomit out so that we shall not know we wait. And it will be a great story because I shall have discovered what I am waiting for.

But I am tired so I sigh and turn again to the street. And I think of the people inside the houses on this street, and their relationships with the houses and the stories that are in these people. I see these people as their stories at night, but when I talk with them tomorrow they will be names or gestures or clothes or relationships with me. I see them moving about through the windows in their houses and I wonder if what they are doing ever seems unaccountably strange



(Continued on Page 20)

Sketches

by ROBT. ADAMSON

I. CURIOSITY

MIKE PUFFED as he ran along the road and his muscles seemed to want to jump out ahead of him but his lungs didn't like the idea so he just ran not fast. A car passed him and slowed up and a man stuck his head out of the window and said, "Want a ride buddy?" Mike said, "No thanks. I'm running." The man said, "Yeah, I can see that you're running. May I ask what for?" Mike said yeah, he could ask, and the man said, "What for are you running," and Mike said, "I'm running to get in condition," and the man said, "You are running to get in condition for what?" and Mike said, "Just to get in condition," and the man said "That is very queer if you don't mind my saying so. Are you a fighter perhaps?" and Mike said, "I don't mind your saying so and I am not a fighter perhaps. I am just running for the hell of it." The man said again, "That is very queer," and drove off, and Mike kept on running.

II. THE DRUNK

The young man was very drunk and he thought that the tree was the most beautiful thing he ever saw and he decided to climb it. It was a very nice tree and no doubt well worth climbing and moreover it wasn't such a hard tree to climb and after all, why not climb it? It was standing there waiting to be climbed and surely it would be much kinder to oblige the tree and climb it than not to climb it so the young man began to climb the tree, using both hands, not because he was ambidextrous, but because it is the conventional thing to do when one climbs a tree. He threw his leg over the first limb and paused to see what effect it had on everybody but nobody was looking at him so he decided that he'd better go up higher so somebody would notice him and make him very happy because they had seen him and seen what a tremendous thing he had accomplished by climbing the beautiful tree so he climbed up to the next limb with great difficulty and looked around again to see if anybody had noticed him this time, but again nobody was looking and a great feeling of frustration

welled up inside the drunken young man and he said to himself, the only way to please these b....* is to climb to the top of this beautiful damn tree. So the young drunken man took a deep breath and staggered up to the top of the tree in one spurt and felt very happy as he stood at the top of the tree and felt a great feeling of achievement and said well I guess I showed them a thing or two and decided to look down and if there were any good-looking chickens in the crowd that was watching him and thought maybe he would make a date with all of them if they were good-looking enough. So he turned around to look at the crowd that was watching him and there wasn't any crowd and the young drunken man felt so disappointed that he could have cried and he climbed down from the top of the tree and made a solemn resolution never to climb another beautiful tree again and then he went down to the bar to get another drink and try to forget about his frustrated life.

III. CONVENTION DEMANDS

The young man stood on the edge of the dock and looked down at the water that looked cold even to an inexperienced eye, and it was cold even to an inexperienced touch. He looked down at it again and it still looked cold, but he took a big breath and dived in and started splashing around, throwing the water up in the air and generally having a very good time. Then he decided to swim away from the dock. He swam with a feeling of power, and every now and then he would make a dive down as far as he could go without his ears hurting and then would come back up and float on his back and spout water up in the air and roll all around in the water. After a while he lay on his back and floated around looking up at the sun, and it made him want to close his eyes and go to sleep right there in the water, but he couldn't because he would roll over with a swell and get his mouth full of salty water so he decided to swim back to the dock. He turned over,

* Deleted by the censor.

and the water felt cold on his stomach, and he started swimming very fast back to the dock so he could climb up on it and go to sleep out in the sun and feel warm. When he reached the dock, he looked up and saw a man standing there looking at him.

"Pardon me," the man said, "But what were you doing out there a minute ago?"

The young man said, "Swimming."

The other man looked reflective and said, "Swimming? Oh. You know you looked rather silly out there. Isn't it rather early in the year to be going swimming?"

"That's my business, isn't it? Whether I go swimming or not."

"Yes, I guess so, but it still looked rather silly," and the man turned around and walked away.

The young man blushed and felt mad and didn't feel like swimming any more and didn't even feel like lying out on the dock in the sun, and he climbed up on the dock and put his clothes on and walked slowly away.

IV. SAME DIFFERENCE

Mike walked up to the park bench and sat down. He pulled out a book from his pocket and looked at the cover for a long time as if trying to decide whether to read it or not. Then he opened it to the first page and looked at this for a long time again. He just sat there looking at the page for a long time and sitting and looking at the page again and sitting again, et cetera, and so on and such. Then the tramp came up and sat down on the same bench with Mike and just sat there because he didn't have a book like Mike had and if he had have had a book he probably wouldn't have read it because he probably didn't know how to read and how the hell is a guy going to read a book if he doesn't know how to read, . . . in the first place? Anyhow this tramp says hello and Mike says hello and the tramp says can you read and Mike says hell yes and why the hell

else would he have the book if he didn't know how to read and the tramp says that he wished that he could read so he could read books like Mike and maybe make something out of himself like he hadn't done and like maybe Mike had done but he wasn't sure. Mike said hell yes again and that he was a writer of books and that he had written a helluva lot of books and that he wished that the tramp could read so he would read one of Mike's books and nobody else ever read any of his books and that he was getting disgusted as all hell and that he wished someone would read his books and the tramp laughed and said well maybe it was a good thing that he wasn't able to read because if he could well maybe he would try to write and that as far as he could see writing wasn't so hot and asked Mike for a cigarette and walked away.

V. IT'S THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING

The fat man walked into the bar and sat down.

"Gimmie a short beer," he said.

Mike, the bartender, looked up and said, "Short beer, mister?"

The fat man looked angry and said, "Yes, I said short beer."

"Okay mister," said Mike. "Don't get hot about it."

The fat man almost busted a gut on that and said, "What kind of a dump is this? Don't they teach you guys how to act? I want a short beer and I want it quick."

Mike said to the fat guy, "Mister, it ain't doing you no good to get your bowels in an uproar about it. You'll get the beer when I get good and ready to give it to you." Then

he went and got the fat man a short beer and put it down on the counter in front of the fat man.

"Here's your beer mister."

The fat man scowled and drank the beer without even stopping to breathe. Then he slapped a dime



(Continued on Page 19)

from Letters to America

by KENNETH EARLY

Autumn

I.

Sear days with the light glaring and the days hot and
still.

Dogdays.

August and the heat of hell burning your eyes and your
nostrils dry.

But thought is still with you.

The land is brown from the action of the sun,

The land bare from the harvest;

Thought of the oats shocked, the corn,

Haying: the old hay riggin compared to the side loader.

Faster than you can build!

The sweet clover

Is wadded into the sheep barn mows;

Apples in the cellar,

Door to the sun!

On those hot days

The water was tepid in the earthen jug.

The team lathered in the shade,

Let the bright McCormick do the heavy work,

The sun sprung full to the bowl of the sky,

Let the machine work for man,

Build him his earth with his iron hands.

The distance is a shimmer in the day.

The nights cold, the dew sparse.

Rain hasn't fallen for some time, now;
Danger of fire in the barn, heat lightning in the distance:
The sky is livid white.

One little spot of hay is warm,
Where Dad put it in before the rain,
Ted it over the floor and let it dry:
But where will we put the corn?
Let so much of it set where it is;
The rest we can put over the grainery,
And pray everything's well when we come to thrash,
Or we won't have a place to put the straw.

The brook has been dry for a week,
Two weeks, three, the weeds have faded
Along its edge, no green here,
But only death.



Yesterday a fool
Fired the meadow with a careless cigarette;
Dust inches deep.
The west began to blow away!
Smoke on White Mountain and an Indian sun.
Dogdays;
The creek is low, sluggish, stupid:
The trees are pale green.

A Beautiful Day

The Biology of a College Student

by LORENZ EITNER

I. MORNING

RICHARD TOTTEL, a healthy 150 pounder, emerged from his dormitory, took deep breaths through mouth and nose and raced into the forest. All about him was spring. Young trees, still half-naked, reached into an inexpensive new blue sky dotted with spring clouds. The soft earth lay grassless and exposed to the sun which shone fiercely from above the crowns of the pines.

When Tottel entered the forest he stopped, blinded by the cool darkness. With outstretched arms he groped about until he began to distinguish tree trunks, knots of roots, and the blue-black soil. He wandered among the silent stems over the silent moss to a shaded dry spot at the edge of the forest with a view over fields and distant mountains. There he stretched out on the moss and pulled a thin book from his pocket. *The Right and the Good*, by Marcel Cass. He opened it at page 32, Chapter III, and read:

"Of the various distinguishable forms of consciousness which are basic to the existence and to the functioning of the moral ego the most distinctive and unique is a certain affect which I will venture to call 'the feeling of the ought.' In its more developed form this affective movement becomes the feeling of moral obligation. Closely allied to, yet by no means identical with, this feeling is the feeling of ethical approbation (and its opposite). This feeling of the ought should not be confused with the feeling of the ought to do or, on the other hand, with the feeling of the ought to be. The relation which exists between the feeling of the ought and the feeling of the ought to be, or between the feeling of the ought and the feeling of the ought to do, is, in a sense, analogous to the already discussed relation between moral consciousness of obligation (or the feeling of the ought to be) and ethical consciousness of obligation (or the feeling of the ought to do) or, expressing the relation in its simplest terms, the relation between the feeling of ought and the feeling of

ought to do (or ought to be) is similar to that which exists between the feeling of ought to be and the feeling of ought to do."

Again!

"The relation which exists between the feeling of the ought and the feeling of the ought to be, or between the feeling of the ought and the feeling of the ought to do, is, in a sense. . ."

The distant whistle of a racing locomotive interrupted Tottel's struggle with the Right and the Good and made him look across the yellow fields to the undulating hills at the horizon. Overhead, birds hung in the branches of the pines and gave metallic shrieks. Processionals of ants wound their way through the grass forest. A beetle ate the carcass of a fellow beetle in the shadow of tangled roots. Spiders sat motionless in their webs. A snail dragged itself across a sunny patch trailing sparkling threads of slime.

II. EVENING

Voice in the nickelodeon:

moonlight and roses
and stardust above . . .

The "Blue Rider" was packed. Colored waiters in white jackets steered fearlessly into oceans of faces and shoulders, cut around capes of shoulderblades, and wove through tangles of knees and shoes. The air was a mixture of perspiration, smoke, beer, *rève d'amour*, and dishwater fumes. Domesticated young men and women masticated in their little stables.

Tottel sat in a booth with his girl and made conversation. He manufactured it carefully within and let it gush forth in streams. He shot it up in spirals and curves, made it dance, flip, prostrate itself, and wag its tail. Gradually a void which he had barely noticed in some corner of his self grew and became immense and finally filled him entirely. Richard painfully scraped

together the last shabby fragments of conversation and offered them up. Then he became silent.

His girl drank beer and looked bored.

Quite suddenly Tottel noticed that his face wore an unchanging grin. In vain he strained every muscle to bring the corners of his mouth down. The grin had petrified: his face was a grinning flesh mask. He excused himself, grinning, went to the toilet still wearing the grin on his face, and grimaced before the mirror until the flesh mask softened. He looked at himself in the mirror, lost in reflections, tried several facial expressions, examined his teeth and tongue, combed his hair and returned to the table.

The girl was still there. That was natural but at the same time somewhat surprising. She looked as if she were trying to suppress a constant urge to yawn. She was bored to death again.

A drunk worked himself to Richard's table, slowly, like a barefoot man walking on broken glass. He carried a glass of beer in his right hand and an empty plate in his left.

"I understand," said the drunk and fixed a pair of blue eyes on Tottel, "I understand today is Tuesday?"

"...?"

"Today, Tuesday, makes it . . . ten, twelve . . . thirteen days that I have been down here. At night I sleep under one of the tables. The rest of the time I drink. I have drunk four hundred and eighty-seven glasses of beer. Pretzels is all I eat. The waiters are my brothers. I love them. And the little waitresses! But beer! That's the enemy. I hate the stuff. I hate to look at it. It nauseates me. *La b-b-b-ière, voilà l'ennemi*, as the Bible says. The only way to do away with it is to annihilate it. B-b-litzkrieg. Completely. I have been fighting it for thirteen days. I won't leave here until all the beer is gone. Away with it! Clean slate."

He tore open his mouth and poured the glass into it. "Four hundred eighty-eight."

He turned around, took three cautious steps, but came back immediately.

"I am drunk."

A belch rose visibly within him. The drunk struggled it down.

"All gone inside. Sick. Probably poison."

And he left.

Tottel sat fastened to his chair with leaden rivets. All around him silent people were drinking beer. Silent waiters carried beer in glasses and bottles. The mirrors above the booths showed the image of beer in perspective. The floor swam in beer. Beer filled the air. The walls were streaked with it. The ceiling shone golden with its reflection.

"Let's leave."

They went out into the warm darkness.

* * *

Tottel parked the car in a lonely spot and turned the headlights off. He battled down the last few inhibitions, counted to fifteen, closed his eyes and took the girl into his arms.

Several minutes passed. It was embarrassing. Tottel opened his eyes again. The scene seemed unchanged: lights in the distance, a few shabby trees, night. He could see the girl's right ear and a lot of hair. Her body weighed down on his lungs and made breathing difficult. His arm began to hurt. A yawn rose slowly. Somewhere a clock ticked. Or was it his own wristwatch? His mind began to wander: *the Right and the Good, perhaps ten pages before I go to bed, wonder what time it is, arm is going to sleep.*

...

That, then, was the notorious phenomenon commonly labeled love?

There was that yawn again. Tottel bent over and planted several kisses on the girl's face.

III. SLEEP

Tottel switched the reading light off and rolled into his sleeping position.

He began to sink, deeper and deeper, like a parachutist sailing into bottomless depths. Oceans of darkness rose up on all sides.

(Continued on Page 22)



Of These Things We Do Not Speak

by EDGAR C. GREENE

TIM WONDERED vaguely as he pulled on the new work pants and shoes what it would be like. It's funny, he told himself. I've got a father and two brothers working in the plant. I've been around auto factories all my life. And yesterday I stood while the foreman showed me the job I was to have, but still this morning it feels new.

As he shaved, Tim wondered about that, too. His brothers never shaved before they went to work. Then with a quick nervous stroke, he cut himself. He stopped and looked carefully in the mirror for a moment and then, laughing lightly, he shrugged and washed the lather off his face and went downstairs into the kitchen, feeling foolish.

"Eat your cereal, Tim. Bacon and eggs coming up," said his mother.

"Right," he answered, picking up a spoon.

In a moment his mother came in carrying a plate heavy with food. She sat down and pushed the plate across the table.

"Well?" she said affectionately.

Tim looked up from the cereal and smiled.

"I don't know," he said. Then he looked at the plate. "Do I look like a horse?"

"You'll need it before the day's over. You're working now."

Tim smiled again.

"How do you think you'll like it?" asked his mother.

"Funny. I really don't know. Dad or the boys never say much about it."

"I know. Even when they first started work they never talked much about the plant. I guess they don't think about it."

"I suppose I won't mind it. I'm used to the noise pretty well from just being around it so much. I've got an easy job, too."

"Yes. Your father had to push a yankee drill when he went to work. I don't guess you'll get too tired because your father never complained at all."

"Uh-huh," mumbled Tim through a mouthful of coffee.

When he finished eating, he lit a cigarette and pushed back his chair. He didn't get up though, just sat smoking and smiling at his mother who was smiling back. They sat that way for nearly a minute and then Tim got up.

"Guess I'll be running. It's getting late."

"Yes."

They walked to the front door. Tim put his hand on the knob.

"I wish I didn't have the odd shift. Then I could go in the car with the rest of them."

"Yes. Goodbye, Tim."

"Goodbye." Tim waved as he walked down the street.

His mother stood in the doorway until he was out of sight. The air was brisk and she shivered a little. Tim was her youngest. He had just turned eighteen. She'd hoped for something better for him.

Tim walked with his hands in his pockets, rocking on the thick new leather soles. If I only didn't have the odd shift, he thought nervously. Then I could ask my father or Bill or Jim. Jim, I could say, how is it? Do you—will I like it? And then he could tell me and that would be all of it right there.

Tim covered the six blocks to the factory quickly, walking fast—a little eagerly—to keep warm. His face was red and flaky-looking as he finally walked up to the factory and into the oblivion of multitude. Yet even as he passed the iron gate and started for his section of the line he felt terrifically alone—individual—subconsciously proud. He was perfectly silent amid the still noise of rustling denim, broken only by the sound of voices from the *white collar* office over to the left.

"Good morning," he said to the foreman as he came into the shop. He didn't look at the foreman when he spoke and the foreman, counting the men as they came

in, answered absently and didn't look at Tim. The metal tinkle of the numbered checks as the men drew out their tools was the only other sound. Tim took his brush, glass of turpentine and bucket of silver paint and walked over to the first unpainted motor on the line. Pulling up the battery box on which he was to sit, he began daubing at the motor, dipping the brush carefully in the paint.

At precisely this moment the siren sounded and the line began to move. As the echoes of this starting wail died away, the clashing grind of the metal lathes began screeching on the floor above. In the next room the rushing hiss of the torches leaped into the jumble of sound as the welders began work and thus all over the plant, the noise of machinery rose to its crescendo and held.

Tim showed no sign of having noticed the outburst but simply began slapping his brush more vigorously at the row of unpainted motors streaming relentlessly toward him. Rather, the noise drowned the room with a weight that seemed to hang perilously about Tim's head, pressing eagerly around his consciousness, biting queerly at the motions of his moving arm.

His eyes carefully studied the bolt heads protruding from the sockets above each cylinder, taking care that they were entirely covered with paint. Carefully, oh, ever so meticulously, he watched the bolts in their sockets moving slowly but irrevocably past. Carefully—each bolt—then carefully the many bolts and hundreds of sockets and thousands of bolts and sockets and bolts and sockets until the movement of his brush from bucket to motor to bolt to socket—indeed his whole being itself—merged with the flow of the line and the movements of the other men and the noise until there was no longer a Tim or a brush or a bolt or a line but merely a huge whole, working—coordinating smoothly—perfectly, spewing finished units from the debris of raw materials.

* * * * *

... Gradually. Bit by bit . . . a portion to each man, from this multicomposed entity, disturbing not the solidified pervading atmosphere of smoke and noise and torch flashes, rose those other bodies of men. The ethereal, uncharted and invisible things, born of the gray innards of the skull—detached from the material earth and yet somehow engulfing it with their omnipotence. The mental drippings of men—lost in unison like men

asleep at night. The last vestiges of individuality. Each a stream of thought reaching away to some strange mystery of power far away and yet strangely near and pressing.

Each a separate thing.

... tonight I will kill him . . . seize him and beat him . . . crunching bone and gushing blood and putty flesh . . . see . . . maybe you won't be so rash . . . bah . . . sniveler . . . tonight your time is up for I'll kill you . . . Goddam you . . . yes, you and if you've got any friends, Goddam them too . . . tonight I'll kill you . . .

... Tony, you are a wonderful singer. I, Tony, am like Caruso many, many times . . . beautiful music and lilt—ing arias . . . singing violins . . . white-fronted people swarming at me . . . disdaining . . . Vienna and Munich and Rome . . . yes . . . and even perhaps New York . . . but beautiful notes and melody . . . Rigoletto . . . la donna è mobile . . . Carmen . . . toreador . . . toreador . . . Tibbet and Caruso, yes and Pons and all . . . all me . . . l'opéra . . . Tony Manaci and Caruso and Rigoletto . . .

... I am wonderful. All the Lotharios of the ages in one . . . my muscles are strong and tireless as I go laughing, bubbling about the romantic places, being big and doing wonders—*island of the Carribean . . . Guam—Malay—Zanzibar . . . all of the beautiful girls in all of the world are all in love with me. They worship me but I am the one . . . the great . . . only . . . and I take of each and harbor none closely or tightly. . . .*

... yeah . . . sure . . . I'm a nigger . . . so what . . . niggers are all right . . . I'm just like you . . . two arms . . . two legs . . . a nose . . . only you're white and I'm black . . . it doesn't make any difference . . . it won't make any difference . . . time goes on and it won't make any difference to anybody. . . .

... you're lovely, Betty . . . lovely . . . I love you, Betty. . . .

... Christmas . . . money . . . bills . . . money. . . .

... all afternoon and morning . . . work . . . the line . . . yes. . . .

... I wonder . . . if it's a boy, I'll give money to the church . . . if it is . . . but it must be . . . I don't like girls . . . if it's a boy, I'll give. . . .

... I'm old . . . the years come tumbling . . . old . . . it takes time, Martha . . . too much time . . . I'm afraid. . . .

(Continued on Page 19)



2 love poems

I.

curving, the curving hands delight to space,
my darling, islands in your eyes, the thin
mediterranean wafers, my darling, touch
lightly, gently, o the tree, the tree, sing
singing, the violin, your hands like music
curve the space of day and night, islands,
your lips are touched with flame, my darling,
cling, sing, time is a space of curving hands.

II.

blueislanded
the sea waves
hypotenuse
of coral trees.

blueislanded
your hair has
hypotheses
of early breath.

—IGOR PERNOT.





FRANCESCA SIMS
of TEXAS
Chesterfield Girl of the Month

A roundup of all you
want in a cigarette

CHESTERFIELD

they're **COOLER**
they **TASTE BETTER**
they're **DEFINITELY Milder**

These are the things you get from Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

Make sure of more smoking pleasure . . . make your next pack Chesterfield and you'll say "They give me just what I want . . . **THEY SATISFY.**"



You, Swiftly Fading

by VERGIL WHITE

Du schnell vergehendes Daguerrotyp
In meinen langsamer vergehenden Händen.

—Rilke.

III. LETTER TO AN EDITOR

New York, New York

April 5, 1940

DEAR MR. EITNER,

Your letter requesting another contribution was forwarded to me here. I'm sorry that I haven't one for you: another in my series is under way, but I can't make it come. The reason for my failure is a long story.

One Sunday afternoon I was sitting at my desk, trying to work on my Master's thesis in Greek, accumulating data on Xenophon's use of the Dative Case, when suddenly I looked out of the window and saw myself surrounded with fake gothic, miles of it, grey stone piled to the skies, a great heap of dead nothingness holding in a splendid state of preservation that dead cadaverous phenomenon of erudition. It shouldn't be dead: that doesn't matter, it was then. And I saw myself as part of it, part of a stone corpse where living people swarm like maggots, a dishonest stone corpse, an Angkor-Vat erected to the money god, by the money god, his statute in front of the chief temple with bird dung in his metal hair. And I knew then that I would have to leave at once, before I became Vergil White, M.A., Ph.D., teaching meaningless Greek, grinding out Xenophon like a sausage grinder, hashing syntax for three meals a day. I knew that I would only become part of a machine, a beastly gothic neo-classic romanesque georgian early-American machine grinding out other people like me, other poor lonely fools for whom the Attic peninsula would be only an exercise in syntax, a study in the dative case, a comparison of elided vowels, and any pitiful fragments of Greece, whatever country that was, would be lost in the shuffle. Once this stuff breathed for me: yet in the moment I looked out of the window, it died and became meaningless scrawls on paper, alpha, beta, gamma—I had come to omega.

I thought of those great office buildings which take the place of gothic on Washington Square. I saw in my mind's eye Morningside Heights, downriver from the bridge: all rabbit warrens of erudition, where A.B.'s and M.A.'s and Ph.D.'s are turned out like automobiles on an assembly line, all with even less meaning than they might have here. I thought of the terrible loneliness and lifelessness that comes from living with the past, from brushing the dust off Greek grammars in the library stacks. I found myself tearing my half-finished thesis into tiny scraps of paper which I tossed out the window. It was early spring in Carolina, warm, greening, a bright new world. That was what I needed, a bright new world. I had to translate Homer into the sea, not the sea into the dative case: I had to stand like Xenophon's army on the heights and shout "Thalassa, Thalassa!", the sea, the sea, and mean it as they meant it, a sense of freedom, delivery from the country of the enemy. It occurred to me that only the time when that cry went through the army, only that one incident in a long and sometimes tiresome text has meaning. Xenophon wrote his entire book just to tell of that moment, the supreme liberation of ten thousand men. He thought he was writing something else, but when it comes to reading him, you know he wrote of nothing but a whole army in Asia Minor, standing on a mountain top and crying "the sea, the sea."

I saw that I had been doing a thesis because it was an easy way to live, because I was so overcome by inertia that I could never break from the habits I had established of living on a university and piddling my time away. I wanted to create and I had killed. I wanted to be an obstetrician of words and I had become an embalmer. I knew Latin, Greek, and a little Hebrew; all the dead lands of the Mediterranean were in my head but I knew nothing of the living. I was dead myself. So I decided to turn and flee, to leave forever the

acres of gothic, the morgue where my coffin was kept in a little room with a letter and a number for identification. That night I packed my books and clothes, and the next morning I left for New York.

Now that I am here, I realize that I have fled one cemetery for another. But I cannot leave: I have no money and I am living from my friends. It isn't yet spring, if it ever is spring here. When spring comes, I shall know only by Central Park, or Bryant Park, or Washington Square, where I sit in the mornings and watch the prisoners of that monumental stone jail called a university go to and from their work. Their faces are the same as those of the poor devils who work for the insurance companies, wall street, oil companies: students, stock runners, stenographers; all looking at bare branches as if to ask what is a tree? or not looking at all. Like the buildings, each with a front, each has a face, but there are so many that buildings and people are blanks. Now when I look in the mirror I see a fleshy blob with eyes, nose and mouth, a caricature that a few days ago was my face. If ever I leave here I shall find my face again, and perhaps even the buildings will have fronts again.

I walked up to Ft. Tryon Park the other day, and stood watching the people and the bridge. The bridge is a magnificent piece of folly: it links purgatory and hell. You can walk across it for a nickel, stand between New York and New Jersey and watch the Hudson underneath you. For a nickel you can go to the other side where the highways are tied into clever clover-leaf knots to expedite traffic. That's it: the expedition of traffic. A million cars shooting over the bridge, cars, trucks, busses, all in a hell of a hurry to get to New York for a little congenial misery. And when the people have their bellyful they scoot back through the tunnels, over the bridges, on the ferries to their suburban rabbit warrens, their comfortable private morgues under trees. I stay in New York with the congenial misery: I know enough people here to have a place to sleep, food to eat, and even cigarettes and occasional drinks. At night I usually walk the streets alone,

through the Italian quarter below the Village, through the east side, the west side, wherever I think I might find people like me. I see couples in the doorways of warehouses on the east side necking to beat hell, entirely oblivious of all the passers-by, even the kids who stand watching them. Why not? Isn't it better to be together, if they are really together and not pretending, than to be walking through the east side by yourself, watching them?

I thought I came here to write, to create, but I have written nothing, created nothing. I feel that I am being destroyed. In the South there was light and air: even if you were dying of starvation and dry rot, you still had light and air. Here no matter what you have, or who you are, even if you are mr. godalmighty jones of Park Avenue you haven't any light and air. You can go to the parks, where there's some sun and some air, but its like a southern railroad yard: even the trees are filthy with soot. The soot clings to your face, it eats away the stone of the buildings, it seems to go to bed with you at night. I remember seeing Manhattan from a hill in New Jersey once: the day was clear, and a

great umbrella of soot, a monstrous smoking toadstool blossomed in the sky. Now I can feel myself under that toadstool, in it: a sinister perpetual motion of soot rising and falling, up from the stacks and down on the people. The winds carry it over the river, where the towns of Jersey belch their own poisonous stinks: the winds carry it to Brooklyn, down the bay, out to the ocean, but it always comes back to fall on the city. The soot eats the stones and it eats the people: the rain is heavy with it, and the black water rushes through black sewers full of rats. When you

think of being a face in a toadstool of soot, where a million other faces are being born, copulating and dying, you cease to write. At least I have: I am drowned in an immensity of dirt and noise.

Of course I could go back to New Jersey and my father's grocery store: I could go back and clerk for him, keep his accounts, sweep the store in the morning



(Continued on Page 20)

REVIEWS

A Protest or: the Irrepressible Mr. Hayes Again

I see by NYT that Mr. Eliot's lectures on Xtian Society are published in this country. The association suits me, Eliot plus the *Times Lit Sup*, British or Anglophile. I should not bother to raise my ugly head except that I have just been reading Pound's *Fifth Decad*, which stirs me to think savagely on the comparative treatment of the former Castor and Pollux of the *avant-garde*.

Eliot presents the sad picture of the missionary turned cannibal. He played possum too long and instead of boring from within has become a public bore. T. S. started out as a nice bright laddy of the Middle West with New England leanings which have become so pronounced that he is now prone. His whole career represents the drift from the vulgarity of the Mississippi Basin "to the green fields of Russell Square." I was an Eliot fan (confession!); he has permeated us all like garlic and we grow more and more conscious of a presence not altogether fresh among us. He's never really admitted his derivations and although everybody knows of his debt to France as of 1850-1890, almost none of the Waste Land addicts know the *Prose du Transsiberean*, 1910. Eliot ran out of bounds in the Ariel Poems, farther in *Burnt Norton*; wrote two plays in which there is much less than meets the eye, published a book of flat whimsy last fall and now, I know without looking, has returned to the mannered pontifications of *After Strange Gods*, though indubitably with greater mastery. All this about a book of which I owe my knowledge to some cultivated canon who thoroughly understands, apparently, and approves Mr. Eliot on Christian Society. Unlike Mr. Eliot, the monthly reviewer is not likely to become, save as an Episcopal cleric, an obstruction on the literary horizon.

Mr. Eliot, alas, cheu, ailinon, ochone (a-corn. is for Terence Rhodex and the cream of the morning to him. Cf. J. J. F. W. footnote to close of the philantasmagology) has become such. His only remaining use is to be

cut down and cast into the Y. C.'s bonfire. But to review what he has done; three groups of good interbellum verse, certain stimulations in 17th century criticism and distantly connected fields, the editorship of a magazine which in spite of Russell Square managed to be one third of the time a literary journal of powerful good sense. Against his general record is to be alleged that Mr. E. has much brain but not much energy, reason yes, fire no; that he is sometimes ponderous, often wisecrackish but not witty. (I hope Prof. C. E. Ward thinks as little as I of the shorter essay on Dryden; it is offensive.)

But Eliot, having served God-Mammon, is now Grand High Lama, and Ezra, the only honest man to make a living by the pen since Samuel Johnson, is introduced by people whose knowledge of poetry tells them what fashion won't let them admit, with apology and explanation. Well, maybe I'm being offensive. I'm not so witty as T. S. nor so learned, not even endowed, I would wager, with any comparable amount of horse-sense, but my own acquaintance with the situation says briefly that there is much gas in Mr. E. Look for yourself.

Now as for the Xtian society. Knowing the past, I state dogmatically that this book can have not any basis in logic which does not rest upon the True Church. As we said years ago, the peculiar fact about that poem—the most notorious of his French borrowings—is that, while it is written as satire, the author is prepared to accept or intend it as pure fact: i.e. the church must remain below with its working machinery through which 'potamus is eventually to be saved, and that is sound apologetics. (Also remember W. B. Yeats—"Damn it, in my country the Church *is* Babbitt.") But if you don't swallow the Rock you can't get down the Idea of C. S. And why Christian Society (as of H. C. E. (1066 this time, not J. J.)) rather than Society of Shinto or any other established church. The bulk of

art, the majority of cultured persons, the entire body of factual science is still outside Christendom.

The second point makes me really mad; what has Eliot's society to contribute to social mechanics comparable to Pound's simple insistence on the financing reforms he details in the later *Cantos*? I am not an economist, I wish to God I could be as a matter of Aristotelean education—in spite of Pound's possibly correct, certainly adventurous lambasting of that most living of dead men—but if I read correctly the notion of Pound that the Government can govern less obviously, clumsily, more efficiently by controlling one industry only, namely finance, is gaining ground even in such circles as your own Ec. department. Pound is certainly correct in saying that if the profits of all work

go to the people who don't work—but I beg you to read the *Fifth Decad*. E. P. is the only among a host of social-conscience and even sob-sister poets who has a definite bone to pick and historical learning to handle it. And since in this same *Times* years ago, the consummate ignoramus in poetics, Peter Jacker, pointed a kindergarten finger at E. P. yelling: Fascist!, I refer you to Canon Bell's review of our present book for the Fascist implications of Eliot's arguments. But this is not my quarrel. My politics are still Confederate.

So this is not so much an examination of Mr. Eliot as a kick at detraction of Pound. Eliot is dead wood, and his Christian Society is merely his bank.

KIFFIN ROCKWELL HAYES,
Chapel Hill, N. C.



Music

THE COOLIDGE QUARTET has recently recorded the excellent Beethoven Quartet No. 3, in D. Major, VICTOR Set M-650. There can be no doubt as to the fineness of the recording and the brilliance of the playing by the famous Coolidge Quartet. Beethoven produced the Quartet No. 3 in his early years, while still under the influence of Mozart and Haydn.

COLUMBIA has recorded also this month a Haydn Quartet in D Major, Op. 76, No. 5, Set M-400, played by the Roth String Quartet. The first movement is typically Haydn in theme. The second movement, Largo, has a candor and sincerity which anticipates Beethoven. The third movement, more cheerful and playful, is first reminiscent of the first movement, and finally repeats the original theme for conclusion. The fourth movement, Presto, is like the slow movements of one of his symphonies.

VICTOR has done an encouraging job with Howard Hanson's Symphony No. 2 ("Romantic"), Set M-648, with Howard Hanson conducting the Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra. Hanson is well known in

American music and has achieved considerable reputation as a conductor as well as a composer.

DECCA has achieved something very unusual in their recent Album of Harpsichord Music, Vol. 2, Album No. 62, played by Alice Ehlers. The Album consists of old dances of the 17th and 18th centuries; first, Wilhelm Friedemann Bach's Polonaise IV in D Minor; Mozart's German Dance in C Major; then Jean Philippe Rameau's Musette in Rondeau, E Major, and François Couperin's Rigaudon en Rondeau, A Minor. The second record: Johann Bach's Bourrée I and II from the "English Suite No. 2 in A Minor," and Pierre Couperin's Chaconne, in D Minor. The last record: Menuet of Franz Haydn, and Johann Bach's Allemande from "French Suite No. IV in E Major," with Henry Purcell's Hornpipe, from "Suite in D Minor."

DECCA has also released a cheerful little Album of the song hits from Walt Disney's Pinocchio, Album No. 110. The album contains the popular When You Wish Upon a Star, I've Got No Strings, Turn On the Old Music Box, Three Cheers for Anything, Hi-Diddle-Dee, and others.—PAUL ADER.

Contributors

IGOR PERNOT, little known in this country, was, until the war, the leader of a literary circle in Paris which has produced brilliant non-representational verse. Still in his twenties, Mr. Pernot came to America shortly before the war began, to enroll in an American University, but decided that the conventional university life here would stifle his free spirit. He is now in New York, where we met him during vacation and persuaded him to contribute to the *Archive*. His work is well known to readers of such magazines as *Air*, *Fourteen*, *Les Anglais*, and *Electric*. The two poems in this issue have never before been printed. N. H. W.

* *

VERGIL WHITE has left us, but we hope to be able to print more of his *You, Swiftly Fading* series if he manages to continue writing it. The last we heard of Mr. White was that he had obtained a position in the Automat. He is one of those anonymous hands which shove a cup of coffee at you when you put a nickel in the slot. J. N.

* *

ROBERT ADAMSON is our first male freshman contributor this year. We found him sitting in the office one day, but, thinking him a member of the business staff, we went about our affairs and ignored him. Finally he was rash enough to thrust a manuscript in our hands. To our great surprise it was printable: we knew at once he had nothing to do with the business staff.

G. Z.

KENNETH EARLY's *Letters to America* is the longest good poem we have ever seen in our office. Maybe that's because Early's not a college man at all, and has no academic dust in his hair. We can't say. But there was so much *real writing* in *Letters to America* that we were hard put to make the selection we have printed. G. Z.

* *

LORENZ EITNER is still editor, after having fired most of the staff, and there's still nothing we can say about him if we want to keep our job. However, we live in expectancy of another editorial shake-up, when Eitner will fire Eitner, and edit the magazine with a Ouija board. G. Z.

* *

LOIS HUTCHINSON is the second writer the *Archive* has found in the psychology department this year. Besides writing, she tests people for Extra-Sensory Perception, *ad maiorem gloriam Universitatis Dukenis*. More than this, we can't say. G. Z.

* *

KIFFIN HAYES, last year's editor, has retired to an ivory tower in Chapel Hill, where he studies linguistics and toys with the idea of establishing an artist's colony in the wilds of North Carolina. Kiffin's ivory tower, where he and Mrs. Hayes live, has (o horrible disillusion) green walls. We suspect Freudian implications. J. N.

OF THESE THINGS

(Continued from Page 11)

As the line had started moving, so it stopped at the sound of the siren. The noise of the plant ceased as quickly as it had begun leaving the phantom image of smoke and clatter momentarily framed in the sudden silence. Tim looked at the head of the bolt on the motor before him and after assuring himself that it was completely covered, picked up his brush, glass of turpentine, slightly filled paint bucket and checked them in the stock room. Flexing the muscles in his arms and legs, Tim walked out of the shop through the yard, past the iron gate.

He wasn't tired as he had thought he might be. Instead he felt himself filled with an inward glow, refreshed, at ease. As the mass of men began to thin, he looked at the man walking on his right on the sidewalk. The man was one of the workers from his section of the line. They walked along side by side. The man never looked at him but at the second corner, when he turned off, Tim imagined that he nodded slightly.

Tim held his head high and walked erect. His father and two brothers passed him in the car. They were on their way to work. He waved happily to them and began to walk slower, feeling the sunshine. He was faintly conscious of having made a transition in life. He knew he belonged. He was no longer just Tim. And mixed closely with his calm elation was the impression of having been for a moment near something bigger than anything he had ever known.

Reaching the house, Tim walked up on the porch and began fumbling for his key. He opened the door and then, stooping to pick up the evening paper, walked into the hall and down it into the living room where he sat down and began looking at the headlines.

Almost immediately his mother appeared in the doorway.

"Well, Tim?" she said expectantly. "How did you like it? Did everything go all right?"

"All right? Yes. Everything went all right. Yes. It was O. K., I guess."

Tim turned the pages of the paper looking for the comics. Finding them, he leaned back in the chair, lit a cigarette and began reading about the little orphan girl who could never seem to keep out of trouble.

His mother stood in the doorway watching him—waiting. After a moment, she shook her head a little—resignedly—and with a shrug went out into the kitchen and began rattling pots and pans.

SKETCHES

(Continued from Page 5)

down on the counter and walked out like he was very mad.

Mike turned to the guy that was sitting further down the counter and said, "Well, that's that."

The guy said "Yeah. You don't want guys like that messing up your place. They stink."

VI. DANNY

Danny was walking down the street singing "Danny Boy" because it was his favorite song and because he was happy and felt like singing: If he sang out loud it was because he felt like letting everyone know he was happy and he smiled at everyone and everyone smiled at Danny and he smiled at all the flowers and the bumblebees and signboards and trucks and cars and even at the cops he was so happy. Danny didn't know why he felt so good and thought that maybe he ought to feel ridiculous but even if he tried he couldn't feel ridiculous and he didn't try anyhow. It was nice to see everyone smile back at him when he smiled and so he kept on smiling and singing "Danny Boy." Danny's pa was coming home that night and maybe this was why Danny was so happy. He hadn't seen his pa in two months and missed him and wished that this was tonight so he could sit with his pa while his pa was still sober and listen to his pa tell him a bunch of stories about what he used to do. Anyhow his pa would be there that night and he could see him then so Danny felt even happier as he thought about his pa and sang even louder and even the cops smiled back at him now. He walked past the grocery store and yelled, "Hey Mr. Shultz." And Mr. Shultz yelled back and waved at Danny and then he passed by the pool parlor and yelled and all the pool players yelled back and he went on past the theater and winked at the girl that sold tickets and she winked back and he saw Miss Pratt his teacher at grade school and even she smiled like the cops and everybody else and answered him when he yelled at her and Danny felt absolutely wonderful and even tried to whistle a couple of bars of "Ciribiribin" like Harry James played it and when this didn't turn out so hot he just laughed at himself and thought that he could probably sing as well as Harry James anyhow and so he started singing some more and he wanted to jump up in the air and run around and play games and shout to the world what a good guy he was and do all sorts of dumb things like that. Brother, this kid felt good.

THE MOON THROUGH THE TREES

(Continued from Page 3)

to them: if the woman who is washing dishes after a late supper, dipping her hands in and out of the soapy water, stacking the dishes neatly in the accustomed places, ever looks at her hands and wonders what they are and what part of her they are and how they came to be going through this familiar action; if the man and woman who are begetting children ever wonder why they must inevitably be touching each others' bodies in this manner at this time; if the group whose angry words rise and fall, rise and fall through space are even dimly conscious of what they are creating; if my father in the house behind me is aware while he interprets black marks arranged along each page that he is waiting, killing time until his particular moment shall catch up with him; if the children who are eating pink ice cream ponder the mystery of what they are doing and what pink ice cream means to their bodies; if the old man who sits so silently on his front porch, and like me watches the moon come up through the trees is not at all aware of the sudden oneness I feel with him.

And still selfishly engrossed in the texture of my own shell I ask myself how I am ever to write of these people since they are outside of me? how I am to tell what they are, what they mean. Suddenly I feel nauseated by my loneliness and by the loneliness that must be in all people.

I can tell what they do, what they say, describe how they act in such and such a situation. I can observe them until I can tell with an almost certain knowledge how they make love, wash dishes, read books, quarrel, work, walk, commit murder, dress and undress, bathe, bear children, eat, talk, grow old, die. I can forecast what they will do. I can indicate the pattern of their lives and the possible situations which might change that pattern temporarily or permanently. I can say all these things in words.

The moon is almost clear of the trees now, and so I rise to my feet and go into the house. When I get into my room I count eight mosquito bites. They are raised pink welts on my flesh and they itch. My room is small but it is full of the night because I have left the two windows opened wide. I feel different now with four walls surrounding me. I am a different person I tell myself. I undress hurriedly and turn back the covers on my bed. But before I put on my pajamas, I stand for a moment looking at my naked white body in the mirror. Walls, walls. I am surrounded and shut in by walls.

YOU, SWIFTLY FADING

(Continued from Page 15)

and go home at night to our house on a side street in Irvington—but I can't really. I can't live with soap powders and canned foods and canned fish: I can't keep accounts and go home to sleep the sleep of the righteous in a suburban house that is like houses in Kearny, Elizabeth, Roselle, Long Island, Hell's Half Acre. I can't go back to watching Mr. Levine mowing his ten square feet of lawn, and Mrs. Kelley talking to my mother, and watching Mr. Kellner come home drunk every other night. I know nearly everybody in our neighborhood, and have nothing in common with any of them. I know that there are a few intelligent people, like the German next door, but the people who come into the grocery aren't like him. They want to know the price of the peas, and the patent cereals, and are the carrots fresh, are the beets from around here? I don't blame them for being interested in food: just now I am myself, but Jesus, they give me the creeps. They're only half alive and they don't know it. And when I'm there in the grocery store, waiting on them, I'm not even half alive, and I do know it, and I can't go back. Even the gothic would be better than a suburb, *any* suburb, I can tell you that. No matter how pleasant it seems on the surface, a suburb is dead underneath, full of insidious dry rot that comes up through the basement of the house and corrupts you while you sleep. And even when the people are decent and kindly, you feel that they ought to be out in the country somewhere, because their kindness and decency is without foundation: you haven't done anything to deserve it: and the surroundings are all out of keeping. The suburbs are the city one step removed: you still have the poison creeping in, but you have a mysterious antidote to nullify it, and all that results is a feeling of nothingness, an incapacity for good or evil, whatever *they* are.

So as long as I can, I'm going to stay here in New York, because even though I hate the place, there is a good library and Bryant Park and Washington Square. I think that the people have developed a kind of passivity to the misfortune of being here: they notice things much less than I do, and they do not seem to suffer any more than they would in the South, or the Middle West, or the West, or New Jersey. New Jersey is the end of the earth: it's at the very brink of the volcano, waiting to fall in. They ought to make all of Northern New Jersey part of New York, make a super-city big enough to destroy the human race, a devour-

ing monster in which even gods could walk in perfect anonymity. In my mind I can see it: *La Ville Tentaculaire*, covering miles of land in a sprawl of buildings, a great jungle of steel, stone, cement and wood, the people rushing to the heart of it every morning, and rushing home at night, living in a spiritual, moral, economic and personal vacuum, everything reduced to the working of machines, a perfect destruction of the human race, of all humanity, of all consciousness, a super-animated ant-hill with tunnels full of people who would never see the day.

Do you know El Greco's *Toledo*? It's in the Metropolitan: a grey and green and dark-skied study of a city where people must have lived, even a little, where there were no subway-dungeons, no rat-hole tenements shored up by the holy church to make a profit, NO SOOT. It stood among rocks and green fields, was a grey rock itself, with storm clouds brooding over it, prophesying its destruction with the coming of civilization, f.o.b. England and America, makers of the better Maxim gun, the improved bomb, the more efficient hand grenade. When I see that picture of a twisted grey rock of a city I wonder at that man, El Greco, the Greek, and the world he saw. Imagine a city small enough to be put on one canvas! Imagine trying to paint New York: there's so much to see, so much to paint, that there is nothing, nothing, nothing at all. A noise, a cloud of smoke, a million buildings, and millions, billions, a star-number of people hidden inside the smoke cloud.

When I consider the great squirming mass of which I am a part, and remember that only two weeks ago I was standing in a city called Durham, under the canopy of The Big Star Market, I can hardly believe that Durham ever existed. In a day I went from spring to winter, from the Big Star Market to Woolworth's on Times Square, from a pile of gothic to a decrepit brownstone front. When I came here, I was amazed at the sense of freedom I had: no thesis, no seminar, no gothic to hem me in like a prisoner. If I had lost a little air and sunlight, I had found freedom. If I had lost the easy existence of a stipend and a carrel in the library, I had found life itself, and it was worth struggling just to live it. Now I am beginning to wonder, beginning to feel hemmed in by buildings and the necessity of living. The problem of finding work haunts me. What is freedom, anyway? Is it a matter of place? Or is it something that should be inside of me, something that neither Durham nor New York could give or take away? I don't know. I know that

I am beginning to be destroyed here, just as Greek grammar threatened to destroy me: I know that I cannot write: that I can only walk the streets and see the thousands of unknowing faces, the horrible façades of buildings, the free electric show of Times Square, millions of bulbs, miles of neon tubes, blooming and flashing, trying to sell me chewing gum, whiskey, automobiles, candy, peanuts. A great, overwhelming circus, a millionth of it especially for my benefit, and the other million parts for a million other people. I think that I must leave here, but where shall I go? Would it not be everywhere the same? Perhaps not. But tonight, I feel the city has swallowed me, and that I too, am swiftly fading from myself.

Yours,

VERGIL WHITE.

LETTERS TO AMERICA

(Continued from Page 7)

With death in the fields and the coming of winter,
Autumn has a last whirl of finery with nature,
Dresses her in outlandish colors,
Spinning at night her white shroud.

Memories of spring and the faded summer.
Earl Cowden's mare.
The city of gold and the long buried dead.

IV.

You are safe yet a while;
Though your hands are covered with warm blood
The night hides you.
We are coming,
Coming like avengers of the land.

You are safe yet a while;
We will not yet arise;
We are indulging in the latest craze,
Keeping our thoughts in our pockets,
Letting our crazed, starved minds and souls dance,

Copying the decadent bourgeoisie:

You make glass furniture,

We will dance the jitterbug panorama.

We are trying to make it all up to you,

We are trying to forget like good brothers.

You'd better think up a good war,
 Flirt with scavenger England, meek Italy, Zarathustra
 Germany:
 At least give us a purge of Jews;
 Give us a crusade for making America pure;
 Feed us the clans and citizen's committees;
 Impoverish all our stock of decency.

We're not quite to the stage in time
 Where we'll take these cherished to our bosoms:
 You have first to bleed us of pride,
 Defeat all the decency in a man,
 Starve us all a little more,
 Not only the cropper, the miner, the Ford makers, and
 silk,
 Take it out of us all with your American way,
 Your legions and commerce chambers, vigilantes and
 associations:
 Then we'll come up like a million demons lusting for
 blood.
 We'll come up like the French.

This is not my wish.

This is a thing which happens.

Watch the primordial awakenings.
 Watch the rumblings which echo through the decades.
 You forget that time is continuous and yet nonexistent;
 That today is yet here and tomorrow comes
 Out of the night into the day.
 You forget that you will have to face it tomorrow.
 Will have to die.

I do not wish it.

These things carry the weak as well as the strong with
 them:

They carry the innocent as well as the guilty.

Your labor spies can hold off a while longer:
 We can even go as far as the dole system of honorable
 England.
 You can breed a war.

Just leave us the hysteria of humor as a pop valve for
 our emotions.

We are not a weak people;

We are a laughing people which shows strength;

Let us laugh and take it all until one day it is too much.
 But even now we are beginning to laugh at pain.

We are a nation but not a people.

We are strong.

But even now we are beginning to laugh at pain.

Winter

XI.

Memories.

They come slipping in almost without provocation.

Sometimes the whisper is of pain,

Again it is of pleasure.

Memories.

Do you remember?

What of the past?

Look at your body, your face:

Tell me, what are your memories?

Now tell me what you forgot.

I point my finger at you:

Tell me, how much of me have you forgot already?

What little you have remembered!

Billboards by the roadside.

Only where I kissed you. . . .

A BEAUTIFUL DAY

(Continued from Page 9)

Suddenly, he found himself in a landscape that was as flat and desolate as howling misery itself. In the middle of this landscape there was a pit, and around this pit Tottel saw himself chasing a small dog. The dog was fat and harmless and had the fear of death in its eyes, but Tottel, whose legs seemed to be filled with lead, kept chasing it around the pit. He intended to murder it, for he had developed a coldly rational hatred of dogs.

Toward the pit he felt an indifference bordering on contempt.

At last the inevitable happened. The dog fell shrieking into the pit. Tottel stopped and looked into the pit's dark mouth. There the dog sat in the lowest depths and looked small and ashen pale. A feeling of terrible guilt rose in Tottel. He trembled with commiseration for the dog. He knelt down by the pit,

stretched out his arms towards the dog's poor broken body and cried.

Slowly he rose to his feet again. He had to make amends.

"Comrade," orated Tottel into the open pit and drew himself up to an enormous height, "comrade dog, I did not mean to kill you. I was merely performing my simple duty as a soldier. Anybody in my place would have done what I did. It is therefore with a feeling of profoundest gratitude and humility, mixed, I admit, with civic pride, that I turn over to the use of the public at large this bleeding heart."

There was a wave of mild applause. Encouraged, Tottel continued: "But I will even go further, Ladies and Gentlemen, even go one step further. I will in the unprecedented goodness and generosity of that same heart, my heart, prostrate myself and let the public step on me, wipe its feet into my face, feast on my liver."

Tremendous applause from all sides.

"I move to have a heart butchery established at once," shouted Tottel into the tumult.

"I second that motion," answered a voice from the pit.

"But," asked another voice, "what about beer?"

"Blitzkrieg," Tottel replied coldly, "as to beer, Blitzkrieg."

A concealed orchestra began to play the love-death motive. Tottel unfolded a pair of wings and took to the sky. Effortless was the ascent and it filled him with troubling joy. The sky unfolded above him and wrapt him in blueness.

"Tottel, are you happy?" cried the pit from below.

"All my wishes are fulfilled," sang Tottel.

He rose and rose with the violins and woodwinds and the earth was only a rolling of drums under him.

IN THE TUNNEL

A Collection of Obscure Verse
by Various Authors

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LYRICS IN WAITING AND GONE

Temporal Peace

I shall not know

How silver twilight's gilt pretensions grow;

Their shoddy show to bolster this the real.

My twilight is enough:

When through bent airs deep mellow soundings steal,

Nor rough-whirled symphonies,

over, above themselves mounting,

Break my good monody I hear alone;

And when with kindly sprites attentive comes,
she—

long deep-haired, goodly tall.

The Silent Depth

Having come northward thence, I have learned late

And in lost-innocence sorrow my past will.

So clanging doors will crush this poisoned hate:

This lost love, the tender, touch could kill—

And I shall know soft swinging-down decay,

The death of emotion, easing into mine.

And like deep swirling wells, soon, late, today.

Shall watch the pause and cease of current time.

—CREIGHTON GILBERT.

THE CHURCH WEDDING

Imperative, the gothic attribute

Will hang its hollow buttress through the brain,

Through airdrill emphasis a faded rune

Echo, and lord and lady contemplate

Some quiet ordered castle, dream a lute

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and the boxes from home are few
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BLOCKS

PUNCH

Welcoming them, while gentlefolk in train
Bow courteously to close the honeymoon:
They'll half believe the preacher reads their fate.

Oh, there will be the mild dismissing joke
Which says, "We are not children; we know well
A hair suspends the knife above the neck."
But now this false nostalgia will cajole
These two from looking clearly at the folk
Who make New York a drab or gaudy hell.

—HARRY DUNCAN.

HAMADRYAD

Our bodies might have atoned for us
Who tried to live in mind, only
She was afraid, as a whispered voice
In the night speaks a blank chorus.

Her upwardcurving hands as if for rain
She held, then lowered them from sky
And leaned against the tree, and never
Answered me, her eyes distilling pain.

—OSCAR BYSSHE TUMOR.

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THE ABSTRACT WOOD

for Lorenz Eitner

The geometric gothic trees
Are window arched and spread
In black solemnity of line
Like this November; strict,
Unswaying, the actual is led
To pillar houses of design.

Beyond them in the hanging
Light, the grey hypothesis
Of lurking woods extends
With proofless shadows: only
Unreal worlds have synthesis
Completely, and no ragged ends.

—GEORGE ZABRISKIE.

"MAMMA, HERE'S THAT DEAD MAN AGAIN"

Do not disturb me with friends' funerals
The observances of known mortality
Lamentings, prayings-for, and burials
Are irrelevant to my morality.

But go, if *you* will, perform perfunctory rites.
Bow to the mumbled spell the priest-man weaves
Careless of his cloth's weight; his magic lights
Less heavily upon the box than leaves.

Heat of decaying leaves piled thick around
Might speed the bodies' final dissolution;
The words, worn smooth, can only here propound
A riddle which has no solution.

Go you, bring young and middle-aged to meet
At the one spot where any age is ripe:
I with no reverence will keep my seat
Biting reflectively on stem of pipe.

—KIFFIN HAYES.

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HOTEL

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Actual color photographs. Before the harvest—inspection of a crop of better-than-ever tobacco grown at Willow Springs, N. C., by U. S. Govt. methods. (Below) H. H. Scott looks over some fine leaf after it's been cured.



*Have you tried a
Lucky lately?*

THE ARCHIVE

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MAY 31 1940



MAY

1940

OUT IN SANTA BARBARA, West Coast girls play a lot of polo. Peggy McManus, shown about to mount one of her ponies, is a daring horsewoman... often breaks and trains her own horses. She has carried off many cups and ribbons at various horse shows and rodeos.



PEGGY SAYS SPEED'S SWELL IN A HORSE

SPEED'S THE THING IN A HORSE, BUT I LIKE MY CIGARETTES SLOW-BURNING, THAT MEANS CAMELS, THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES ME THE EXTRAS!



PEGGY McMANUS (above) has won numerous cups for "all-round girl"...studied ranch management at the University of California. She's a swell dancer, swims, sails...is a crack rifle shot...handles a shotgun like an expert. She picks Camels as the "all-round" cigarette. "They're milder, cooler, and more fragrant," Peggy says. "By burning more slowly, Camels give me extra smokes. Penny for penny, Camels are certainly the best cigarette buy."

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5
EXTRA
SMOKES
PER
PACK!

...but the cigarette for her is slower-burning Camels because that means

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Extra Flavor

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST—people feel the same way about Camel cigarettes as Peggy does. Camels went to the Antarctic with Admiral Byrd and the U. S. Antarctic expedition. Camel is Joe DiMaggio's cigarette. People like a cigarette that burns slowly. And they find the real, worth while extras in Camels—an extra amount of mildness, coolness, and flavor. For Camels are slower-burning. Some brands burn fast. Some burn more slowly. But it is a settled fact that Camels burn slower than any other brand tested (see left). Thus Camels give extra smoking...a *plus* equal, on the average, to five extra smokes per pack.

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Camels—the cigarette of Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos

The ARCHIVE

VOLUME LIII

MAY, 1940

NUMBER EIGHT

A Monthly Literary Review Published by the Students of Duke University, Durham, North Carolina

The publication of articles on controversial topics does not necessarily mean that the Editor or the University endorses them.

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EDITORIAL AND REVIEWS

PESSIMIST MANIFESTO

EVERY upstanding, self-respecting college in America publishes what is usually labeled somewhat paradoxically an "undergraduate literary magazine."

Some of these seem to be published for the mildly feeble-minded, the lovers of personality polls, faded jokes, gossip, and probably do not fail to please their collegiate readers. Others reflect the literary eunuchism of the tottering old maids of some English faculty under whose tutelage they are composed. Others again proclaim the depressing intellectuality of cloistered co-eds who have turned sour and literary for want of healthier self-expression. A few are the organs of world re-builders and undergraduate proletarians confident of solving the problems of Birth Control, Capitalism, and Art on pages 13-18. The rest are edited by the lotophagi of the neo-Wildean school of reformed estheticism which cultivates the short and pointless lyric.

One reason for this sterility is the failure of those responsible for the publication of undergraduate magazines to recognize their only justifiable purpose. This purpose is simply to give young writers a chance of expressing themselves in complete freedom from finan-

cial and other considerations. It cannot be repeated too often that college magazines ought to exist not primarily for their readers but for those who write.

The other reason for their failure is that since college magazines are instruments of literary self-expression their success depends upon the presence of a sufficient number of writers who have something to express.

Where these two necessary conditions, freedom of expression and need for expression, do not exist together, a literary magazine cannot be successful.

Unfortunately, the editors of college magazines are a spineless tribe, forever clowning before some surly student body or burning incense before some university administration. They content themselves with the publication of "A" themes and other academic paper blossoms. Occasionally a mighty proletarian arises among them with a loud message of suffering which he has never experienced and injustice about which he has read somewhere. But on the whole everything is sweetness and light.

The undergraduate of 1940 has nothing to say. He prefers to play handball.



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Biographia Literaria

BEING: AN ACCURATE ACCOUNT OF THE LIVES AND LOVES

THE WRITINGS AND RIOTINGS

OF CERTAIN *UNIVERSITY WITS* NOW DECEASED.

RENDERED MOST FAITHFULLY

BY THEIR UNWORTHY FRIEND AND MOURNER

LORENZ EITNER

THE AUTHOR'S DEDICATION

ALL TRADITIONS die, and it is unhappily too often only in the sadness of their dying that we know their worth. A tradition is dying here at Duke and I who am the last survivor of those who were a part of it find it my lot to carry it to its grave amidst a slow funeral procession of memories.

Duke was never proud of the tradition which I mourn although it was its only one (save perhaps the annual sadistic orgies of the Brotherhood of Sophomores) and it flatteringly bestowed upon its upholders the distinction of unqualified disapproval.

Thus will I, who have been a witness to the gradual decline and sad degeneration of this brave band of honest malefactors, who have eaten of their crackers and drunk of their tea with rum, erect here with both my feeble hands a memorial to the golden age of irrespectability, now forever past, in which they flourished.

MY FIRST encounter with undergraduate genius came early during my Freshman year when Professor Blackburn took me to one of the meetings of the Undergraduate Writers. I had combed and shaved myself for the occasion and selected a dark blue suit of soft and fine material. A most appetizing thin little Freshman I must have been, a little pale perhaps from too much studying and too little eating, the miniature replica of a man, with the confidence and the pretensions of a giant.

Upon entering the room of the meeting my first glance at the undergraduate writers made me regret the dark blue suit. They seemed to be a rather ordinary assemblage, shabby and pasty-faced, only here and there a mighty shock of hair, a memorable profile, an evil-smelling pipe. They sat crowded closely around the oblong table and read their manuscripts aloud into the shifting smoke. Blood and sex and incest predominated, for undergraduate literature had then just entered into its starkest phase. Its ideal appeared to be the strong man, the athlete of guts and glands for whom the world is not a vale of tears but a deposit of excrements and the human being a beautiful cesspool full of gurgling mud. A few little poetical forget-me-nots in the olden manner strewn into this biological orgy by sensitive females gave rise to mighty laughter.

After the reading of the manuscripts there was much brave flashing of broadswords of wit, much merciless cutting with critical shears, much bringing to light of profound and cryptic wisdom. The lesser efforts, notably the sensitive forget-me-nots, were proclaimed swinish drivel, while the gutty productions received alternately hot praise and acid criticism.

Now it must be admitted that the literary value of the undergraduate writers' works was far less conspicuous than their insolent pretentiousness. Their work was very mediocre; even I, who was merely a thin, dark blue Freshman, felt that. But I was glad to have fallen among people who evidently did not bore themselves and, when after the meeting those who could afford it went down town to dissipate in

one of Durham's beer palaces, I followed them. What I saw and heard there, what brave speeches and pleasant discourses did then occur between them when not only genius but also beer spoke from their mouths, I shall not report for fear of giving offense.

That night when I returned to my room with my ears still full of their thundering voices I felt myself, like Wordsworth, a dedicated spirit, and made a vow to become a writer.



Duke possessed in its genii as upstanding and disreputable a group of non-conformists as has ever graced a southern campus. There was not one among them whom the administration did not view with gloomy disapproval. The student body shook their heads over them in dumb astonishment and the Young Men's Christian Association counted

them among the damned. They were never seen at the Pan-Hellenic perspirational dance entertainments, the mellifluous chapel sermons, football games or bible classes. None of them possessed even the slightest trace of the officially approved gold-star 99%-proof school spirit. All of them drank and smoked hugely, overcut classes, walked on the lawns, insulted the campus police, led women astray, kept liquor, animals, and concubines in their dormitories, held midnight orgies and black masses, proned, seduced, abandoned, spent, borrowed, pawned, and swiped.

And, although many an eyebrow was raised, these and many more which I cannot recount here for lack of space did they hold to be meet and seemly pastimes. For they were not contented with the mildewed freedom which the authorities would have forced upon them and thought that liberty in order to be enjoyed must be conquered or stolen. Thus they incurred the censure of the authorities and of the fish-eyed among their fellow students (the majority, alas) all those who had felt since their first awakening from pre-natal slumber a fierce desire to travel on the straight and narrow path like pious sheep and who received with child-like joy upon their coming to the university a pretty prefabricated morality, a furnished soul, and a philosophy of life, 9 x 15 inches and suitable for framing.

The spiritual head of the genii and editor of the ARCHIVE was then one Edward Post, a pale, dark-eyed North Carolinian. He was a serious young man who

had discovered suddenly one afternoon that everything was not as it should be in this best of all possible worlds, a discovery which disturbed him considerably and eventually drove him to write lengthy philosophical poems. Very conspicuous among Post's collaborators was Kiffin Hayes, a pipesmoking, tokaydrinking, hegelquoting poet and the annual genius of the easily satisfied English department for the season 1935-1937. About them flourished a crop of genii whose faces and voices I still remember well. The shade of Sheldon Harte haunts me still with his woolly reddish hair that matched his coat and his political philosophy, for Sheldon was the presiding lion of the American Student Union of Duke University, now also defunct. And when I close my eyes I can still hear the drrrrratic voice of Teresa Harris, the class-conscious prima donna, accusing me of fascism.

When Robert Wilson succeeded Post as editor of the ARCHIVE, undergraduate literary trends took a new turn. Like Post, Wilson had made an important discovery. One rainy afternoon, nobody will ever quite know how it happened, save perhaps Arthur Dowling, his intellectual nursemaid, he discovered Culture, of whose existence he had previously been quite unaware. This troubling discovery transformed him entirely. It lifted him quite suddenly high above his contemporaries and brought him face to face with *Real Things*. Poor Wilson shared the fate of all discoverers and saints. A strong desire to communicate his findings to the world consumed him and he began to blow the trumpet of Culture, danced the fandango of Culture, performed feats of cultural ventriloquism and sword-eating, and presented to a surprised campus the spectacle of the perspiring prophet. Soon Wilson's initial amazement at the stony indifference of his fellows turned into bitterness and eventually into dark misanthropy. Nobody wanted the Culture which was so precious to him and to Arthur Dowling! In his gloom he fell to lashing the campus in his editorials. He poured floods of scorn over collegiate sex, football and wrote Platonic dialogues advocating free love, immediate massacre of all university professors, annihilation of co-eds, and abolishment of sports, without even shocking his phlegmatic audience. With some resignation he finally handed the ARCHIVE over to Kiffin Hayes, his appointed successor. Kiffin, who had recently returned from Paris, had no program for sale. He advocated neither Thought, Culture, Guts, nor the Beautiful. His policy was strictest *laissez-faire*. During the period of his editorship, undergraduate

literature faded into autumnal decadence by way of reaction against the bubbling realism of the previous two years. The subtle and morbid, the agreeably painful and esthetically moribund received loving attention. Writing became feebler if somewhat more refined. The ARCHIVE found itself "cleaner" than it had been for years. That, of course, made the authorities doubly suspicious. Convinced that underneath this surprising purity lay secret filth, they made poor Kiffin walk the *via dolorosa* to the administration headquarters for every "bad word" that careful search turned up on some back page of the magazine.

Although even the most puritanical will concede that three thousand biologically normal males and females are not as many lily-bearing St. Aloysiuses and St. Veronicas, there exists at Duke a most scurrilous attitude towards certain matters of morality, an attitude which, though it may be in harmony with the gothick surroundings, would become Tartuffe far better than an enlightened university administration.

Part of this curious morality is the belief that certain things which are permissible in word and deed are most strictly taboo in print. There must cling to the printed word a mystic power that has escaped my perception, for I cannot see why certain words that are spoken a thousand times in every dormitory and certain acts that occur not only in the Old Testament but also in the university community should not be recorded.

The genii made it their pastime to use "bad words" and to express their muddy thoughts—in print. The result was invariably that the few university authorities who still possessed hair upon their heads felt their well-trained coiffures rise from the oiled skull and flame upright, each single hair bristling and emitting bluish sparks like a moral electrophor. The effect on the alumni and the alumnae (not to mention numerous distressed parents) was even more disastrous.

Some sort of reform was plainly necessary. The administration needed a good, clean-cut boy to fill the ARCHIVE's editorial chair. I felt convinced from the beginning that none would be better qualified than myself. I am a singularly virtuous person: I do neither

smoke, drink or chew; I do not understand half of the bad words that are used in the dormitories; the word Sex exists for me only as an abstract psychological term.

Determined to win the editorship, I did what no ARCHIVE editor had ever done before; I asked myself: What does the administration want? After a study of the fairly abundant evidence, I concluded that the authorities wanted above all a *harmless* magazine, something in the style of 1903, with short stories imitated after the writings of approved third-rate authors of the pre-previous generation (1879), with poems "To a Daisy" or "Lulu Belle" or "To the Class of 1939":

". . . and in the Sea of Life you steer,
Secure with mem'ries of Alma Mater dear. . . ."

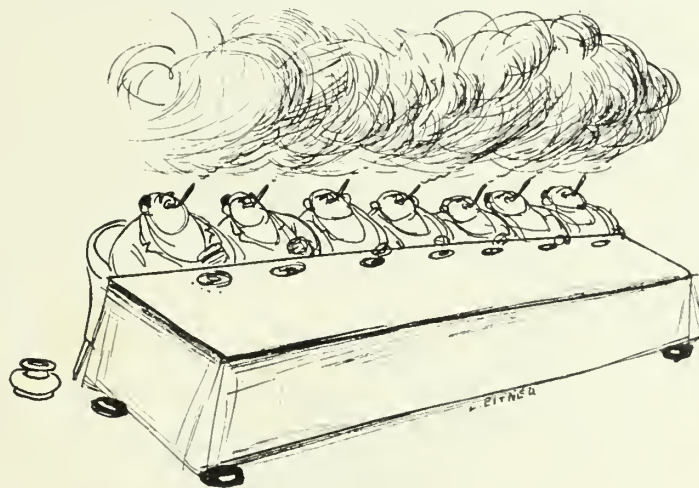
and occasional articles of general interest such as "The Social Mission of Badminton," "Famous North Carolinians," and "The Use of the Dative in Chaucer."

Never will I forget the night of my election: the solemn circle of Publications Board worthies, the hems and haws and coughs, the cigars, Mr. Jordan's: "Sit down, Mr. Eitner!", my stammering speech, thirty eyeballs turned my way, a chiaroscuro of smiles and jowls, questions, ripostes, counter-questions, repartees and parades, cuts and thrusts. After I left the Board Room, perspiring, nay sweating, I had to sit down, my knees trembled so.

And when somebody finally came with extended hand and congratulatory smile, bearing the message of my success, I wondered confusedly what I had told them and what promised. For I remembered only that I had sworn with eyes upturned to keep the ARCHIVE free from filth. My other

rash promises I had already forgotten, but their shadowy weight continued to oppress me and I paid for my hypocrisy with a moral hangover that lasted for many weeks.

In the meantime a slow process of elimination had thinned the ranks of the literati so radically that, when I gathered the survivors together, I found of the original group which had been composed of more than twenty strapping genii only five or six still among the living. The others had graduated, married, gone bank-



rupt, disappeared mysteriously, or turned stale. Each new year had brought its crop of thin Freshmen but they were not of the old, stern stuff, though some of them enjoyed short periods of deceptive bloom.

I concluded sadly that it would be easy for me to keep the ARCHIVE pure, for there were hardly any writers left to contaminate it. The Creative Writing classes, it is true, continued to create in their modest manner but their productions did not delight me. And all the young writers who had hidden their lights during the previous years (when no self-respecting person mentioned the ARCHIVE in polite company) came running now that we had turned respectable and uncovered their lights. They should have kept them hidden, for, although I was never heartless enough to tell them so, their work was quite unprintable.

It was clean but it stank.

The staff which I had so carefully organized deserted me from the start. The short-story man turned erratic, the articles department went into a decline, the associates pleaded overwork or headaches, everybody showed a firm determination not to work. One beautiful day I fired most of them and found to my surprise that they felt most cruelly mistreated. Wherever I went, I met with eyes in furious frenzy rolling, storming bosoms, and dilated nostrils. One and all declared

publicly that they had left the ARCHIVE of their own free will because of those conditions, now really, such conditions. . . !

Since it is not possible to edit a magazine with purity vows alone, I would have had to write everything myself had not George Zabriskie stood by my side. George (peace to his ashes!) was of the old grain. He lived at Epworth where plaster falls from the walls and the cockroaches roam. His hair was golden and long, a cause for campus wonder. His shirts were held together by Ascots which made the respectable squirm.

Sitting together in the office whose old scarred and beer-stained walls the authorities had covered with an evil-smelling coat of yellow paint, George and I, both of us seers of brave, translunary things, conjured spirits. The form of Naysmith H. Williamson took bodily shape during some haunted midnight hour when the shades of departed editors sang together, audible only to the Rosicrucian ear. And after him came into being John Norcrosse and Oscar B. Tumor, pale sunken-faced apparitions. Many followed them and inhabited the office, a host of grey people silently clasping each others' hands.

Thereafter the ARCHIVE appeared by cosmic command and was composed by servant spirits, travelers from other worlds, bound to us by bonds of magic.



Psychology of Autumn

by GEORGE ZABRISKIE

THE MIND'S GEOGRAPHY

I

Sometimes the broken and forgotten dreams
Rise from the mind's sea chambers to destroy
Such light we had or hoped to have and leaving
The acrid memory of burning leaves in evening.

Remembering unrestive October with the falling
Leaves and the bright hills of the north,
How, riding up the mountain, we came to a clearing
Opening the sight of miles on mile of forest
Maddened with autumn, and the fire spotted acres
Of fading black, twisted and shuddering ruins
Of trees mapping a dark continent upon the land:
The intense reeling of sky to the hilled horizon
Carried utter blueness beyond the finite earth:
Then, in a moment's terrible swiftness, we knew
Forever the feeling of an infinite landscape
And an infinite sky impinging on our dreams.

II

Or in the subtle evenings, coming home
From work, through the neat suburban maze
Of tree-lined streets, with leaves burning
In the gutter, and our neighbors sweeping

Leaves from the sidewalks, we saw above
The roofs a yellow poplar rupturing
The curtained purple sky.

There in the suburb, with the dull variety
Of neat houses and precise people clinging
To shopworn patterns of their shadow world,
Was the futile and impossible return to shady
Inactive hells, and we would kill the nights.
Walking to see the patterns street lamps made
Through autumn trees.

III

Autumn in the south is sensitive fruition and decay
Of land and memory, there are no flaming and bawdy
Colors, no mordant incessant probings of self, only
The knife of a fading landscape drawing its delicate
Incisions in perception, the real awareness of time
Past, the laborious searching for lost patterns,
Those chapters whose leaves also shall not wither.

The search of understanding down the railroad tracks,
Silver tangents and curves for symbols of land,
Of the mind's curving, perhaps: down streets and alleys
For the dreams and integrations, for a time and world
Revealed again, seeking in October dusk the flaming
And sudden comprehension of the world: or is it only
Built, from these years and searchings, the lost times
Living, the past always meeting today and tomorrow?

Yet sometimes, through recurrent patterns and places
Breaks comprehension from the mind's frontiers.

WEBS OF DISASTER

I

Hell is revealed by the speech of common words
On autumn afternoons; there is no torrential pouring
Of anguish from a heart's grandiloquent breaking
But the shattering statements of compelling grief
In ordinary talk, as if it did not matter.

Walking between the walls where the bitter green
Of ivy clings on the bricks' freshness; walking
Through the windy streets bottoming the city
Among the snares of traffic, the infernal air
Of soot and noise floating no leaves but the dead
Sheets of the Daily News crying rape and murder:
Walking alone in the drunken mountainous autumn
They go. Let them walk and cry against the world
Forgetting that each with the other suffers
Through recurrent autumns, the season's perpetual
Stage sets, let them forget that griefs are old
And incessant questions forever lacking answers.

Stumbling up from subways to the slits of sky
Between buildings, the towers and tenements,
The lofts to lease, riveting hammers, air-drills,
Love in an East Side doorway whirl in brains
Fumbling with neon signs, burlesque shows, arias

From Verdi, or then the sight of Central Park
With real leaves falling into gutters on the avenue.

People in urban hells, in perfected purgatories
Of real estate suburbs, expiating the carnal sin
Of living. Ask them who is alive; the dead maybe
Under the fading grass of cemeteries, under
The decaying and hideous headstones? or these
Shadows in shadowed worlds of frustrate pains,
The unfulfilled births and dyings of the daily
Radio, newspaper, movie dreams. So let them
Forget the beneficence of mud and the fall rains
On fields and the valleys they have never known,
Who never wholly live.

Forget them, in unfolding
More personal hells, each to the other, walking
Together in this autumn, through wider places
Under the bright and slightly fantastic sun.

II

Always the youthful memories of watching the dogs
Running the deer through the dry grass clearing:
Always the dogs, the furies, the old avengers
Hounding the tortured to ruin, the old indictment
Of pain, the tired and tear-stained faces, the world
Playing Orestes, the dead greek legends pursuing
Their victims to the grave.

The dogs running the deer and the woods always



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Variety

by ROBERT ADAMSON

I. GIN MILL BRETHREN

Now that Sam had come back, George didn't feel so safe. Sam had been telling everybody that he wasn't going to miss this time, and George didn't like the idea. Mame was rather scornful of Sam's ability to do anything, but George wasn't so sure. Sam was a big man and a mean one, and he sure didn't like George. Just because George was a better man with the women was no reason for Sam to get hot, but you couldn't tell Sam that. He had already tried to kill George once before because of Mame and had been sent to prison for three years. He was sure to try again and maybe have better luck this time. So George was taking no chances. He carried a gun with him and kept it fully loaded. He told Mame,

"If that big devil come at me, I'm gonna blow his guts out."

Sam was big and clumsy and a little slow thinking, but he was about the toughest negro in the section, and George was afraid of him. George was a tall, slim, flashily dressed negro who did what he wanted with the negro women. Sometimes he wished that he hadn't taken Mame away from Sam, but if he quit her everyone would know he was afraid of Sam. So he kept on going with her and carrying the gun. He was pretty tough himself, but he knew that the other negro was tougher.

This afternoon, when he had seen Mame, she had reminded him about the dance that night. When he said that he wasn't going, she had laughed and taunted him for being afraid of Sam until he told her to go to hell and that he would go. He was scared bad now and wished that he hadn't given in, but he had. He sat on his bed, feeling sick and holding his stomach. The fear had tightened him up inside, and he kept moaning to himself that he didn't want to see Sam. Somehow he managed to get dressed and to walk down the street to Mame's. When she came out, he didn't say anything but started walking to the hall. She said,

"What's the matter? You ain't afraid of Sam, are you?"

He slapped her viciously across her mouth.

"Shut up. Ain't no nigger wench gonna tell me I'm yella."

She followed him at a respectful distance, cursing at him and spitting blood. Then they reached the dance hall. George suddenly felt all sick inside and didn't want to go in, but Mame was right behind him so he walked into the smoky place. He looked around him for a minute and caught his breath. Sam was sitting all sprawled out by one of the tables. George walked over and stood looking down at the drunk negro. His mind slowly convinced him that this drunken, emaciated wreck of a human was Sam. A big frame and some skin comprised that which had been the toughest negro in town. George started laughing. He laughed uproariously. Then he reached over and slapped Sam as hard as he could in the face. Sam moved and looked up at him.

"Unh?"

"Get up nigger and get up fast."

Sam rose uncertainly to his feet and looked at him.

"What you want? I ain't doin' nothin' to you. Go away. I'm sick. Leave me alone."

George hit him and laughed out loud. He hit him again and said, "Get out while you still can, nigger."

Sam stumbled away from him toward the stairs. George kicked him and hit him again on the back of the neck. Then he watched Sam stagger out of the door, holding his head in his hands. All the negroes stood around and watched George sit down and start laughing again.

II. LIFE'S MERRY TALE

Then was our mouth filled with laughter . . . the man laughed and the girl laughed, and why did they laugh? The life was complex; the life was hard—they laughed at the life in all its callous seriousness and

complexity . . . chuckle, grin, smile, show your teeth, for the life is hard. Please sir, said the blind man, and the man laughed and the girl laughed; Papoh, said the little boy, and the man grinned and the girl shrilled with laughter; Nice, fresh tomatoes, yelled Abie, and the man laughed and the girl shook all over with the laughter; she nearly died when nice, fresh tomatoes, yelled Abie . . . laugh, laugh, laugh; take your choice: ha, aha, haw, he, ho ho, and the blind man said, Please sir, and Papoh, said the little boy, and Tomatoes, cried Abie—make the happiness obvious for the whole world to take note and envy and imitate—laugh—wild, unearthly laughter, resounding in the empty canyon of life.

III. GOOD SAMARITAN

Warren was sanding the bottom of the boat. Bill sat on the ground beneath a tree, watching him work and feeling glad that he wasn't.

"When you gonna put it in the water?"

"About three or four days if it doesn't rain. I'm going to put the lead on the bottom this afternoon."

Bill sat back and pulled a cigarette out of his pocket and lighted it.

"It's a funny looking thing. Think it'll sail?"

"Hell yes, it'll sail. Why not?"

Bill didn't say anything but walked over and ran his hand over the bottom.

"This bottom's rough as hell. You better sand it some more before you put the lead on."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. If you want to get any speed outa this tub, you're sure gonna have to do something about the bottom."

"Looks okay to me."

"Hell. Look here. Rough bump as big as your head right here. You better get it off. No stuff; that'll slow you down a helluva lot."



"Okay, I'll get it . . . if you'll let me."

"Me? What the hell have I done? Just trying to help."

"Yeah? Well good. Now how about letting me finish this thing?"

"Well, I know damn well I don't want to stop you."

And Bill sauntered away, muttering under his breath, "Surly bastard."

IV. AND THEN WE DIE

Joe walked slowly up the stairs and into his room. The dirt and the yellow walls and the sagging bed forced themselves into his consciousness, and he suddenly felt a part of that sordidness and felt like tearing the room apart, and shouting, and doing crazy things. He stood there for a minute and then turned around and walked back downstairs into the air that smelled of sweat, and cabbage, and of all the smells of a city. He stood there for a short time, perspiring and breathing the sour odors of the street. He thought of the

dollar in his pocket and walked down the street towards the district where all the cheap theaters were. Sitting in the clammy darkness of the theater, he felt choked and stifled in the stuffiness, but he sat there until the picture had finished. When he walked out, the air was cooler, and he felt sort of cold. Across the street was a beer joint, and he walked in and ordered a glass of beer. He sat there for a while and washed the bitter liquid around in his mouth before swallow-

ing it. While he sat there a large man in his shirt-sleeves came up and greeted him and sat down. They sat for a while in silence, and finally Joe got up and said that he had to go and get some sleep. The fat man said all right, and what was he doing the next night? Joe said that he guessed maybe he would go to the show, and what was going to be on at the Rivoli.

You, Swiftly Fading

by VERGIL WHITE

Du schnell vergehendes Daguerreotyp
In meinen langsamer vergehenden Händen.
—Rilke

IV. THE SONG OF TURNING

OF NEW JERSEY he remembered well the house in Center Street where his mother had spent her childhood and girlhood and where the Schmidt family used to sit eating "kaduffleglace" and sauerfleisch under the gaslight in the kitchen. And how they drank beer there, his youngest uncle going to the parlor to play the piano and singing *Ach du lieber Augustin!* The parlor was cold because the house was heated by stoves, and unless there was a fire in the dining room there was no heat in the parlor, but they never made a fire in the dining room unless Ellie and George and Josie and Leo and Emma and Ira were all there. The house in Center Street made him think of his poor grossvater who had been a brewmaster and unfortunate enough to die long before prohibition was repealed. He remembered his grossvater as a silent little man with curly grey hair, who sat in the kitchen reading his newspaper. When he was young, and the old man was alive, he never thought much about grosspop, as Josie's husband called him, but after the grossvater died, long after, he suddenly realized how lonely, how terribly lonely the man had been, because he found the same loneliness growing on him. Poor grosspop, Leo would say, and down his beer in the kitchen at Center Street. And if you wanted to smoke, Ann would ask you to kindly get the hell outdoors unless it was winter, when you could go in the parlor and freeze. You couldn't even smoke in the toilet because tobacco made the place stink. In the summer the men would sit on the back porch smoking with Charley, who lived at home, and they would all say Jesus Christ, Charley, you must lead a hell of a life because you can't smoke in the house. And Charley would say yeah, but what can I do? There ain't no use kickin' is there? Just gotta put up with it.

The house in Center Street had a brick paved court-

yard between the house and the barn, which wasn't used any more. The bricks came from a smokehouse which he dimly remembered: one day grosspop and Charley tore down the smokehouse and paved the courtyard with brick. They made a round flower bed in the center and a square flower bed by the fence for Pop's roses which were the source of his delight in life. When he looked at the roses by the fence he thought of his grossvater who tended them with care perhaps because sometime in his youth in Germany he had known great beauty and kept the roses as a small reminder. All the people left in Center Street were materialists who fumbled at such things as roses, and who remembered their father, John Christian Schmidt, as a fussy old man. A socialist he was, a socialist and a union member. Because he had wanted to be a humanitarian to the world his children had never remembered him as a human.

Over the mossy brick walk to the front gate, at the side of the house, grew a huge old grape vine on a rotting wood trellis. Grossvater used to sit under it in the summertime, the hard green grapes hanging over the curly grey head, ripening fruit and an old man.

Of his father's childhood and youth, few of the places remained. Of his father's family, fewer people. His father's family was old books, an old clock, old furniture about him every day. The Jersey Dutch. Farmers and hunters, with an occasional storekeeper for social prestige, and an occasional drunkard, mad geniuses who suffered, damned for their suffering. Of them he thought often, the disgraced outcasts whom no one understood. And he thought too, of his father's father, who turned in honor from the only thing he knew in life, to end his days humbly and bitterly. His father's father, only a hardware merchant, had committed an act of renunciation once,

when his life was nearly spent, had turned from the store on Main Street and gained a new tallness. His wife never comprehended the act, nor his sons: they only knew that the family income was ruined. But he, the grandson, understood, and between the man dead and him existed this one live bond. It did not matter that when he was but an infant his father's father died: they knew each other by an act against the world.

He thought on the days of his own childhood, but with little pleasure. Even in memory they were filled with a kind of sadness, a continual frustration that he could never understand nor explain. He had played with other children, had read books, had built villages of bricks in his backyard. Yet always he was older than the other children, not in years, but by a sense of time that added his father's years and his grandfather's to his childish own. He thought of his childhood as an abasement of dignity, a period of torture. His worlds of fantasy were never complete escape from it: they increased the dignity and ended in greater humiliation. He was alone among his fellows, an aloof little figure scorning them as they scorned him.

And then, the family moved to a shady suburban street, where lived an odd assortment of Polacks, Germans and people who called themselves Americans. The Polacks kept chickens and pigs, the Germans had a garden, and some of the people who called themselves Americans had continual family rows. Here he was no longer aloof: he entered into the neighborhood life, was accepted by a gang, and his days became an exciting round of warfare, huts, and automobiles made from baby carriage wheels from the dumps. He remembered with particular pleasure a fight with water pistols, in which both he and his adversaries were drenched.

And the hooded woman. Only he, of all the gang, had seen her. She lived by herself, in a house with drawn shades, and no one knew her. For the milkman, little notes. Notes for the baker, the grocer, the laundry man. Yet once she showed herself to him. She stood at the door of the house, and shouted to him to stop the baker's truck. The thin figure, the

strange singing quality of its voice, and the horrible black veil over her face rooted him in a paralyzed ecstasy of fear. He stood mute and trembling, then felt his heavy feet moving, heard his boyish voice shouting to the baker man that *she* wanted him. Years afterwards, when he lived in another part of town, he learned that the mysterious woman, no longer a mystery, had died, and they had buried her with a veil still over the face eaten away by syphilis.

He remembered living by the swamp, where spring was wild iris, green brackish water, and a broken apple tree still blossoming. He remembered the swamp and the wide field by the side of the house where the snakes slithered through the grass with imperceptible sound, with only the grass waving to show they were there, and the big snapping turtles, and the pheasants in the autumn. The world of the swamp was a reptilian paradise, where handsome water snakes, snapping turtles, newts and lizards lived lazily in stinking water that dwindled and stank more viciously in summer when the cicadas droned all morning in the tall trees on the other side of the field. And the cicadas and the wind in the long grass sang on into memory,

into a world where bright reptilian eyes no longer stared knowingly, where the wind was caught between houses and the exuberance of seasons in the fields was suspended.

So memory inched back to Center Street and the laughter there, and the bitterness and bitching. For in Center Street all the people cherished regrets and defeats and petty hatreds which had become a way of easing the monotony of living in Center Street seven days a week and sitting under the gaslight in the kitchen at night, talking or sleeping or drinking beer. The house in Center Street was no personal thing: it was a symbol of the old Germans, and their way of life which gradually slipped from them while they were living and which their children could not recapture. Center Street was not a street: it was a neighborhood, a vast city in America where this loss was a continual process, and the old meanings disappeared. And because there was nothing but movies and beer, after prohibition, to take their



(Continued on Page 20)

The College Years

by PAUL ADER

LIKE a thousand others, I came to college during my middle teens, with a positive reverence for the institution and a definite determination to use college as a magic stepping stone into unknown but certainly existent realms. I would attain unto economic affluence, personal power, social leadership, and earthly fame without much difficulty since I possessed (so I was told) a strong mind and a stronger will and a definite sense of the seriousness of life.

I was born into the American way of life, and always the ideal of economic-social success colored my thoughts and dreams. In religion, I was an idealist and conformist. The mass of college students pass through the college years with no apparent change in their general attitude of acceptance . . . that is, acceptance of the American-economic-social-democracy as the best of all possible worlds. I have known them by the dozens. Their representative, for my purposes, is Johnny Rague, whom I met during my freshman year.

Johnny was a New Yorker, Queens, I think, and was a brisk, lively, healthy, ping-pong-&-tennis playing son of a respectable, if low-salaried, American business man. He was a curious, but not rare, combination of materialist and romantic. Money was his great necessity. Four-thousand-a-year, or five, was what he demanded, the minimum for supporting a wife and family in these United States. He was aiming at comparative affluence, always holding in his mind the possibility of working up to ten-thousand-a-year.

Johnny was a good fellow, commanding respect for his competent serve in tennis, his choice of language which was all-around American, complete with colloquialisms and vulgarisms. He knew what he wanted, and had the energy to get it. Women he regarded as pleasant, on the whole, and necessary. Religion was a form through which he might have to go, in order to gain respect in the community. Conventions he respected because one could not succeed without doing so. I had a strain of the Johnny in me, but I possessed also something of George Webb.

George was a tall, strong-looking boy, a Southerner, older than myself, a positive light in the Open Forum

and a constant, faithful attender of Sunday chapel. He was an occasional "speaker" in the YMCA manner, and an assistant editor of the *Chronicle*. As a freshman, I was a great admirer of George Webb. He commanded the respect of the administration; he was in with the right people, and would either go to law school or do social work. This latter touch (the self-sacrifice angle) fascinated me, because I knew it to be in myself; and I considered George to be one well worth emulation. He was in the great puritan tradition, a humanized puritanism, however, for which I was an easy sucker. He exemplified respectability in dress, gentility in manners, and deep seriousness in thought.

As my freshman and sophomore years passed, I grew out of my admiration of the crass materialism, the blustery good-fellowship of Johnny, though I cultivated him as a "representative" of a manner of thinking and living which dominated the majority of my fellow students. George usurped my loyalty, however, since he succeeded not only to the editorship of the *Chronicle*, but to membership in the three greatest and most awe-inspiring societies on campus, ODK, Phi Beta Kappa, and The Red Friars. He was the acme of personal-social success.

But, meanwhile, I had met, with something of a shock I must admit, the bohemian, Lawrence Rockwell Hayes, who knew the languages, having lived in Europe lo-these-last two years and was a connoisseur of tobaccos, books, music, women, and the like. His figure was a familiar one on the campus. He played tennis with abominable good grace and ineffectiveness, but he rose to real heights when together we sat in his room sipping tea (the drink of the bohemians, sometimes with rum), discussing Latin poetry, and the possibility of the existence of a real American poet.

The Hayes mind interested me, since I had begun to develop the critical faculty by small degrees. His was an incisive, though somewhat erratic intellect. He flunked elementary French, but he spoke the language with fluency. He never made Phi Beta Kappa, but he knew more, doubtless, than the national president of

that organization. Withal, he was infinitely lazy, both physically and intellectually. The esoteric was his province, for the esoteric demands no logical consistency, no painstaking ratiocination. But both these he had at his command, whenever some necessity shocked him sufficiently.

Rockwell Hayes was a member of a small group of more-or-less kindred souls. Becoming editor of the magazine, he was the spiritual leader of the bohemians. By degrees I worked my way into this group, more in the capacity of a spectator. I prided myself on my stiff dress, my taciturnity, my abstinence. There was little chance that I should become immediately a bohemian, for I did not believe in the creed: the "duty" of drinking as a protest against national or state prohibition never possessed me; the similar duty of free love was foreign to my nature. I still held to certain beliefs in the efficacy of the American-straightforward-humanized-puritan way of life. I had never analyzed them carefully, or doubted them seriously. "Culture" attracted me, because I had never really met it before face to face. The fact that culture was often concomitant with corruption began slowly to force itself upon my mind.

John Shinn, Bill Vinson, George Zabriskie, Virginia Hodges, Helen Leslie, and Lorenz Eitner . . . all the undergraduate devotees-of-literature-and-art . . . fell into my unsuspecting acquaintance. They represented the true "aristocracy" of intellect; their opinions and ideas became part of my every-day life.

The chief weapon of the so-called intellectual is perhaps ridicule-and-laughter. I myself was the recipient of much of this laughter, unwittingly of course. But my presence, indicating a half-companionship, soon became regular and unnoticed. . . . I was known as the invisible man, the slipper-footed one; I was the ghost of the Spectator.

Laughter! What amazing condescension these people exhibited. The butts of their ridicule were usually the same: the YMCA, the pedant, the administration, the statue of "Buck" Duke, the School of Religion, frankly called the "School of Hypocrisy," the Union, the SGA, the Duke 'n' Duchess, the editor of the *Chronicle*, and the east campus in general. To them the spectacle of the human animal was a never ending source of amused amazement. The freaks of nature which drifted into a university provided them with limitless, intestine-shaking laughter. Someday the mythology of a university will be written down for

future ages. And it will contain no end of shocking and horrible material. I am too close to it to record it with any objectivity, and my own experience is too limited for the task.

I never became one with the bohemians, but I learned from them valuable things. They were responsible for the beginnings of my critical and sensitive faculties. They revived in me the gregarious instinct. They cracked for me the foundations of everything "established." The result was that I seriously questioned and partially rejected my belief in the American economic-social-political system.

My reverence for wealth, for social success, for adulation from the "people" has met with almost complete dissipation. Wealth is bondage as often as freedom. Society means inevitably a set of false standards. The "people" are fickle and incompetent to judge.

For me the college years meant a rejection of the Johnny type, the George Webb standard, and a gradual acceptance of large portions of the bohemian philosophy. To my mind, the independent intellectual has it all over the Georges and Johnnies; he is no mere "apostle of confusion"; his chief characteristic is the ability to laugh at himself and at his fellows, plus something of an appreciation for basic values both in art and in life. He is altogether capable of deep feeling and sincere loyalties.

Above all, in the person of a Hayes or an Eitner, he has an immediate and true perception of sham and pretense and wrong thinking. His intellect penetrates to the root of things, revealing their exact character. Such revelations are destructive and dangerous for those incapable of thought, in short, the majority of human beings.

Some will accuse me of heresy when I say that the main ideals and values of the American "philosophy" are entirely false and that reliance on them leads to certain destruction. College students, like the average man everywhere, are small or large Babbits, money-grabbing, shallow-thinking; automatons, slaves to standards and conventions which they will not seriously challenge. They worship authority, believe in the Constitution, respect the established, and pursue happiness-and-culture in bands. The movies and the radio facilitate this pursuit; and when they come up against opposition or doubt they are shocked beyond words and retaliate with heavy disapproval. This disapproval I anticipate, but do not fear, for my college years have taught me to ignore it.

REVIEWS

Guides to America

by JAMES J. HALSEMA

"America is a land without public lavatories, of dirty city streets, rough country roads, over-heated hotels, and (in many places) the habit of spitting on floors." This is a description from the last general guide to the United States, a Baedeker compiled in 1893, when travel in this rough land was an adventure. And today, despite the labor of an army of more than three thousand employees of the WPA Writer's Program, and the issuance of a flood of state, regional, and route guides, Baedeker has no successor.

The WPA has unearthed much material. In addition to more up-to-date information on plumbing, the twenty million words written by the project include such delectable items as a description of the tomb of Madam Josie Arlington, a notorious brothel-keeper of New Orleans earlier in the century. On the tomb is a bronze maiden knocking vainly at a door, "representative," the guide tells us, "of the virgins whom Josie never allowed in her house when she lived."

The average state guide is a bulky volume of four to seven hundred pages, including numerous illustrations. It was begun in 1935 by a group of unemployed writers "with two years' newspaper training or its equivalent," who were asked by the WPA to find out all they could about their state. In return they got badly needed pay checks. They read and pried and asked and consulted for four years. Experts were called in to assist the editors. Some of the stuff stank. Some of the writers sat at their desks for weeks doing nothing at government expense. Much of the material uncovered was of violently controversial nature. The Sacco-Vanzetti case, descriptions of squatter communities like Line Ditch in Camden, and praise of government-owned utilities utilized space which three hundred villages and towns believed would be better used in calling them "the Crossroads of America."

To avoid the inevitable outcries of "government subsidization!" financial responsibility for the guides was assumed by the state governors, highway commissions, or other state agencies. The outcries came anyway. The first volume assembled was a guide to Washington, which proved so bulky that the average person could hardly lift it. Since the middle of 1938 a steady stream of finished guides has been issued.

Quality of the books has varied widely. Generally states with long-established communities of writers have fared best. The guides to New Jersey and to New York City are notable examples, although Merle Colby was able to tell the story of Alaska, an area as large as the eastern United States, single-handedly. Most of the series contains long introductory passages on topography, natural setting, history, government, labor, agriculture, transportation, religion, and the arts. Each of these is an essay of encyclopedic length and content.

As mines of information these guides will serve very well; as indicators of where to go and how to get there, they are impractical in their deficiency of schedules, time-tables, price lists, and specified names. A desire to avoid any tinge of commercialism has robbed them of half their value. And despite the expenditure of thirteen millions the traveler in these United States is still without a handy one-volume guidebook. The completely equipped traveler must transport 106 pounds of books which cost about \$135 and locate his itinerary by thumbing through some 27,000 pages of fine print.

Now that the data have been gathered and published, it might not be a bad idea to invite the heirs of Herr Baedeker to come to America and to compile another neat little red book with marbled edges. It would have the fine brown Leipzig maps, and a series of asterisks to indicate what one must see. Otherwise, one can always buy a truck and bring the WPA guidebooks along.

The ARCHIVE acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following WPA Writers' Project guides, all published in New York during 1938 and 1939:

The Macmillan Company: *A Guide to Alaska, Last American Frontier*, by Merle Colby.

Oxford University Press: *Florida; a Guide to the Southernmost State*.

The Viking Press: *Kansas, a Guide to the Sunflower State. Minnesota; a State Guide.*

Mississippi; a Guide to the Magnolia State.

Montana, a State Guide Book.

New Jersey, a Guide to Its Present and Past.

Music

Two excellent Schubert recordings head the list of outstanding releases this month. COLUMBIA has enlisted the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Frederick Stock, to make the distinctive Schubert Album: Symphony No. 7, in C Major. (Columbia Masterworks Set M-403).

VICTOR has recorded Schubert's Symphony No. 8, in B Minor, the famous "Unfinished." (Victor G-9, with Bruno Walter in his magnificent direction of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.)

A third remarkable recording is VICTOR's Schumann Symphony No. 1 in B Flat Major, "Spring." The symphony is played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. (Victor, Musical Masterpiece Series, Set M-655.)

DECCA recordings have shown numerous excellent achievements. Most outstanding is the group of Albums played by the Decca Symphony Orchestra, David Mendoza conducting, and includes the STRING family, Volume I, a group of short classical pieces, featuring the violin, the string ensemble, violoncello, viola, harp, and double bass. The music includes Tchaikovsky's Song Without Words and No. 2 Waltz from the Serenade in C Major, The Swan by Saint-Saëns, Paganini's Moto Perpetuo, and others. (DECCA Album No. 90.)

Volume II is the WOODWIND family: the flute, clarinet, oboe, English horn, bassoon, and the bass clarinet, playing solos such as Wolf-Ferrari's Intermezzo, Rimsky-Korsakov's Hymn to the Sun, Cui's Orientale, Dvorak's Goin' Home, Zador's Rondo and Hungarian Folksong Fantasy, Delibes's Variation, etc. (Decca Album No. 91.)

Decca's Concert Orchestra (Harry Horlick, conducting) has recorded ten Favorite Airs from Opera, including La Tosca, Louise, Aida, Manon, Madame Butterfly, Martha, Carmen, Samson and Delilah, Bohème, and Cavalleria Rusticana. (Decca Album No. 101.)

Deanna Durbin sings Ave Maria (in Latin), Mozart's Alleluia, and Mussetta's Waltz Song (by Puccini) in a Souvenir Album, No. 3. (Decca Album No. 128) released by Decca.

The last Decca release, The Chicago Jazz Album (Decca Album No. 121), with an all-star personnel is interesting chiefly to the jazz lover.

Two unusual albums complete the list: DECCA Album No. 88, a selection of BALALAÏKA music, played by the Zarkovich Russian Balalaika Orchestra. DECCA Album No. 99, Ten Favorite GAVOTTES, played by the Oxford Ensemble, and including compositions by Lully, Rameau, Mozart, and others.

—PAUL ADER.

Theatre

The Drunkard

Ordinarily we studiously avoid anything savoring of the frivolous, as the monthly contents of this magazine indicate. Yet when we heard that the Duke Players were to give a play which summed up the administration's official attitude towards all matters of morality, we secured a ticket, two carrots and one potato, and attended the *Drunkard's* grand premiere.

Though the play moved a bit slowly, it was obvious from the first act onward that the Duke Players had done an excellent job. Hamming is an art, and the Duke Players hammed the *Drunkard* sublimely, with much restraint and surprising feeling for period. William Thomas' rendition of the title role was one of the best performances we have seen at Duke. Robert Marshall, as Lawyer Cribbs, was con-

vincing enough to draw a perpetual shower of vegetables and peanuts upon his top hat. Louise Holder and Franklyn Johnson declaimed and gesticulated with much gusto and success. Jane Blackburn was equally excellent as Mrs. Wilson and as can-can dancer.

Ah, that can-can, who would ever have expected to see *that* on a Duke stage! It restored our faith in humanity and in the administration.

Finally, we must not forget to mention the fine *décor*. The scenery, designed by Dick Elliott, was most effective and at the same time quite pleasing to our perpetually overstrained eyes. The choice of costumes was characterized by the same fine restraint and feeling for the nineties that distinguished the whole performance.

YOU, SWIFTLY FADING

(Continued from Page 15)

place, life had no meaning, and everybody sat in the kitchen under the gaslight and cursed and complained and envied everybody who did not live in Center Street.

Then family by family, the Germans had moved away, and the Italians came to take their place. Because the Germans detested the Italians, mistrusted their ways, and hated the sound of their church bells, the Germans kept moving away, until only three, two, one family was left. And finally, a tired old German woman packed her clothes and furniture and went to live with her daughter, so there were no more Germans in the neighborhood, and the bells of the Italian Church rang louder than ever.

It was because so much changed and turned beyond returning that he remembered, and yesterday became important for what it had been since it could not again be.

And from the flowering of words and images in his mind he could build a structure that was neither past nor present, but was becoming a vaster edifice, of power, not impotence, and had the roots of its meaning in the future. In the beginning was only a word which was not God, but he, and from the beginning the word expanded in search of a cosmos beyond touching, tasting and seeing and beyond the cosmos of the structure other people had made to limit the universe. And already he could experience a tree as well as hunger, and was learning to feel beyond feeling although the word was a little behind this.

PSYCHOLOGY OF AUTUMN

(Continued from Page 10)

Recurrent and dying, October, November, dropping
The last leaves, and the fruits from the trees:
Always new generations, the changed pursuers,
The changed victims in old patterns: store clerks
Playing betrayed and tragic kings with thoughts
Of new, but ever guilty minds.

III

We are the minor images of great disaster: each playing
His role to himself, each following his own recurrent
Patterns of grief, from time to time pausing to ape
A tragic stance, to speak soliloquies, finding greatness
In ruin, then returning to the easy greyness of the mob.

Each with the burden of the common heritage, the time
Past memory still vibrant in the blood, each unknowing
Of time before his birth, but all sharing the common
Elements, the words, the dreams, the meanings past
Speech and understanding, the struggles of the heart.

Each with his eros and thanatos born again from fusion
Of changed chromosomes, each with a new face and posture
In an altered world, an autumn of decay and latent birth:
Changed and the same, thrusting and withdrawing, each
Fashions his new disasters from the patterns lost in time.

Durham, North Carolina,

September-October, 1939.

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